

Fourth Time Around

Bob Dylan

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Fourth Time Around - Bob Dylan

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( Blonde on Blonde album)

**F Bb F Bb**

**F Bb F Bb F Bb F**  
When she said, Don t waste your words, they re just lies, I cried she was deaf.

**Bb F Bb F Bb**

**F**  
And she worked on my face until breaking my eyes, Then said, What else you got left?

**Am Gm**  
It was then that I got up to leave But she said, Don t forget,

**F Bb F Bb F Bb F Bb**  
Ev rybody must give something back For something they get.

**F Bb F Bb F Bb F**  
I stood there and hummed, I tapped on her drum and asked her how come.

**Bb F Bb F Bb**

**F**  
And she buttoned her boot, And straightened her suit, Then she said, Don t get cute.

**Am Gm**  
So I forced my hands in my pockets And felt with my thumbs,

**F Bb F Bb F Bb F Bb**  
And gallantly handed her My very last peice of gum.

**F Bb F Bb F Bb F**  
She threw me outside, I stood in the dirt where ev ry-one walked.

**Bb F Bb F Bb F**  
And after finding I d Forgotten my shirt, I went back and knocked.

**Am Gm**  
I waited in the hallway, she went to get it, And I tried to make sense,

**F Bb F Bb F Bb**  
**F Bb**

Out of that picture of you in your wheelchair That leaned up against...

**F Bb F Bb F Bb F**  
Her Jamaican rum And when she did come, I asked her for some.

**Bb F Bb F Bb**

**F**  
She said, No, dear. I said, Your words aren t clear, You d better spit out  
your gum.

**Am Gm**

She screamed till her face got so red, Then she fell on the floor,

**F Bb F Bb F Bb**

**F Bb**

And I covered her up and then Thought I d go look through her drawer.

**F Bb F Bb F Bb F**  
And when I was through, I filled up my shoe And brought it to you.

**Bb F Bb F Bb F**

And you, you took me in, You loved me then, You didn t waste time.

**Bb F Bb F Bb**

**F Bb F**

And I, I never took much, I never asked for your crutch, Now don t ask for mine.

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