

Song For Bob Dylan

David Bowie

INTRO: A G#m F#m E A G#m F#m B

A G#m
Ah hear this Robert Zimmerman
F#m E
I wrote a song for you
A G#m
About a strange young man called Dylan
F#m E
With a voice like sand and glue
G#m C#m
Some words had truthful vengeance
B A
That could pin us to the floor
F#m G#m
Brought a few more people on
A B
And put the fear in a whole lot more

Refrão:

A D A
Ah here she comes here she comes here she comes again
That same old painted lady
E
From the brow of the superbrain
F#m
She ll scratch this world to pieces
G
As she comes on like a friend
A
But a couple of songs from your old scrap book
E
Could send her home again

A G#m
You gave your heart to every bedsit room
F#m E
At least a picture on the wall
A G#m
And you sat behind a million pair of eyes
F#m E
And told them how they saw
G#m C#m
Then we lost your train of thought
B A
Your paintings are all your own
F#m

While troubles are rising

G#m

A

B

We'd rather be scared together than alone

Refrão:

SOLO: **A G#m F#m E A G#m F#m B**

A

G#m

Now hear this Robert Zimmerman

F#m

E

Though I don't suppose we'll meet

A

G#m

Ask your good friend Dylan

F#m

E

If he'd gaze a while down the old street

G#m

C#m

Tell him we've lost his poems

B

A

So we're writing on the walls

F#m

G#m

Give us back our unity

A

B

Give us back our family

F#m

G#m

You're every nation's refugee

A

B

Don't leave us with our sanity

Refrão:

A

D

A

Ah here she comes here she comes here she comes again

That same old painted lady

E

From the brow of the superbrain

F#m

She'll scratch this world to pieces

G

As she comes on like a friend

A

But a couple of songs from your old scrap book

E

Could send her home again

G

Oh a couple of songs from your old scrap book

A

Could send her home again

D

Oh here she comes

A

Ooh here she comes

D

And here she comes

OUTRO SOLO: **A G#m F#m E A G#m F#m B E**