Song To Woody

Bob Dylan

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      A                          E7      A
1. I`m out here thousand miles from my home,
   D              A/C#  Bm             A
   walkin` a road other men have gone down.
                              D          A
   I`m seein` your world of people and things,
                   E7                        A
   your paupers and peasants and princes and kings.

2. Hey,hey Woody Guthrie, I wrote you a song,
   `Bout a funny ol` world thats a-comin` along.
   Seems sick an` it`s hungry, it`s tired an` it`s torn,
   It looks like it`s a-dying an` it`s hardly been born.

3. Hey, Woody Guthrie, but I know that you know,
   All the things that I`m a-sayin` an` a-many times more.
   I`m a-singin` you the song, but I can`t sing enough,
   `Cause there`s not many men that done the things that you`ve
 done.

4. Here`s to Cisco an` Sonny an` Leadbelly too,
   An` to all the good people that traveled with you.
   Here`s to the hearts and the hands of the men,
   That come with the dust and are gone with the wind.

5. I`m a-leavin` tomorrow, but I could leave today,
   Somewhere down the road someday.
   The very last thing that I`d want to do,
   Is to say I`ve been hittin` some hard travelin` too.
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