

Lakes Of Pontchartrain
Bob Dylan

LAKES OF PONTCHARTRAIN - BOB DYLAN

 C Em F C C G C
Twas on a bright March morning I bid New Orleans adieu.
 C Em F C C F *)
I took the train from Jackson, my fortune to renew,
 C Em F C F *)
I cursed all foreign money, no credit could I gain,
 C Em F C G C
Which sent my heart a-longing for the lakes of Pontchartrain.

C . . Em . . F . . C . . C . . G . . C . . | . . .