

# Ballad Of A Thin Man - Bob Dylan 1965

Am Dm/A Am

1 2 3 + 4

Am Am AmM<sup>7</sup>/G<sup>#</sup> AmM<sup>7</sup>/G<sup>#</sup> Am<sup>7</sup>/G Am<sup>7</sup>/G

D<sup>9</sup> D<sup>9</sup> FM<sup>7</sup> FM<sup>7</sup> Dm Dm C E Am Am

You walk into the room with your pencil in your hand  
You see somebody naked And you say, "Who is that man?"  
You try so hard but you don't understand  
Just what you will say when you get home

C Em

*Because something is happening here*

Am Am FM<sup>7</sup> FM<sup>7</sup> Am Am

*But you don't know what it is Do you, Mister Jones?*

You raise up your head And you ask, "Is this where it is?"  
And somebody points to you and says "It's his"  
And you say, "What's mine?"  
And somebody else says, "Where what is?"  
And you say, "Oh my God am I here all alone?"

You hand in your ticket and you go watch the geek  
Who immediately walks up to you when he hears you speak  
And says, "How does it feel to be such a freak?"  
And you say, "Impossible" as he hands you a bone



Am Am C C  
You have many contacts among the lumberjacks

F F Am Am  
To get you facts when someone attacks your imagination

Am Am C C  
But nobody has any respect anyway they already expect you

F F Dm Dm E E E E  
To all give a check to tax-deductible charity organizations-----  
You've been with the professors and they've all liked your looks  
With great lawyers you have discussed lepers and crooks  
You've been through all of F. Scott Fitzgerald's books  
You're very well read it's well known

Well, the sword swallower, he comes up to you  
And then he kneels

He crosses himself and then he clicks his high heels  
And without further notice He asks you how it feels  
And he says, "Here is your throat back thanks for the loan"

Now you see this one-eyed midget shouting the word "NOW"  
And you say, "For what reason?" and he says, "How?"  
And you say, "What does this mean?"  
And he screams back, "You're a cow,  
Give me some milk or else go home"

Well, you walk into the room like a camel and then you frown  
You put your eyes in your pocket and your nose on the ground  
There ought to be a law against you comin' around  
You should be made to wear earphones