John Wesley Harding

Bob Dylan

John Wesley Harding
Was a friend to the poor
He traveled with a gun
In every handAll along this countryside
He opened a many a door
But he was never known
To hurt an honest manTwas down in Chaynee County
A time they talk about
With his lady by his side
He took a standAnd soon the situation there
Was all but straightened out
For he was always known
To lend a helping handAll across the telegraph
His name it did resound
But no charge held against him
Could they proveAnd there was no man around
Who could track or chain him down
He was never known
To make a foolish move

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