

Blind Willie McTell

Bob Dylan

Seen the arrow on the door post
Saying, "This land is condemned
All the way from New Orleans to Jerusalem"
I traveled through East Texas where many martyrs fell
And I know no one can sing the blues
Like Blind Willie McTell Well, I heard that hoot owl singing
As they were taking down the tents
The stars above the barren trees
Were his only audience Them charcoal gypsy maidens
Can strut their feathers well
But nobody can sing the blues
Like Blind Willie McTell See them big plantations burning
Hear the cracking of the whips
Smell that sweet magnolia blooming
See the ghosts of slavery ships I can hear them tribes moaning
Hear the undertaker's bell
Nobody can sing the blues
Like Blind Willie McTell There's a woman by the river
With some fine young handsome man
He's dressed up like a squire
Bootlegged whiskey in his hand There's a chain gang on the highway
I can hear them rebels yell
And I know no one can sing the blues
Like Blind Willie McTell Well, God is in Heaven
And we all want what's His
But power and greed and corruptible seed
Seem to be all that there is I'm gazing out the window
Of the St. James Hotel
And I know no one can sing the blues
Like Blind Willie McTell

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