

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** . . | . . .