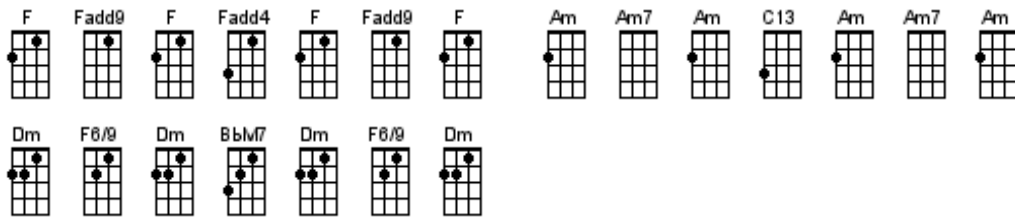


I Want You

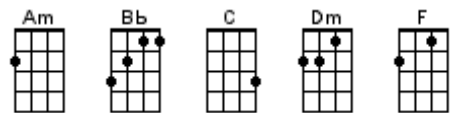
(Written by Bob Dylan, 1966.)

F-Am-Dm Riff:



(F) The guilty undertaker sighs, the (Am) lonesome organ grinder cries
The (Dm) silver saxophones say I should (C) refuse you
The (Bb) cracked bells and washed-out horns, (C) blow into my face with scorn
But it's (Dm) not that way I wasn't born to (C) lose you

I (F) want you, I (Am) want you
I (Dm) want you so (C) bad
Honey, I (F) want you



The (F) drunken politician leaps up (Am) on the street where mothers weep
And the (Dm) saviors who are fast asleep, they (C) wait for you
And I (Bb) wait for them to interrupt me (C) drinkin' from my broken cup
And (Dm) ask me to open up the (C) gate for you

(chorus)

Now (Am) all my fathers, they've gone down
(Dm) True love they've been without it
But (Am) all their daughters put me down
'Cause (Bb) I don't think a(C)bout it

(F) Well, I return to the Queen of Spades and (Am) talk with my chambermaid
(Dm) She knows that I'm not afraid to (C) look at her
(Bb) She is good to me and there's (C) nothing she doesn't see
She (Dm) knows where I'd like to be (C) but it doesn't matter

(chorus)

(F) Now your dancing child with his Chinese suit
He (Am) spoke to me, I took his flute
(Dm) No, I wasn't very cute to him, (C) was I?
But I (Bb) did it, though, because he lied, be(C)cause he took you for a ride
And (Dm) because time was on his side, and (C) because I . . .

(chorus)