

I Shall Be Free Words and music Bob Dylan Released on Freewheelin' (1963)

Open D tuning (D-A-d-f#-a-d')

Chords:

D 000000 A 002100 or 002102 A/e 200100 or 202100 G 020100

Intro and between verses:

D . | A . . . | A . . | D G D G | D G D G | D .

A/e

Well, I took me a woman late last night,

[D] [A/e] [D] [A/e] [D]

I was three-fourths drunk, she looked alright.

A/e

Til she started peelin' off her onion gook,

D G D

Took off her wig, said, "How do I look?"

G D G D G D G D G D A

I was high-flyin'. . . bare-naked . . . Out the window!

Well, sometimes I might get drunk,
Walk like a duck and smell like a skunk.
Don't hurt me none, don't hurt my pride
'Cause I got my little lady right by my side.
(She's a-tryin' to hide,
pretendin' she don't know me)

I was out there paintin' on the old woodshed
When a can a black paint it fell on my head.
I went down to scrub and rub
But I had to sit in back of the tub.
(Cost a quarter, half price)

Well, my telephone rang it would not stop,
It's President Kennedy callin' me up.
He said, "My friend, Bob, what do we need to
make the country grow?"
I said, "My friend, John, Brigitte Bardot,
Anita Ekberg, Sophia Loren." (Country will grow)

Well, I got a woman five feet short,
She yells and hollers and screams and snorts.
She tickles my nose, pats me on my head,
rolls me over and kicks me out of bed.
(She's a man eater, meat grinder, bad loser)

Oh, there ain't no use in me workin' all the time,
I got a woman who works herself blind.
Works up to her bridges, up to her neck,
writes me letters and sends me checks.
(She's a humdinger, Folk singer)

Late one day in the middle of the week,
Eyes were closed I was half asleep.
I chased me a woman up the hill,
Right in the middle of an air raid drill.
(I jumped a fallout shelter,
I jumped a string bean
I jumped a TV dinner, I jumped a shot gun)

Now, the man on the stand he wants my vote,
He's a-runnin' for office on the ballot note.
He's out there preachin' in front of the steeple,
Tellin' me he loves all kinds-a people.
(He's eatin' bagels, He's eatin' pizza
He's eatin' chitlins)

Oh, I sat me down on a television floor,
I flip the channel to number four.
Out of the shower comes a football man
With a bottle of oil in his hand., (Greasy kid
stuff. What I want to know, Mr. Football Man,
is What do you do about Willy Mays and Martin
Luther King, Olatunji)

Well, the funniest woman I ever seen
Was the great-granddaughter of Mr. Clean.
She takes about fifteen baths a day,
Wants me to grow a mustache on my face.
(She's insane!)

Well, ask me why I'm drunk all the time,
It levels my head and eases my mind.
I just walk along and stroll and sing,
I see better days and I do better things.
(I catch dinosaurs, I make love to Elizabeth
Taylor . . . Catch hell from Richard Burton!)