

## Idiot Wind - Dylan, Bob

[Akordy:]

D/C x-3-x-2-3-2  
G/F# 2-x-0-0-0(3)  
C6 x-3-2-2-1-0  
C/D x-x-0-0-1-0  
C/G 3-x-2-0-1-0

[Sloka 1]

Cm D G  
Someone's got it in for me, they're planting stories in the press  
Cm  
Whoever it is I wish they'd cut it out  
D D/C G G/F#  
but when they will I can only guess.  
Em Bm Am G  
They say I shot a man named Gray and took his wife to Italy,  
Em Bm Am G  
She inherited a million bucks and when she died it came to me.  
Bm C6  
I can't help it if I'm lucky.

Cm D D/C G  
People see me all the time and they just can't remember how to act  
Cm D D/C G G/F#  
Their minds are filled with big ideas, images and distorted facts.  
Em Bm Am G G/F#  
Even you, yesterday you had to ask me where it was at,  
Em Bm Am G  
I couldn't believe after all these years, you didn't know me any better than that  
Bm C6  
Sweet lady.

[Refrén]

G C G  
Idiot wind, blowing every time you move your mouth,  
C C/D  
Blowing down the backroads headin' south.  
G C G  
Idiot wind, blowing every time you move your teeth,  
G C  
You're an idiot, babe.  
D D7 G C/G G C/G  
It's a wonder that you still know how to breathe.

[Sloka 2]

Cm D  
I ran into the fortune-teller, who said  
D/C G  
Beware of lightning that might strike  
Cm D D/C G  
I haven't known peace and quiet for so long I can't remember what it's like.  
Em Bm Am G  
There's a lone soldier on the cross, smoke pourin' out of a boxcar door,  
Em Bm  
You didn't know it, you didn't think it could be done,  
Am G  
In the final end he won the wars  
Bm C6  
After losin' every battle.

Cm D D/C G  
 I woke up on the roadside, daydreamin' 'bout the way things sometimes are  
 Cm D  
 Visions of your chestnut mare shoot through my head  
 D/C G G/F#  
 And are makin' me see stars.  
 Em Bm Am G  
 You hurt the ones that I love best and cover up the truth with lies.  
 Em Bm Am G  
 One day you'll be in the ditch, flies buzzin' around your eyes,  
 Bm C6  
 Blood on your saddle.

[Refrén]

G C G  
 Idiot wind, blowing through the flowers on your tomb,  
 C C/D  
 Blowing through the curtains in your room.  
 G C G  
 Idiot wind, blowing every time you move your teeth,  
 G C  
 You're an idiot, babe.  
 D6 G C/G G C/G  
 It's a wonder that you still know how to breathe.

[Sloka 3]

Cm D D/C G  
 It was gravity which pulled us down and destiny which broke us apart  
 Cm  
 You tamed the lion in my cage  
 D D/C G G/F#  
 But it just wasn't enough to change my heart.  
 Em Bm  
 Now everything's a little upside down  
 Am G  
 As a matter of fact the wheels have stopped,  
 Em Bm  
 What's good is bad, what's bad is good  
 Am G  
 You'll find out when you reach the top  
 Bm C6  
 You're on the bottom.

Cm D D/C G  
 I noticed at the ceremony, your corrupt ways had finally made you blind  
 Cm  
 I can't remember your face anymore,  
 D D/C G G/F#  
 your mouth has changed, your eyes don't look into mine.  
 Em Bm  
 The priest wore black on the seventh day  
 Am G  
 And sat stone-faced while the building burned.  
 Em Bm  
 I waited for you on the running boards,  
 Am G  
 Near the cypress trees, while the springtime turned  
 Bm C6  
 Slo-o-o-owly to autumn.

[Refrén]

G C G

Idiot wind, blowing like a circle around my skull,  
 C C/D  
 From the Grand Coulee Dam to the Capitol.  
 G C G  
 Idiot wind, blowing every time you move your teeth,  
 G C  
 You're an idiot, babe.  
 D G C/G G C/G  
 It's a wonder that you still know how to breathe.

[Sloka 4]

Cm D D/C G  
 I can't feel you anymore, I can't even touch the books you've read  
 Cm D  
 Every time I crawl past your door, I been wishin'  
 D/C G G/F#  
 I'd been somebody else instead.  
 Em Bm Am G  
 Down the highway, down the tracks, down the road to ecstasy,  
 Em Bm Am G  
 I followed you beneath the stars, haunted by your memory  
 Bm C6  
 And all your ragin' glory.

Cm D D/C G  
 I been double-crossed now for the very last time and now I'm finally free,  
 Cm  
 I kissed goodbye the howling beast  
 D D/C G G/F#  
 On the borderline which separated you from me.  
 Em Bm Am G  
 You'll never know the hurt I suffered nor the pain I rise above,  
 Em Bm Am G  
 And I'll never know the same about you, your holiness or your kind of love,  
 Bm C6  
 And it makes me feel so sorry.

[Refrén]

G C G  
 Idiot wind, blowing through the buttons of our coats,  
 C C/D  
 Blowing through the letters that we wrote.  
 G C G  
 Idiot wind, blowing through the dust upon our shelves,  
 G C  
 We're idiots, babe.  
 D D7 G C/G G C/G  
 It's a wonder we can even feed ourselves.

[Outro]

Cm	D D/C	G
Cm	D D/C	G G/F#
Em Bm	Am G	
Em Bm	Am G	
2/4 4/4		
Bm	C6	
Cm	D D/C	G