Idiot Wind - Dylan, Bob

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[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.
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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
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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 |
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