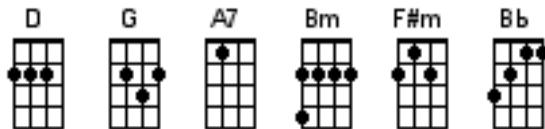


Absolutely Sweet Marie

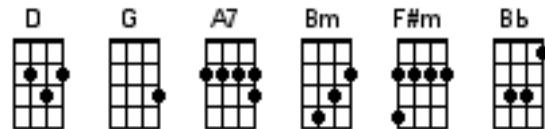
Bob Dylan

1966

Standard



Baritone



135 BPM

D... /... /...

D... G. A7. D... /...

Well, your railroad gate, you know I just can't jump it.

G... D... A7... /...

Sometimes it gets so hard, you see.

D... G. A7. D... Bm...

I'm just sitting here beating on my trumpet,

F#m... /. D. A7... /... G... A7... D... /...

with all these promises you left for me. But where are you tonight, sweet Marie

D... G. A7. D... /... G... D... A7... /...

Well, I waited for you when I was half sick. Yes I waited for you when you hated me.

D... G. A7. D... Bm...

Well, I waited for you inside of the frozen traffic

F#m... /. D. A7... /...

When you knew I had some other place to be.

G... A7... D... /...

Now, where are you tonight, sweet Marie?

Bb... /... D... /...

Well, anybody can be just like me, obviously,

Bb... /. D... A7... /...

But then, now again, not too many can be like you, fortunately.

D... G. A7. D... /...

Well, six white horses that you did promise

G... D... A7... /...

Where finally delivered down to the penitentiary.

D... G. A7. D... Bm...

But to live outside the law, you must be honest.

F#m... /. D. A7... /...

I know you always say that you agree,

G... A7... D... /...

All right so where are you tonight, sweet Marie?

Bb... /... D... /...

Well I don't know how it happened, But the riverboat captain, he knows my fate

Bb... /... D... A7... /...

But ev'rybody else, even yourself, they're just gonna have to wait.

D... G. A7. D... /... G... D... A7... /...

Well, I got the fever down in my pockets, The Persian drunkard, he follows me.

D ... G. A7. D... Bm...

Yes, I can take him to your house, but I can't unlock it.

F#m ... /... D. A7... /...

You see, you forgot to leave me with the key.

G... A7... D.../...

Ah, where are you tonight, sweet Marie?

Bb... /... D... /... Bb... /... D... A7... /...

D... G. A7. D... /... G ... D... A7... /... D... G. A7. D... Bm...

F#m... /... D. A7... /... G ... A7... D .../...

D... G. A7. D... /...

Now, I been in jail when all my mail showed

G ... D... A7... /...

That a man can't give his address out to bad company,

D ... G. A7. D... Bm...

And now I stand here lookin' at your yellow railroad

F#m... /... D. A7... /... G... A7... D ...

In the ruins of your balcony, Wond'ring where are you tonight, sweet Marie?

D... /... /...

Original:



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