CROOKED HIGHWAY (BAR)-Bob Dylan

4/4  1234 12 (without intro)

Intro:

If to-day was not a crooked highway, If tonight I could final-ly stand tall,

If to-morrow wasn’t such a long time, lonesome would mean nothin’ to me at all.

Only if my own true love was waitin’, and if I could hear her heart softly poundin’

Only if she was lying by me, I’d lie in my bed once a-gain.

I can’t see my reflection in the water, can’t speak the sounds that know no pain,

Can’t hear the echo of my footsteps, don’t re-member the sound of my own name.

Only if my own true love was waitin’, and if I could hear her heart softly poundin’

Only if she was lying by me, I’d lie in my bed once a-gain.
p.2 Crooked Highway

There’s beauty in the silver, singin’ river. There’s beauty in the sunrise in the sky.

But none of these and nothin’ else can match the beauty that I remember in my true love’s eyes.

Only if my own true love was waitin’, and if I could hear her heart softly poundin’

Only if she was lying by me, I’d lie in my bed once a-gain.

Only if she was lying by me, I’d lie in my bed once a-gain oo oo
CROOKED HIGHWAY - Bob Dylan
4/4 1234 12 (without intro)

Intro: A Asus A Asus

A Asus A Asus A A7
If to-day was not a crooked highway, If tonight I could finally stand tall,

D E7 A D E7 A
If to-morrow wasn’t such a long time, lonesome would mean nothin’ to me at all.

D E7 A D E7 A
Only if my own true love was waitin’, and if I could hear her heart softly poundin’

D E7 F#m D E7 A Asus A Asus
Only if she was lying by me, I’d lie in my bed once again.

A Asus A Asus A A7
I can’t see my reflection in the water, can’t speak the sounds that know no pain,

D E7 A D E7 A
Can’t hear the echo of my footsteps, don’t re-member the sound of my own name.

D E7 A D E7 A
Only if my own true love was waitin’, and if I could hear her heart softly poundin’

D E7 F#m D E7 A Asus A Asus
Only if she was lying by me, I’d lie in my bed once again.

A Asus A Asus A A7
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