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## Dylans Hard Rain Ryan Bingham

Ryan Bingham Dylan s Hard Rain Album: Roadhouse Sun

On the C chord Ryan is doing a boom-chicka-boom feel on the D string with the pinky. Listen to the song and its obvious.

C

I m a homeless man with my thumb in the wind

G

I sure miss my kin, but then again

C

I m on the road with a song for you

I took a step, I lost the bet
They cut off my tongue now they re full of regret
Careful what you say, if they ain t gonna listen anyway

Just make the cash, bet on the past Everybody s so afraid to be last You can t take back everything you leave behind

## Chorus:

G C Am F C
Is everybody so ashamed, for letting it all slide
G C Am F C G
Is everybody so afraid, Mr. Dylan s hard rain, is fair warning

On a shake down, in the alley
Breakin people s faces gonna start you up a rally
I ve never seen a day in the sun with a gun
That s loaded for you

There s some hippies, in the back room Rockin and a rollin and a smokin to an old tune Someone took a guitar and a match, and set peace on fire

Hey my brother, what is wrong You lost all your money on the corner rollin bones Give him your cash mother fucker, he s too fast for you

## Chorus

On the T.V. there s a white man Too much make-up on his wife with God s plan

I guess the religous vote, made it to congress

On the border of Tijuana People are growin truck loads of marijuana Maybe someday our friends can be American farmers

There s a necklace, in the south
A few hopeless people still hanging it around
The wind is gonna cut you down, in the long run

Chorus

So can we save us, from today
The hands of the wretched are the one s getting paid
Everything stays the same, if you don t change it

And all the dreams, will bust at the seams

It all goes down in the mighty machine

You don t care know, but someday you might need it

C

I heard the whistle, start a blowin

Enjoy!