(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