

Positively 4th Street

Bob Dylan 1965

[C] You got a [Dm] lotta nerve, to [F] say you are my [C] friend.
When I was down, [F] you just stood there [G] grinning.

[C] You got a [Dm] lotta nerve, to say you [F] got a helping hand to [C] lend.
You just want to be [F] on the side that's [G] winning.

[C] You say I [Dm] let-you-down. You [F] know it's not like [C] that.
If you're so hurt, [F] why then don't you [G] show it.

[C] You say you [Dm] lost-your-faith, but [F] that's not where it's [C] at.
You have no faith to [F] lose. And you [G] know it.

[C] I know the [Dm] reason that you [F] talk behind my [C] back.
I used to be [F] among the crowd you're [G] in with.

[C] Do you take me for [Dm] such a fool, to [F] think I'd make con[C]tact.
With one-who-tries to hide what-he-[F] don't-know to [G] begin with.

[C] You see me [Dm] on the street. You [F] always act sur[C]prised.
You say, "How-are-you?" "Good [F] luck". But you don't [G] mean it.

[C] When you know as [Dm] well as me, you'd rather [F] see me para[C]lyzed.
Why don't you just [F] come out once and [G] scream it.

[C] No, I do not [Dm] feel that good. When-I-see the [F] heartbreaks you [C] embrace.
If I was a master [F] thief, perhaps I'd [G] rob them.

[C] And now-I-know you're dis[Dm]satisfied with your [F] position and your [C] place.
Don't you under[F]stand, it's not my [G] problem.

[C] I wish that for [Dm] just one time, [F] you could stand inside my [C] shoes.
And just for that one [F] moment I could [G] be you.

[C] Yes, I wish that for [Dm] just-one-time, [F] you could stand inside my [C] shoes.
You'd know what a [F] drag it is to [G] see you