

## Idiot Wind

Words and music Bob Dylan

Album: Blood on the Tracks (1975)

Open D/E Tuning (E-B-e-g#-b-e' or D-A-d-f#-a-d')

Intro: Am . . . Bsus4 . B(vii) . E

Am Bsus4 Bvii E  
 Someone's got it in for me, they're planting stories in the press  
 Am Bsus4 B(vii) E  
 Whoever it is I wish they'd cut it but when they will I can only guess.  
 C#m G#m A E  
 They say I shot a man named Gray and took his wife to Italy,  
 C#m G#m A E  
 She inherited a million bucks and when she died it came to me.  
 G#m B11  
 I can't help it if I'm lucky.

People see me all the time and they just can't remember how to act  
 Their minds are filled with big ideas, images and distorted facts.  
 Even you, yesterday you had to ask me where it was at,  
 I couldn't believe after all these years, you didn't know me better than  
 that  
 Sweet lady.

E A E  
 Idiot wind, blowing every time you move your mouth  
 A B11  
 Blowing down the backroads headin' south.  
 E A E  
 Idiot wind, blowing every time you move your teeth,  
 A  
 You're an idiot, babe.  
 B11 E  
 It's a wonder that you still know how to breathe.

E A E A

I threw the I-Ching yesterday, it said there might be some thunder at the well.  
 Peace and quiet's been avoiding me for so long it seems like living hell.  
 There's a lone soldier on the hill, watchin' falling raindrops pour.  
 You'd never know it to look at him, but at the final shot he won the war  
 After losin' every battle.

I woke up on the roadside, day dreamin' about the way things sometimes are  
 Hoofbeats pounding in my head at break-neck speed and making me see stars.  
 You hurt the ones that I love best and cover up the truth with lies.  
 One day you'll be in the ditch, flies buzzin' around your eyes,  
 Blood on your saddle.

Idiot wind, blowing through the flowers on your tomb,  
 Blowing through the curtains in your room.  
 Idiot wind, blowing every time you move your teeth,  
 You're an idiot, babe.  
 It's a wonder that you still know how to breathe.

It was gravity which pulled us in and destiny which broke us apart  
 You tamed the lion in my cage but it just wasn't enough to change my heart.  
 Now everything's a little upside down, as a matter of fact the wheels have  
 stopped,  
 What's good is bad, what's bad is good, you'll find out when you reach the  
 top  
 You're on the bottom.

I noticed at the ceremony, that you left all your bags behind

The driver came in after you left, he gave them all to me, and then he resigned.  
 The priest wore black on the seventh day, walzed around while the building burned.  
 You didn't trust me for a minute, babe. I've never known the spring to turn  
 So quickly into autumn.

Idiot wind, blowing everytime you move your jaw,  
 From the Grand Coulee Dam to the Mardi Gras.  
 Idiot wind, blowing every time you move your teeth,  
 You're an idiot, babe.  
 It's a wonder that you still know how to breathe.

We pushed eachother a little too far, and one day it just jumped into a  
 raging storm.  
 A hound dog bayed behind your trees as I was packing up my uniform.  
 I figured I'd lost you anyway, Why go on? what's the use?  
 In order to get in a word with you, I'd have had to come up with some  
 excuse.  
 It just struck me kinda funny.

I been double-crossed too much, at times I think I've almost lost my mind  
 Lady-killers load ice on me behind my back, while imitators steal me blind  
 You close your eyes and part your lips, and slip your fingers from your  
 glove  
 You can have the best there is, but it's gonna cost you all your love  
 You won't get it for money

Idiot wind, blowing through the buttons of our coats,  
 Blowing through the letters that we wrote.  
 Idiot wind, blowing through the dust upon our shelves,  
 We're idiots, babe.  
 It's a wonder we can even feed ourselves.

#### Bootleg series 1-3 version

The only difference between the two New York versions, apart from the  
 organ on the refrains in the above version, is some slight changes in  
 some of the lyrics. It's really negligible, but for the sake of  
 (trainspotterish) completeness, here it is (the first verse is  
 identical):

I threw the I-Ching yesterday, it said there'd be some thunder at the well.  
 I haven't tasted peace and quiet for so long it seems like living hell.  
 There's a lone soldier on the hill, watchin' falling raindrops pour.  
 You'd never know it to look at him, but at the final shot he won the war  
 After losin' every battle.

I woke up on the roadside, day dreamin' about the way things sometimes are  
 Hoofbeats pounding in my head at break-neck speed and making me see stars.  
 You hurt the ones that I love best and cover up the truth with lies.  
 One day you'll be in the ditch, flies buzzin' around your eyes,  
 Blood on your saddle.

Idiot wind, blowing through the flowers on your tomb,  
 Blowing through the curtains in your room.  
 Idiot wind, blowing every time you move your teeth,  
 You're an idiot, babe.  
 It's a wonder that you still know how to breathe.

It was gravity which pulled us in and destiny which broke us apart  
 You tamed the lion in my cage but it just wasn't enough to change my heart.  
 Now everything's a little upside down, as a matter of fact the wheels have  
 stopped,  
 What's good is bad, what's bad is good, you'll find out when you reach the  
 top  
 You're on the bottom.

I noticed at the ceremony, that you left your bags behind  
 The driver came in after you left, he gave them all to me, and then he  
 resigned.  
 The priest wore black on the seventh day, and walzed around while the  
 building burned.  
 You didn't trust me for a minute, babe. I've never known the spring to turn  
 So quickly into autumn.

Idiot wind, blowing everytime you move your jaw,  
 From the Grand Coulee Dam to the Mardi Gras.  
 Idiot wind, blowing every time you move your teeth,  
 You're an idiot, babe.  
 It's a wonder that you still know how to breathe.

We pushed each other a little too far, and one day it just turned into a  
 raging storm.  
 A hound dog bayed behind your trees as I was packing up my uniform.  
 I figured I'd lost you anyway, Why go on? What's the use?  
 In order to get in a word with you, I'd have had to come up with some  
 excuse.  
 It just struck me kinda funny.

I been double-crossed too much, at times I think I've almost lost my mind  
 Lady-killers load ice on me behind my back, while imitators steal me blind  
 You close your eyes and part your lips, and slip your fingers from your  
 glove  
 You can have the best there is, but it's gonna cost you all your love  
 You won't get it for money

Idiot wind, blowing through the buttons of our coats,  
 Blowing through the letters that we wrote.  
 Idiot wind, blowing through the dust upon our shelves,  
 We're idiots, babe.  
 It's a wonder we can even feed ourselves.

#### Hard Rain version

Cm D (C/g) | :G C/g : |  
 Someone's got it in for me, they're planting stories in the press  
 Cm D  
 | :G C/g : |  
 Whoever it is I wish they'd cut it out quick but when they will I can only  
 guess.  
 Em Bm Am G  
 They say I shot a man named Gray and took his wife to Italy,  
 Em Bm Am G  
 She inherited a million bucks and when she died it came to me.  
 Bm C  
 I can't help it if I'm lucky.

People see me all the time, I guess they just can't remember how to act  
 Their minds are filled with false ideas, images and distorted facts.  
 And even you, yesterday you had to ask me where it was at,  
 I couldn't believe after all these years, you didn't know me any better than  
 that  
 Sweet lady.

G C G  
 Idiot wind, blowing every time you move your mouth  
 C D7  
 Blowing down the backroads headin' south.  
 G C G  
 Idiot wind, blowing every time you move your teeth,  
 C  
 You're an idiot, babe.  
 D7 G  
 It's a wonder that you still know how to breathe.

I ran into the fortune teller, she said beware 'cause some lightning might strike.  
I haven't known about peace and quiet now for so long I don't even remember what it's like.  
There's a lone soldier on the cross, smoke pourin' out of a boxcar door,  
He didn't know it, he never thought it could be done, but at the final shot he won the war  
After losin' every battle.

I woke up on the roadside, daydreamin' 'bout the way things really are  
Visions of your smokin' shoot through my head and are makin' me see stars.  
You hurt the ones that I love best and cover up the truth with lies.  
One day you'll be in the grave, flies buzzin' around your eyes,  
Blood on your saddle.

Idiot wind, blowing through the flowers on your tomb,  
Blowing through the curtains in your room.  
Idiot wind, blowing every time you move your teeth,  
You're an idiot, babe.  
It's a wonder that you still can even breathe.

It was gravity which pulled us down and destiny which broke us apart  
You tamed the lion in my cage but it wasn't enough to change my heart.  
Now everything's a little upside down, as a matter of fact the wheels have stopped,  
What's good is bad, what's bad is good, you'll find out when you reach the top  
You're on the bottom.

I noticed at the ceremony, that your corrupt ways had finally made you blind  
I can't recall your face anymore, your mouth has changed and your eyes don't look into mine.  
The priest wore black on the seventh day and sat stone-faced while the building burned.  
I waited for you on the running boards, near the cypress trees, while the springtime  
turned slowly into autumn.

Idiot wind, blowing like a circle around my skull,  
From the Grand Coulee Dam to the Capitol.  
Idiot wind, blowing every time you move your teeth,  
You're an idiot, babe.  
It's a wonder that you still know how to breathe.

I can't feel you anymore, I can't even touch the clothes you wear  
Every time I come into your door, you leave me standing in the middle of the air..  
Down the highway, down the tracks, down the road to ecstasy,  
I followed you beneath the stars, hounded by your memory  
And all your ragin' glory.

I been double-crossed now for the very last time and I think I finally see,  
I kissed goodbye the howling beast on the borderline which separated you from me.  
You'll never know the hurt I suffered nor the pain I rise above,  
And I'll never know the same about you, your holiness or your kind of love,  
And it makes me feel so sorry.

Idiot wind, blowing through the buttons of our coats,  
Blowing through the letters that we wrote.  
Idiot wind, blowing through the dust upon our shelves,  
We're idiots, babe.  
It's a wonder we can even feed ourselves.