

**Talkin New York**  
**Bob Dylan**

Talkin New York  
All Music and Lyrics By Bob Dylan  
Chorded By Russ Stone

G . C . D . .  
G . C . D . . G C/G G . G . . .

[tab]G C /B  
Rambling out of the wild west[/tab]  
[tab]D  
Leaving the towns I love the best[/tab]  
[tab]G C  
Thought I d seen some ups and downs[/tab]  
[tab] D /F# G (. /E/D . )  
Till I come into New York town[/tab]  
[tab]C /B  
People going down to the ground[/tab]  
[tab]D /F# G  
Buildings going up to the sky.[/tab]  
G . C /B D . . /f#G ./E/D G

Wintertime in New York town  
The wind blowing snow around  
Walk around with nowhere to go  
Somebody could freeze right to the bone  
I froze right to the bone  
New York Times said it was the coldest winter in seventeen years  
I didn t feel so cold then.

I swung on to my old guitar  
Grabbed hold of a subway car  
And after a rocking, reeling, rolling ride  
I landed up on the downtown side:  
Greenwich Village.

I walked down there and ended up  
In one of them coffee-houses on the block  
Got on the stage to sing and play  
Man there said: "Come back some other day  
You sound like a hillbilly  
We want folksingers here.

Well, I got a harmonica job begun to play  
Blowing my lungs out for a dollar a day  
I blowed inside out and upside down  
The man there said he loved my sound

He was raving about he loved my sound  
Dollar a day s worth.

After weeks and weeks of hanging around  
I finally got a job in New York town  
In a bigger place, bigger money too  
Even joined the Union and paid my dues.

Now, a very great man once said  
That some people rob you with a fountain pen  
It don t take too long to find out  
Just what he was talking about  
A lot of people don t have much food on their table  
But they got a lot of forks and knives  
And they gotta cut something.

So one morning when the sun was warm  
I rambled out of New York town  
Pulled my cap down over my eyes  
And headed out for the western skies  
So long New York  
Howdy, East Orange