

Song To Woody

Bob Dylan

- A** **E7** **A**
1. I`m out here thousand miles from my home,
D **A/C#** **Bm** **A**
walkin` a road other men have gone down.
D **A**
I`m seein` your world of people and things,
E7 **A**
your paupers and peasants and princes and kings.
2. Hey, hey Woody Guthrie, I wrote you a song,
`Bout a funny ol` world thats a-comin` along.
Seems sick an` it`s hungry, it`s tired an` it`s torn,
It looks like it`s a-dying an` it`s hardly been born.
3. Hey, Woody Guthrie, but I know that you know,
All the things that I`m a-sayin` an` a-many times more.
I`m a-singin` you the song, but I can`t sing enough,
`Cause there`s not many men that done the things that you`ve done.
4. Here`s to Cisco an` Sonny an` Leadbelly too,
An` to all the good people that traveled with you.
Here`s to the hearts and the hands of the men,
That come with the dust and are gone with the wind.
5. I`m a-leavin` tomorrow, but I could leave today,
Somewhere down the road someday.
The very last thing that I`d want to do,
Is to say I`ve been hittin` some hard travelin` too.