

Up To Me
Bob Dylan

Up To Me - Bob Dylan

Using D tuning for less tension on strings and neck instead of E tuning
D tuning Capo on 2 nd Fret Listen to the record for phrasing

Chords: E 054000 B 000340 A 000120 B type(2) 777777

E type(2) 000000

E B A A E type 2
 Everything went from bad to worse, money never changed a thing,
 E B A A E
 type 2
 Death kept followin , trackin us down, at least I heard your bluebird sing.
 B type 2 E E B A E type 2
 Now somebody s got to show their hand, time is an enemy,
 E B A E B type 2 E A
 I know you re long gone, I guess it must be up to me.

E B A
 A E type 2
 If I d thought about it I never would ve done it, I guess I would ve let it
 slide,
 E B A
 A E type 2
 If I d lived my life by what others were thinkin , the heart inside me would ve
 died.
 B type 2 E E B A E type 2
 I was just too stubborn to ever be governed by enforced insanity,
 E B A E B type 2 E
 A
 Someone had to reach for the risin star, I guess it was up to me.

E B A A E type 2
 Oh, the Union Central is pullin out and the orchids are in bloom,
 E B A A E type 2
 I ve only got me one good shirt left and it smells of stale perfume.
 B type 2 E E B A E type 2
 In fourteen months I ve only smiled once and I didn t do it consciously,
 E B A E B type 2 E A
 2X
 Somebody s got to find your trail, I guess it must be up to me.

E B type 2 E A

E B A A E type 2
It was like a revelation when you betrayed me with your touch,
E B A A E type 2
I d just about convinced myself that nothin had changed that much
B type 2 E E B A E type 2
The old Rounder in the iron mask slipped me the master key,
E B A E B type 2 E A
Somebody had to unlock your heart, He said it was up to me.

E B A A E type 2
Well, I watched you slowly disappear down into the officers club,
E B A A E type 2
I would ve followed you in the door but I didn t have a ticket stub.
B type 2 E E B A E
type 2
So I waited all night til the break of day, hopin one of us could get free,
E B A E B type 2 E
A
When the dawn came over the river bridge, I knew it was up to me.

E B A A E type 2
Oh, the only decent thing I did when I worked as a postal clerk
E B A A E
type 2
Was to haul your picture down off the wall near the cage where I used to work.
B type 2 E E B A E type 2
Was I a fool or not to try to protect your identity?
E B A E B
type 2 E A
You looked a little burned out, my friend, I thought it might be up to me.

E B type 2 E A

E B A A E type 2
Well, I met somebody face to face and I had to remove my hat,
E B A A E type 2
She s everything I need and love but I can t be swayed by that.
B type 2 E E B A E type 2
It frightens me, the awful truth of how sweet life can be,
E B A E B type 2 E A
But she ain t a-gonna make me move, I guess it must be up to me.

E B type 2 E A

E B A A E type 2
We heard the Sermon on the Mount and I knew it was too complex,
E B A A E type 2

It didn't amount to anything more than what the broken glass reflects.
B type 2 E E B A E type 2
When you bite off more than you can chew you pay the penalty,
E B A E B type 2 E A
Somebody's got to tell the tale, I guess it must be up to me.

E B A A E type 2
Well, Dupree came in pimpin' tonight to the Thunderbird Cafe,
E B A A E type 2
Crystal wanted to talk to him, I had to look the other way.
B type 2 E E B A E type 2
Well, I just can't rest without you, love, I need your company,
E B A E B type 2
E A
But you ain't a-gonna cross the line, I guess it must be up to me.

E B A A E type 2
There's a note left in the bottle, you can give it to Estelle,
E B A A
E type 2
She's the one you been wond'rin' about, but there's really nothin' much to tell.
B type 2 E E B A E type 2
We both heard voices for a while, now the rest is history,
E B A E B type 2 E A
Somebody's got to cry some tears, I guess it must be up to me.

E B A A E type 2
So go on, boys, and play your hands, life is a pantomime,
E B A A E
type 2
The ringleaders from the county seat say you don't have all that much time.
B type 2 E E B A E type 2
And the girl with me behind the shades, she ain't my property,
E B A E B type 2 E A
One of us has got to hit the road, I guess it must be up to me.

E B A A E type 2
And if we never meet again, baby, remember me,
E B A A E type 2
How my lone guitar played sweet for you that old-time melody.
B type 2 E E B A E type 2
And the harmonica around my neck, I blew it for you, free,
E B A E B type 2 E A
No one else could play that tune, You know it was up to me.

Outro:

E B A A E Type 2

E B A A E Type 2

B type 2 E E B A E Type 2

E B A E

E B type 2 E A

E B type 2 E A E End