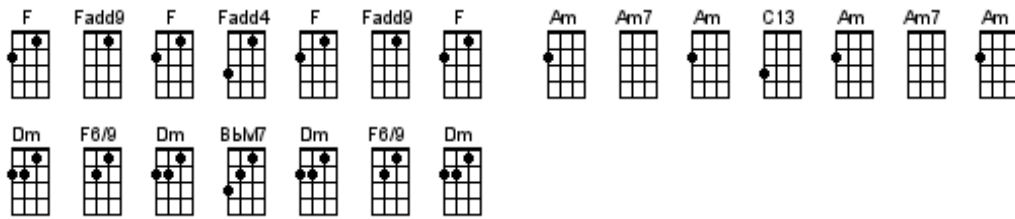


# I Want You

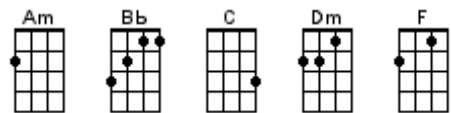
(Written by Bob Dylan, 1966.)

## F-Am-Dm Riff:



(F) The guilty undertaker sighs, the (Am) lonesome organ grinder cries  
The (Dm) silver saxophones say I should (C) refuse you  
The (Bb) cracked bells and washed-out horns, (C) blow into my face with scorn  
But it's (Dm) not that way I wasn't born to (C) lose you

I (F) want you, I (Am) want you  
I (Dm) want you so (C) bad  
Honey, I (F) want you



The (F) drunken politician leaps up (Am) on the street where mothers weep  
And the (Dm) saviors who are fast asleep, they (C) wait for you  
And I (Bb) wait for them to interrupt me (C) drinkin' from my broken cup  
And (Dm) ask me to open up the (C) gate for you

### (chorus)

Now (Am) all my fathers, they've gone down  
(Dm) True love they've been without it  
But (Am) all their daughters put me down  
'Cause (Bb) I don't think a(C)bout it

(F) Well, I return to the Queen of Spades and (Am) talk with my chambermaid  
(Dm) She knows that I'm not afraid to (C) look at her  
(Bb) She is good to me and there's (C) nothing she doesn't see  
She (Dm) knows where I'd like to be (C) but it doesn't matter

### (chorus)

(F) Now your dancing child with his Chinese suit  
He (Am) spoke to me, I took his flute  
(Dm) No, I wasn't very cute to him, (C) was I?  
But I (Bb) did it, though, because he lied, be(C)cause he took you for a ride  
And (Dm) because time was on his side, and (C) because I . . .

### (chorus)