

Shelter From The Storm C – Bob Dylan

<http://www.kanikapila.us/lyrics.html>

[C] [C]

'Twas [C]in another [G]life time, [F]one of toil and [C]blood,
When [C]blackness was a [G]virtue, and the [F]road was full of mud,
I [C]came in from the [G]wilderness, a [F]creature void of form,
"Come [C]in," she said, "I'll [G]give you, [F]shelter from the [C]storm."

[C] [G] [F] [C]

And [C]if I pass this [G]way again, [F]you can rest [C]assured,
I'll [C]always do my [G]best for her, on [F]that I give my word.
In a [C]world of steel-eyed [G]death and men who are [F]fighting to be warm,
"Come [C]in," she said, "I'll [G]give you, [F]shelter from the [C]storm."

[C] [G] [F] [C]

Not a [C]word was spoke be[G]tween us, there was [F]little risk in[C]volved,
[C]everything up [G]to that point had [F]been left unresolved.
Try imagi[C]ning a [G]place where it's [F]always safe and warm,
"Come [C]in," she said, "I'll [G]give you, [F]shelter from the [C]storm."

[C] [G] [F] [C]

I was [C]burned out from ex[G]haustion, [F]buried in the [C]hail,
[C]poisoned in the [G]bushes, and [F]blown out on the trail.
[C]Hunted like a [G]crocodile, [F]ravaged in the corn,
"Come [C]in," she said, "I'll [G]give you, [F]shelter from the [C]storm."

[C] [G] [F] [C]

[C]Suddenly I [G]turned around and [F]she was standing [C]there,
with [C]silver bracelets [G]on her wrists, and [F]flowers in her hair.
She [C]walked up to me so [G]gracefully and [F]took my crown of thorns,
"Come [C]in," she said, "I'll [G]give you, [F]shelter from the [C]storm."

[C] [G] [F] [C]

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Now [C]there's a wall be[G]tween us, [F]something has been [C]lost,
I [C]took too much for [G]granted, I [F]got my signals crossed.
Just to [C]think that all be[G]gan on an [F]uneventful morn,
"Come [C]in," she said, "I'll [G]give you, [F]shelter from the [C]storm."

[C] [G] [F] [C]

Well, the [C]deputy walks [G]on hard nails, and the [F]preacher rides a [C]mount,
but [C]nothing really [G]matters much, it's [F]doom alone that counts.
And the [C]one-eyed under[G]taker, he [F]blows a futile horn,
"Come [C]in," she said, "I'll [G]give you, [F]shelter from the [C]storm."

[C] [G] [F] [C]

I've [C]heard newborn [G]babies wailin' [F]like a mornin' [C]dove,
[C]and old men with [G]broken teeth [F]stranded without love.
Do I [C]understand your [G]question, man, is it [F]hopeless and forlorn ?
"Come [C]in," she said, "I'll [G]give you, [F]shelter from the [C]storm."

[C] [G] [F] [C]

In a [C]little hill top [G]village they [F]gambled for my [C]clothes,
I [C]bargained for sal[G]vation, and they [F]gave me a lethal dose.
I [C]offered up my [G]innocence and [F]got repaid with scorn,
"Come [C]in," she said, "I'll [G]give you, [F]shelter from the [C]storm."

[C] [G] [F] [C]

Well, I'm [C]livin' in a [G]foreign country, but I'm [F]bound to cross the [C]line,
[C]beauty walks on [G]razor's edge, some[F]day I'll make it mine.
If [C]I could only turn [G]back the clock to when [F]God and her were born,
"Come [C]in," she said, "I'll [G]give you, [F]shelter from the [C]storm."

[C] [G] [F] [C]

