

Bob Dylan- Mr. Tambourine Man (Album: Bringing It All Back Home (1965))

G A D G
Hey, Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me
D G [Em] A
I'm not sleepy and there ain't no place I'm going to
G A D G
Hey, Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me
D G [Em] A G
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come following you
G A D G
Though I know that evenings empire has returned into sand
D G D G A
Vanished from my hand Left me blindly here to stand but still not sleeping
G A D G
My weariness amazes me, I'm branded on my feet
D G D G A
I have no one to meet & the ancient empty street's too dead for dreaming **[CH]**

G A D G
Take me on a trip upon your magic swirling ship
My senses have been stripped, My hands can't feel to grip
My toes too numb to step, Wait only for my bootheels to be wandering
I'm ready to go anywhere, I'm ready for to fade
Into my own parade, Cast your dancing spell my way, I promise to go under it **[CH]**

G A D G
Though you might hear laughing, spinning, swinging madly across the sun
It's not aimed at anyone, It's just escaping on the run
And but for the sky there are no fences facing
And if you hear vague traces of skipping reels of rhyme
To your tambourine in time, It's just a ragged clown behind
I wouldn't pay it any mind, It's just a shadow you're seeing that he's chasing **[CH]**

G A D G
Take me disappearing through the smoke rings of my mind
Down the foggy ruins of time, Far past the frozen leaves,
The haunted frightened trees, Out to the windy bench
Far from the twisted reach of crazy sorrow
G A D G
Yes to dance beneath the diamond sky with one hand waving free
Silhouetted by the sea, Circled by the circus sands
With all memory and fate driven deep beneath the waves
Let me forget about today until tomorrow **[CH]**

F G C F
Hey, Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
F C F G
I'm not sleepy and there ain't no place I'm going to.
F G C F
Hey, Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
C F G C
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come following you.

F G C F
Though I know that evenings empire has returned into sand,
C F
Vanished from my hand,
C F G
Left me blindly here to stand but still not sleeping.
F G C F
My weariness amazes me, I'm branded on my feet,
C F
I have no one to meet,
C F G
And the ancient empty street's too dead for dreaming.

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