

# Kingsport Town

Bob Dylan

The winter wind is a blowing strong  
My hands have got no gloves  
I wish to my soul that I could see  
The girl I'm a-thinking of Don't you remember me babe  
I remember you quite well  
You caused me to leave old Kingsport Town  
With a high sheriff on my trail High sheriff on my trail, boys  
High sheriff on my trail  
All because I'm falling for  
A curly-headed dark-eyed girl Who's a-gonna stroke your cold black hair  
And sandy colored skin  
Who's a-gonna kiss your Memphis lips  
When I'm out in the wind  
When I'm out in the wind, babe  
When I'm out in the wind  
Who's a-gonna kiss your Memphis mouth  
When I'm out in the wind Who's a-gonna walk you side by side  
And tell you everything's alright  
Who's a-gonna sing to you all day long  
And not just in the night  
Who's a-gonna walk you side by side  
Who's a-gonna be your man  
Who's a-gonna look you straight in the eye  
And hold your bad luck hand Hold your bad luck hand, babe  
Hold your bad luck hand  
Who's a-gonna hold your hard luck hand  
And who's a-gonna be your man The winter wind is a blowing strong  
My hands have got no gloves  
I wish to my soul I could see  
The girl I'm a-thinking of.

Songwriters

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