

I'll Not Be A Stranger
Probably trad.
As played by Bob Dylan late 1997

^C
I'll not be a stranger when I get to that city;
^C
I'm acquainted with folks over there.
^C
There'll be friends there to greet me,
^F
There'll be loved ones to meet me
^C ^G ^C
At the gates of that city four square.

^G
Through the years, through the tears,
^C
They've gone one by one.

^G
But they'll wait at the gate
^C
Until my race is run.

^C ^F
I'll not be a stranger when I get to that city
^C ^G ^C
I'm acquainted with folks over there.

C . . G . . C . . | . . .

I'll not be a stranger when I get to that city;
 I've a home on the streets paved with gold.
 I'll feel right at home there
 In that beautiful somewhere
 With the loved ones whose memory I hold.

Through the years, through the tears,
 They've gone one by one.
 But they'll wait at the gate
 Until my race is run.
 I'll not be a stranger when I get to that city
 I'm acquainted with folks over there.

I'll not be a stranger when I get to that city;
 There'll be no lonely days over there.
 There'll be no stormy weather
 But a great time together
 On the streets of that city four square.

Through the years, through the tears,
 They've gone one by one.
 But they'll wait at the gate
 Until my race is run.
 I'll not be a stranger when I get to that city
 I'm acquainted with folks over there.