

Dirge
Bob Dylan

(Planet waves album)

Gm Cm Gm Cm

Dm Gm Dm Gm
I hate myself for lovin you And the weakness that I showed ...
Dm Gm Dm Am
You were just a painted face On a trip down Suicide Road.
Bb Dm Gm
The stage was set, the lights went out All around the old hotel
Bb Eb Bb Cm Gm
I hate myself for lovin you And I m glad the curtain fell.

Dm Gm Dm Gm
I hate that foolish game we played And the need that was expressed
Dm Gm Dm Am
And the mercy that you showed to me Whoever would have guessed
Bb Dm Gm
I went out on Lower Broadway And I felt that place within
Bb Eb Bb Cm Gm
That hollow place where martyrs weep And angels play with sin

Dm Gm Dm Gm
Heard your songs of freedom And man forever stripped
Dm Gm Dm Am
Acting out his folly While his back is being whipped
Bb Dm Gm
Like a slave in orbit He s beaten til he s tame
Bb Eb Bb Cm Gm
All for a moment s glory And it s dirty, rotten shame

Dm Gm Dm Gm
There are those who worship loneliness I m not one of them
Dm Gm Dm Am
In this age of fiberglass I m searching for a gem
Bb Dm Gm
The crystal ball up on the wall Hasn t shown me nothing yet
Bb Eb Bb Cm Gm
I ve paid the price of solitude But at least I m out of debt

Dm Gm Dm Gm
Can t recall a useful thing You ever did for me
Dm Gm Dm Am
Cept pat me on the back one time When I was on my knees
Bb Dm Gm
We stared into each other s eyes Til one of us would break
Bb Eb Bb Cm Gm

