(Nobody Sings the Blues Like) Blind Willie McTell – (Bob Dylan

Intro:

**4
4 Am E | Am | Am E | Am ||**

Verses:

**Am E | Am | Am E | Am |**

**Am E | G D | F G | Am ||**

Seen the arrow on the doorpost
Saying this land is condemned
All the way from New Orleans
To Jerusalem

I travel through east Texas
Where many martyrs fell
And I don’t know one can sing the blues
Like Blind Wille McTell

Well, I heard that hoot-owl singing
As they were taking down the tent
The stars above the barren trees
Was his only audience

Them charcoal gypsy maidens
Can strut their feathers well
And I don’t know one can sing the blues

Like Blind Wille McTell

Seen them big plantations burning
Hear the cracking of the whips
Smell that sweet magnolia blooming
See the ghosts of the slavery ships

I can hear them tribes moaning
Hear the undertakers bell
And I don’t know one can sing the blues

Like Blind Wille McTell

There's a woman by the river
With some fine young handsome man
He's dressed up like a squire
Bootleg whiskey in his hand

There's a chain gang on the highway
I can hear them rebels yell
And I don’t know one can sing the blues

Like Blind Wille McTell

Well, God is in his heaven
And we all want what’s his
But power and greed and corruptible seed
Seem to be all that there is

I'm gazing out the window
Of the St. James Hotel
And I don’t know one can sing the blues

Like Blind Wille McTell