

Days Of 49

Bob Dylan

Am **G**
I m old Tom Moore from the bummer s shore
Am **G** **Am**
In the good old golden days.
G
They call me a bummer and a gin sot, too
Am **G** **Am**
But what cares I for praise
C **Am**
I wander around from town to town
C **Am**
Just like a roving sign,
C **Am**
And all the people all say There goes Tom Moore
G **Am**
in the days of 49.
F **C**
In the days of old, in the days of gold
F **C**
How oftentimes I repine
F **C**
For the days of old when we dug up the gold
Am
In the days of 49.

There was Nantuck Bill, I knew him well,
A feller that was fond of tricks.
At a poker game he was always there
And heavy with his bricks.
He would ante up and draw his cards
And go in a hatfull blind
In a game of bluff, Bill lost his breath
In the days of 49.

There was New York Jake, a butcher boy
He was always getting tight.
And every time that he got full
He was always hunting a fight.
One night he run up against a knife
In the hands of old Bob Kline
And over Jake they held a wake
In the days of 49.

There was poor old Jess, the old lame cuss
He never would relent.
Her never was known to miss a drink

Or ever spend a cent.
At length old Jess like all the rest
Who never would decline,
In all his bloom went up the flume
In the days of 49.

There was roaring Bill from Buffalo
I never will forget.
He would roar all day and he d roar all night
And I guess he s roaring yet.
One night he fell in a prospector s hole
In a roaring bad design,
In in that hole roared out his soul
In the days of 49