

Hard Times In New York Town

Bob Dylan

 G C G
Come you ladies and you gentlemen, a-listen to my song,
 G C G
sing it to you right, but you might think it s wrong,
 G C G
just a little glimpse of a story I ll tell,
 G C D
 bout an East Coast city that you all know well.
 G C G D

G
It s hard times in the country, livin down in New York town.

 G C G
Old New York City is a friendly old town,
 G C G
from Washington Heights to Harlem on down,
 G C G
there s a-mighty many people all millin all around,
 G C C
 D
they ll kick you when you re up, and knock you when you re down.
 G C G D

G
It s hard times in the country, livin down in New York town.

 G C G
Well, the weak and the strong and the rich and the poor,
 G C G
gather together there, ain t room for no more,
 G C G
crowded up above and crowded down below,
 G C D
if someone disappears, you never even know.
 G C G D

G
And it s hard times in the country, livin down in New York town.

 G C G
It s a mighty long ways from the Golden Gate
 G C G
to Rockefeller Plaza n the Empire State,
 G C G
Mister Empire sets up as high as a bird,
 G C D
and old Mister Rockefeller never says a word.
 G C G D
G

It s hard times from the country, livin down in New York town.

Well, it s up in the mornin tryin to find a job of work,
stand in one place till your feet begin to hurt,
if you got a lot o money you can make yourself merry,
if you only got a nickel, it s the Staten Island Ferry.

And it s hard times in the country, livin down in New York town.

Mister Hudson come a-sailin down the stream,
and old Mister Minuet paid for his dream',
bought your city on a one-way track,
if I had my way, I d sell it right back.

And it s hard times from the country, livin down in New York town.

I ll take all the smog in Cal-i-for-ne-ay,
n every bit of dust in the Oklahoma plains,
n the dirt in the caves of the Rocky Mountain mines,
it s all much cleaner than the New York kind.

And it s hard times in the country, livin down in New York town.

So all you newsy people, spread the news around,
you c n listen to m story, listen to m song,
you c n step on my name, you c n try n get me beat,
when I leave New York, I ll be standin on my feet.

And it s hard times in the country, livin down in New York town.