

I'm Not There (1956)

Bob Dylan

Recorded during The Basement Tapes sessions (1967),

Capo 4th fret (original key B major)

G

Well it's alright

she'nay she's all the time in my

F

neighborhood

Am

she cried both day and night,

G

I know it because it was there.

G

It's a milestone

F

but she's down on her luck,

Am

and she daily salutin

G

but to make him hard to buck,

I bevaid ...

C

I believe where she stopping

Em

if she wants time to care,

F

I believe that she'd look upon

G

deciding to care,

Em

and I go by the Lord

F

in a way she's on my way,

G

but I don't belong there.

No I don't belong to her,
I don't belong to anybody,
she's my prize forsaken angel
but she don't hear me cry.

She's a long-hearted mystic
and she can't carry on,
when I'm there she's alright,
but she's not, when I'm gone

Heaven knows that the answer
she's don't call in no-one,
she's the way, a sailing beautiful,
she's mine, for the one,

and I loss a heavy tension,
by temptation less it runs
but she don't allah me
but I'm not there, I'm gone.

Now I've cried tonight
like I cried the night before,
and I'm knees on the hassle,
but I dream about the door.

So-long Jesus-saken,
blind fate, with a tell,
it don't hang contonation
she's my ald fare-thee-well.

Now when I'll treat the levee,
I was born to love her,
but she knows that the kingdom
weighs so high above her,

and I run but I race,
but it's not too fast a sleoun,
but I don't perceive her,
I'm not there, I'm gone.

Well it's all about deffusion
That I cry for her veil,
I don't need anybody now
beside me to tell

And it's all affirmation
I recieve, but it's not,
She's a lone-hearted beauty
but she's gone like the spot
if she waoun...

Yes, she's gone like the rainbow
that was shining yesterday
but now she's a-home beside me
and I'd like her to stay

she's a bone-forsaking beauty
and it don't trust anyone,
and I wish I was beside her,
but I'm not there, I'm gone.

Well it's a too hard to stake-in,
and I don't bart-b'lieve
It's all bag for tebusing,
but she's hard, too hard to leave.

It's alone, it's a crime
the way she moult me around
was she told for to hate me
by this dong fortaken clown.

Yes I believe that it's rightful,
oh I believe it in my mind,
I b'told like I said when I before
carry on the crying,

and she's all good to told her,
like I said, carry on,
I wish I was there to help her,
but I'm not there, I'm gone ...