

I Want You
Bob Dylan

Tipo de gaita: Diatônica
Tom: F

6 6 6 6 6 -6 6 -6 6
The guilty undertaker sighs,
6 6 6 6 6 -6 6 -5
The lonesome organ grinder cries,
5 5 5 5 5 5 5 -5 5 -4 -4 -4
The silver saxophones say I should refuse you.
5 -5 -5 -5 -5 -5 -5
The cracked bells and washed-out horns
-5 -5 -5 -5 -5 -5 -5
Blow into- my face with scorn,
-3 -3 5 5 5
But it s not that way,
5 -5 5 -5 5 4 -3 -3
I wasn t born to lose you.
5 5 5 5 5 5
I want you, I want you,
5 5 5 5 -4
I want you so bad,
5 5 -4 5 5
Honey, I want you.

The drunken politician leaps
Upon the street where mothers weep
And the saviors who are fast asleep,
They wait for you.
And I wait for them to interrupt
Me drinkin from my broken cup
And ask me to
Open up the gate for you.
I want you, I want you,
I want you so bad,
Honey, I want you.

Now all my fathers, they ve gone down
True love they ve been without it.
But all their daughters put me down
Cause I don t think about it.

Well, I return to the Queen of Spades
And talk with my chambermaid.
She knows that I m not afraid
To look at her.
She is good to me

And there s nothing she doesn t see.
She knows where I d like to be
But it doesn t matter.
I want you, I want you,
I want you so bad,
Honey, I want you.

Now your dancing child with his Chinese suit,
He spoke to me, I took his flute.
No, I wasn t very cute to him,
Was I?
But I did it, though, because he lied
Because he took you for a ride
And because time was on his side
And because I . . .
I want you, I want you,
I want you so bad,