

Workingman's Blues #2
 Words and music Bob Dylan
 Album: Modern Times (2006)

 G D/f#
 There's an evening haze settling over town,
 Em G/d
 Starlight by the edge of the creek
 C G/b
 The buying power of the proletariat's gone down,
 Am D
 Money's getting shallow and weak

Well, the place I love best is a sweet memory
 it's a new path that we trod
 They say low wages are a reality
 If we want to compete abroad

My cruel weapons have been put on the shelf
 Come sit down on my knee
 You are dearer to me than myself
 As you yourself can see
 While I'm listening to the steel rails hum
 Got both eyes tight shut
 Just sitting here trying to keep the hunger from
 Creeping it's way into my gut

C G6/b
 Meet me at the bottom, don't lag behind
 Am G
 Bring me my boots and shoes
 C G/b
 You can hang back or fight your best on the front line
 Am D9 G7
 Sing a little bit of these workingman's blues

Well, I'm sailin' on back, ready for the long haul
 Tossed by the winds and the seas
 I'll drag 'em all down to hell and I'll stand 'em at the wall
 I'll sell 'em to their enemies
 I'm a-tryin' to feed my soul with thought
 Gonna sleep off the rest of the day
 Sometimes no one wants what you got
 Sometimes you can't give it away

Now the place is ringed with countless foes
 Some of them may be deaf and dumb
 No man, no woman knows
 The hour that sorrow will come
 In the dark I hear the night birds call
 I can feel a lover's breath
 I sleep in the kitchen with my feet in the hall
 Sleep is like a temporary death
 Meet me at the bottom, don't lag behind
 Bring me my boots and shoes
 You can hang back or fight your best on the front line
 Sing a little bit of these workingman's blues

Well, they burned my barn, and they stole my horse
 I can't save a dime
 I got to be careful, I don't want to be forced
 Into a life of continual crime
 I can see for myself that the sun is sinking
 How I wish you were here to see
 Tell me now, am I wrong in thinking
 That you have forgotten me?

Now they worry and they hurry and they fuss and they fret
They waste your nights and days
Them I will forget
But you I'll remember always
Old memories of you to me have clung
You've wounded me with your words
Gonna have to straighten out your tongue
It's all true, everything you've heard
Meet me at the bottom, don't lag behind
Bring me my boots and shoes
You can hang back or fight your best on the front line
Sing a little bit of these workingman's blues

In you, my friend, I find no blame
Wanna look in my eyes, please do
No one can ever claim
That I took up arms against you.
All across the peaceful sacred fields
They will lay you low
They'll break your horns and slash you with steel
I say it, so it must be so

Now I'm down on my luck and I'm black and blue
Gonna give you another chance
I'm all alone I'm expecting you
To lead me off in a cheerful dance
I got a brand new suit and a brand new wife
I can live on rice and beans
Some people never worked a day in their life
Don't know what work even means
Well, meet me at the bottom, don't lag behind
Bring me my boots and shoes
You could hang back or fight your best on the front line
Sing a little bit of these workingman's blues