BOB DYLAN
NASHVILLE SKYLINE

SONGS FROM THE COLUMBIA ALBUM (KCS 9825)
DISTRIBUTED BY THE BIG THREE MUSIC CORPORATION
BOB DYLAN WORDS AND MUSIC COMPANY, INC. $2.95

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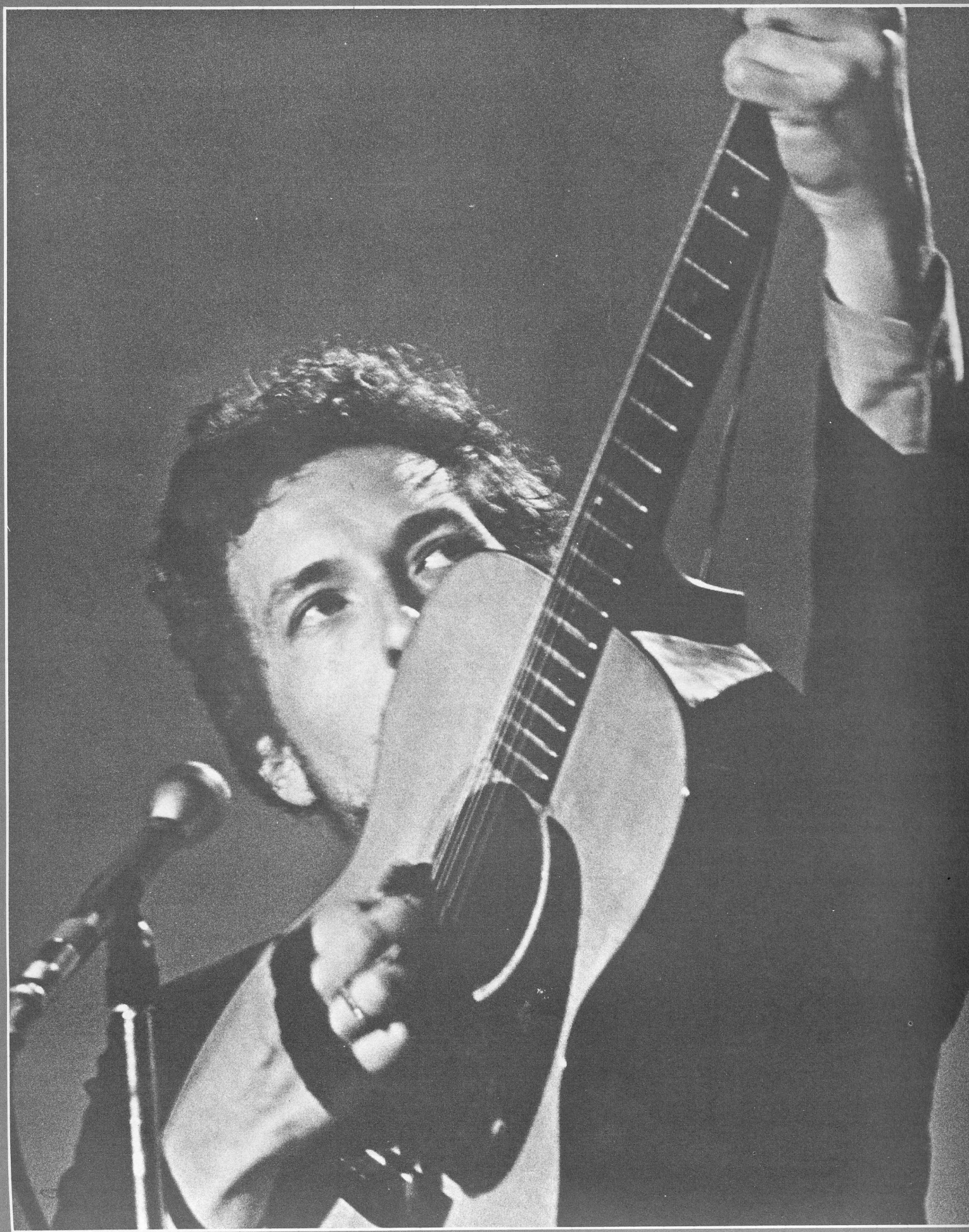

IT'S BOB AGAIN

If you're searching for music's imminent horizon, cast your eyes toward *Nashville Skyline,* but don't look to me to discuss Bob Dylan's new album as if it was the latest collection from Givenchy. Just because signpointer Bob has the power to set a new fashion with the merest tip of his hat, that's no reason to blame him for the mob that rushes in through the doors he opens. *Nashville Skyline* happens to be the healthiest album to come along in years. That it also happens to be the biggest of Bob's career is only incidental. This is Bob's first confrontation with the sort of freeze-dried success that comes with having an album earn a gold record the day before its release, and yet you can still see kids walking down the street dressed in his 1963 image. Of course, they'll want to boo him for it, not necessarily the same people who booed him at Newport, but the people of the same mentality. Already I hear grumblings from the Underground that *Nashville Skyline* means a return to two-colored shoes, but you must understand that this is from critics whose idea of music is to listen to shouts of *"Kick out the jams, mother—!"* with a strong backbeat of night sticks thudding on long-haired heads. Either you play music or you play revolutionary, in which case you invent a category, call it guerilla rock and run it off as muzak to have riots by. Apparently the Movement would rather have Bob stand still, but then when you put yourself on a steady diet of paranoia you have to swallow the pitfalls. That *Nashville Skyline* signals an end to the freakout scene must be quite disturbing to professional freaks. As for Bob, there's a good feeling he gets when he goes to Nashville which he's willing to share with you for the price of his album. What's so bad about feeling good? After years of psychic pioneering through the uncharted insanity of our culture, the only way to clear a settlement is with log cabin values. "Love is all there is," sings Bob, "it makes the world go 'round . . . Love and only love, it can't be denied . . . No matter what you think about it, you just won't be able to do without it. . . Take a tip from one who's tried." If you listen for a message in Bob's songs, you won't be disappointed. His message is, as it always has been, good taste. As Johnny Cash has written in the liner notes of *Nashville Skyline,* "This man can rhyme the tick of time . . . The edge of pain, the what of sane . . . And comprehend the good in men, the bad in men. . ."

Nor will I sully your enjoyment of this album by trying to explain it in the context of such contemporary pop artifacts as *Yummy, yummy, yummy,* the Plaster Casters of Chicago, or those chain store music halls that dish out programs like prepackaged food to the captive clientele at a turnpike Howard Johnson's. Spare me the righteousness of the Underground press and it's Hype Machine, churning out new stars as fast as they can rake in their share of the record companies' advertising budgets. Bob Dylan is as far removed from today's pop scene as the master of the house can be from the ants who feed off his bargain basement. *Nashville Skyline* has too much of its own presence to compare it to anything else, except perhaps *John Wesley Harding,* that bridge which Bob had to cross to get from *Blonde on Blonde* to where he's at now. It's only after you keep reminding yourself that all three albums were recorded in Nashville that you realize Bob didn't have very far to travel to cross that bridge. Where he's at now, of course, also has to do with his fatherhood of four children, and if you can't literally hear them pulling on his F string, scribbling over his lyrics, chewing up his guitar picks and climbing up his pants legs, even as he sings this new collection of songs, why then you're deaf. In an era when people don't blush over sex anymore, they just turn curious yellow, Bob sings love songs that are as wholesome as astronauts and as real as Model T Fords, that first vehicle of America's population explosion. Does a line like "Lay, lady, lay...Lay across my big brass bed" lose any impact because it almost makes you listen for the rustle of kids stirring in their cribs? That Bob has retired from the hustle of the street doesn't mean he's forgotten how to play stick ball. No less a public figure than Jim Morrison, the lead singer of the Doors, has described *Nashville Skyline* as Bob's most erotic album, but then it isn't Bob's fault that Morrison represents a faction which has become famous for its inability to distinguish the erotic from the romantic. Bob's passion in this album has to do with the kind of magic that can make cobras dance. When Bob sings *Lay, Lady, Lay,* his performance is so moving that even a 90-year-old can't help but get the point.

As Roger Vaughan, Life magazine's former youth editor, has commented, "The people who put this album down must not dig their old ladies." Now that Bob has carved out his own peaceful homestead, do they want him to be Billy the Kid again? When it comes to psychic marksmanship, don't underestimate him and he won't underestimate you. "I don't need much, that aint no lie," he sings, "aint runnin' any race. . . Give to me my country pie, I won't throw it up in anybody's face. . ." The joke is that Bob may not be running any race, but he has had to run a country mile just to get away from all the people who are. Race? Music has become America's last gold rush, with all the ethics of a pickaxe. To survive, you

need both the sensitivity of a flower and a skin of chain mail. As for Bob, the claim jumpers keep trying to use him for a dowser, dogging his heels in a rush to be first to leap into his footsteps. When, five years ago, Bob first moved to the upstate New York art colony of Woodstock, living in his manager's house before buying his own, musicians there were so scarce that, after he was forced to import some, the townspeople could point at them and say, "They're with the band." Today there are a hundred bands in Woodstock. Three recording studios are on the drawing boards and promoters are planning the first annual Woodstock Pop Music Festival, with an expected cumulative audience of 150,000. Woodstock has become the pop music Mecca of the East, the home not only of Mohammed but also of Albert B. Grossman. Bob couldn't care less. When, after his motorcycle accident, a friend visited him to encourage him to go on with his career, Bob answered with a *"No!"* that was as stern as a gunshot. Instead, he has put the Dylan legend up for grabs. "If there's a poor boy on the street," Bob sings, "then let him have my seat. . ." If you don't believe me, listen to him sing it. In an album that knocks you into the back seat with its intensity, they are the two most soulfully sung lines of all. And yet, the net profit of Bob's retirement continues to be even greater fame. "In a very guileless way," explains Gerry Wexler, the executive vice president of Atlantic Records and someone who has never been notorious as a Dylan fan, "this record is going to reach out to Bob's biggest audience yet. I love it because, for the first time, he sings in his real voice, the voice he talks with. I also love the fact that there are no polemics in it. At a time when social exacerbations are at their highest, it's just beautiful for him to come out with an album of straight love songs."

Other endorsements continue to pour in. Beatle George Harrison calls the album "sensational." Trumpeter Herb Alpert wishes it had his A&M label on it. Producer Bob Crewe thinks the cover is the most beautiful he's ever seen. "Dylan is singing more than he's ever done before," says Crewe. "He's always been a great musical poet but now he's using his voice more effectively." For Phil Spector, an elder statesman of rock and roll at the age of 29, "It's about time Bob came back with a new sound to shake up this whole stagnant scene." For Gerry Goffin, a hit composer who can write for Aretha Franklin or the Monkees with equal ease, "This album is just more proof that Dylan is the greatest songwriter who ever lived." Pop country star Glen Campbell thinks Bob Dylan is one of the greatest singers of our time. "I've been a fan of his since the early days," he says. "I think Dylan has had probably as much influence on country music as anyone else in our business today." The extent of this influence can be measured by the increasing number of Dylan songs being recorded in Nashville. Bob's pilgrimmage there to cut *John Wesley Harding* at the height of the psychedelic season not only brought the same thunderous following that had beat a superpath to his Woodstock door, but it also helped turn the knobs necessary to get the steel guitar, the backwoods fiddle and such classic country purists as Merle Haggard, Flatt & Scruggs and Marty Robbins played on the big city pop radio stations.

In return, the country music establishment's acclaim of Bob is right there within everybody's earshot, in the musical tracks laid down for him by Nashville's ranking studio musicians, and in Bob's rapport with them. For the first time on any of his albums, he gives his band an instrumental, *Nashville Skyline Rag,* which you can now hear dancing out windows from development row in the Franklin Pike Circles of the Southern suburbs to the clapboard Main Streets of the South's small towns. As for his duet with Johnny Cash, singing Bob's old ballad, *Girl From the North Country,* it's obvious that they didn't spend 15 years rehearsing it, but the chemistry of the two of them together produces all the power of a musical mushroom cloud, with the same raw beauty. "He don't fool around, Dylan," explains entrepreneur Don Kirshner, pop music's Man With The Golden Ear And Midas Touch. "He goes right into the country thing with one of the heaviest country stars. And the people he's working with sound like some of the best people he's ever worked with. I hear lots of authority. They've got some great riffs going. Dylan's country feel is great. He's got his own influence, even on the instrumentals, a happy hoe-down feel, a really light-hearted feel that shows the different side of Dylan." The first king of Teen Pan Alley, Kirshner obviously represents the most commercial markets of the Big City North, but his acquaintanceship with Southern music isn't all that rudimentary. As one of the world's leading speculators in music publishing, Kirshner buys and sells country catalogues with the same sure knowledge that he opens and closes his drapes. "Dylan has really captured the country sound," Kirshner says, "but in a happy, melodic feel. He's got a certain gentleness which is unique for Dylan, a new image of him, basically, but to me, that's what I like about this album—it has a certain simplicity. It doesn't seem like the Dylan of old. He's a much simpler country boy. It's not as bitter as his early work. There's not as much sharp satirization. When you listen to past Dylan, that also had a country influence. There was a country twang all the time, but on this album it's more so. This album is low-keyed compared to his other albums with their protestations and their sex symbols. This is unique and fresh. Dylan's fans and the whole world have been

waiting for him to show up in a vein right for himself. There's no doubt that he's the most contemporary poet in America. With a simplicity of melody and a simplicity of story and title and very deep meaning."

Not all of Bob's endorsements have been either so unanimous or so effusive. Booker T. Jones, for example, representing Stax/Volt and the Memphis Sound, loves *Nashville Skyline* as a fresh approach and a change of pace, but, he says, "I'd like to see him return to the old, rough, raw Bob Dylan, with his out-of-sight poetry. It was more contemporary and more soulful." Booker T.'s criticism is respectable, but just what Booker T. says about Bob is exactly what the critics are saying about Booker T.'s MG's and the entire Stax/Volt complex. Certainly Booker T.'s music isn't as old, rough and raw as it was when he first started improvising on the organ, during those lean years before he turned into a singer. If Stax/Volt has gone pop, the reason is that any voice with something real to say instinctively and even guilelessly keeps addressing itself to new and larger audiences. The process is called growing. That's what Bob was doing when he put down his folk guitar and first went electric, and that's what he's doing now, whether he wants to or not. If his singing is sweeter and easy-to-listen-to, the reason is that he's learned how to put out more so that his audience has to work less. Remember Bob's movie, *Don't Look Back,* with Bob pointing his finger up the nose of a *Time* magazine reporter and boasting that he could hold a note as long as Caruso? Now that it turns out he can, is he any less a hero? Even Booker T. admits that Bob has become more of a singer than ever. "On his previous records," says Booker, "he used to just recite the lyrics." And listen to Tommy James, who sings bubblegum music: "It's weird, man. It doesn't sound like him, but maybe he's really sounding like himself for the first time." Such a sweet, soft, peaceful and happy album and they're still trying to make him controversial. The point is that, in an era when our media has become conducive to exhibitionism at the expense of talent, *Nashville Skyline* signals a return to craft. Not only is Bob singing better, but his musicianship and his poetry reflect a workmanship and a professionalism that turn too many other successful people into immediate amateurs. It has become too easy to ride an ego trip onto the 11 o'clock news.

Is Bob putting us on with this album? I saw him for a brief moment when he got back from Nashville. He played the dubs at a friend's home in New York and then loaded his family into the car for the trip back to Woodstock. His wife and kids got into the back seat. Bob sat up front with the driver. When one of us asked if he'd like us to pack the dubs with the rest of the baggage, he shook his head no. He kept holding them with both hands. He rode back to Woodstock with the dubs on his lap. As poet Paul Simon says, "Dylan is like the moon. He's got this weird effect on the tides. He does things and I see the ground shift. I never expect it, but it does. I don't know why. It's one of those things that happens that I can't figure out why."

Written for *Cosmopolitan Magazine*

DYLAN'S COUNTRY PIE

Raspberry, strawberry, lemon and lime,
What do I care?
Blueberry, apple, cherry, pumpkin and plum.
*Call me for dinner, honey, I'll be there.**

These lines from "Country Pie," one of the ten songs on Bob Dylan's new Columbia album, "Nashville Skyline," are a kind of declaration of independence, just as the song itself, with its country lyrics and jaunty Nashville sound, illustrates the character of the new record. When Dylan talks of eating pies, all kinds, he means writing songs, all kinds. And when he goes on in the song to say "Ain't runnin' any race," he seems to be rejecting the musical direction his many admirers have chosen for him in the past or would choose for him in the future.

Like almost every Dylan album, "Nashville Skyline" is full of surprises, perhaps even more than "Another Side of Bob Dylan" in 1964, in which he half turned away from topical protests like "Blowin' in the Wind," or the shock of 1965's "Bringing It All Back Home," when he fused folk and rock and electrified both his instruments and his audience, or last year's "John Wesley Harding," in which Dylan switched to a series of narrative ballads, simple, mournful and mystical.

This new album is country Dylan, a collection of unaffected and highly tuneful love songs, riding comfortably cushioned on the Nashville sound, which sometimes, as in "To Be Alone With You" or "One More Night," is pure country and Western, but which for the most part is just a relaxed get-together of expert musicians who seem to know each other's—and Dylan's—moves as if they were playing at the Grand Ole Opry.

Blend: And just to make his point clear, Dylan starts the album off in a duet with the great country singer Johnny Cash, singing an old Dylan song called "Girl From the North Country." The blend of Dylan's light voice and Cash's melodious baritone is as rough in texture and as unassuming as if they happened to meet on the street and burst into song. As a matter of fact, they almost did. When Dylan was asked how this duet with Cash came about, his first reply was, "He happened to be in Nashville at the time." His follow-up was: "It's a great privilege to sing with Johnny Cash."

The great charm of the album is in the variety of pretty songs and the ways Dylan, both as composer and performer, has found to exploit subtle differences on a deliberately limited emotional and verbal scale. In the oddly syncopated "Lay, Lady, Lay," in the mocking musical figures of the plaintive "Tell Me That It Isn't True" and in the bluesy "Tonight I'll Be Staying Here With You," each melody is distinct and distinctive, the rhythms varied and complex, the music delicately and expressively colored. "Peggy Day" is almost a pastiche of the '30s; its rhythms recall "swing," and Dylan sings with the kind of lighthearted showmanship that used to come from college bandstands. And if in the songs the words are plain and direct, they do not lack for cunning: "Love to spend the night with Peggy Day," and later, "Love to spend the day with Peggy Night."

'Inner Me': Bob Dylan is still staying pretty much out of public sight in Woodstock, N.Y., although he confesses that plans for public appearances are afoot. He expects to appear on Johnny Cash's television show this summer: "Fair is fair," says Dylan. In his diffident way, he is apparently pleased with his new album. "These are the type of songs that I always felt like writing when I've been alone to do so," he says. "The songs reflect more of the inner me than the songs of the past. They're more to my base than, say, 'John Wesley Harding.' There I felt everyone expected me to be a poet so that's what I tried to be. But the smallest line in this new album means more to me than some of the songs on any of the previous albums I've made."

The base that Dylan refers to is the musicians and the music he knew before he came to New York. "The people who shaped my style were performers like Elvis Presley, Buddy Holly, Hank Thompson." He sank back on his couch recalling the earlier years, out of which came "Blowin' in the Wind," "A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall" and "The Times They Are A-Changin'." "Those songs were all written in the New York atmosphere. I'd never have written any of them—or sung them the way I did—if I hadn't been sitting around listening to performers in New York cafés and the talk in all the dingy parlors. When I got to New York it was obvious that something was going on—folk music—and I did my best to learn and play it. I was just there at the right time with pen in hand. I suppose there was some ambition in what I did. But I tried to make the songs genuine."

Among the things that Dylan was willing to say pleased him on the new record were the venturesomeness of the music, the extra and unusual guitar chording, the growing melodic nature of his songs. "I admire the spirit to the music," he says. "It's got a good spirit." Good? "Yes, like a good door, a good house, a good car, a good road, a good girl. I feel like writing a whole lot more of them too."

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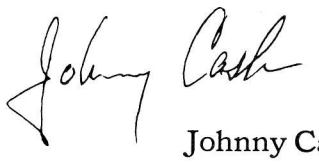
OF BOB DYLAN

There are those who do not
imitate,
Who cannot imitate
But then there are those
who emulate
At times, to expand further
the light
Of an original glow.
Knowing that to imitate
the living
Is mockery
And to imitate the dead
Is robbery
There are those
Who are beings complete unto
themselves
Whole, undaunted,—a source
As leaves of grass, as stars,
As mountains, alike, alike,
alike,
Yet unalike
Each is complete and
contained
And as each unalike star
shines
Each ray of light is forever
gone
To leave way for a new ray
And a new ray, as from a
fountain
Complete unto itself, full,
flowing.
So are some souls like stars
And their words, works and
songs
Like strong, quick flashes of
light
From a brilliant, erupting
cone.
So where are your
mountains
To match some men?
This man can rhyme the tick
of time
The edge of pain, the what
of sane
And comprehend the good in
men, the bad in men
Can feel the hate of fight,
the love of right
And the creep of blight
at the speed of light
The pain of dawn, the gone
of gone
The end of friend, the end of end
By math of trend
What grip to hold what he
is told
How long to hold, how
strong to hold
And Know
The yield of rend; the break
of bend
The scar of mend
I'm proud to say that I
know it,
Here-in is a hell of a poet.
And lots of other things
And lots of other things.

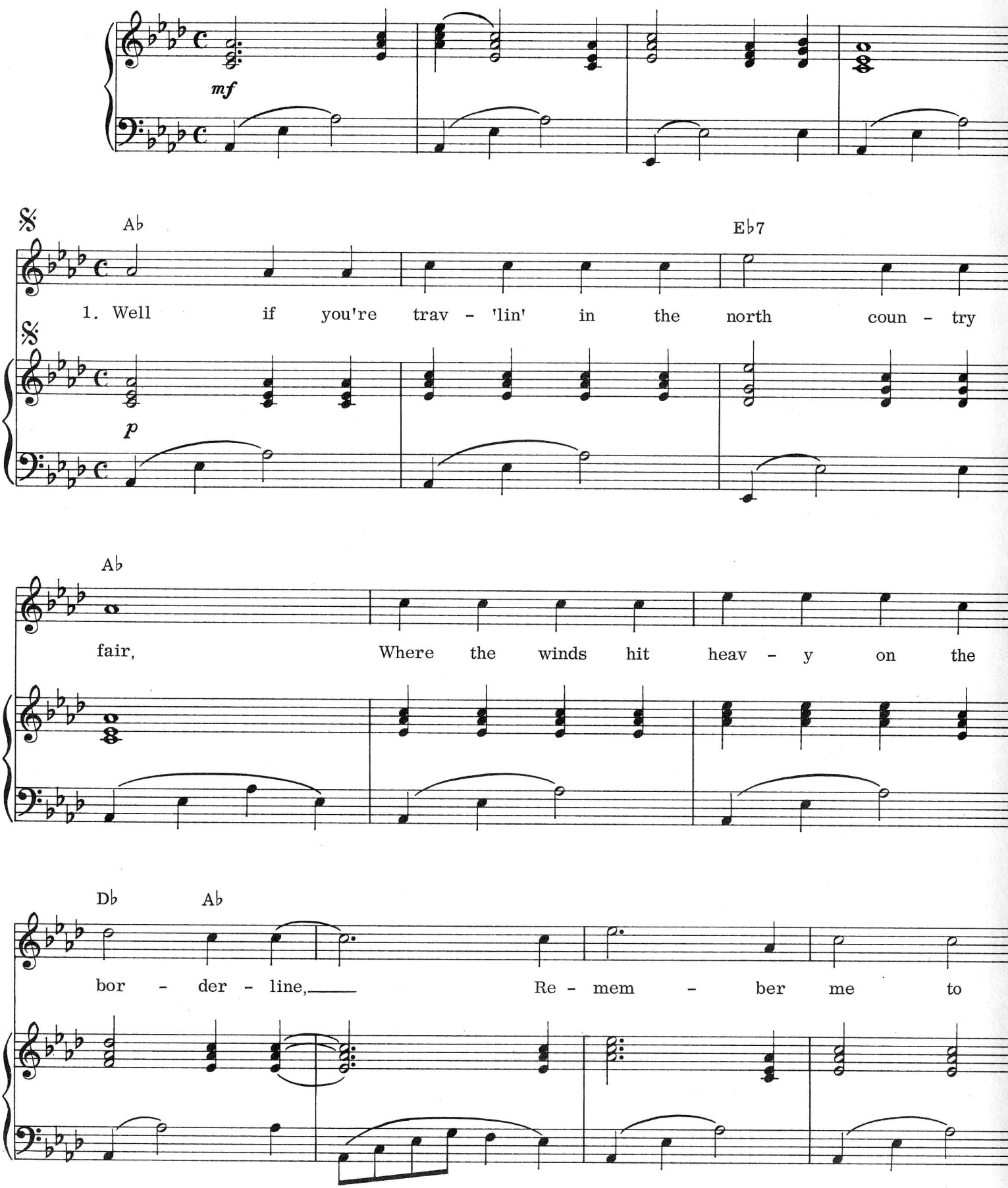


Johnny Cash

GIRL FROM THE NORTH COUNTRY

Words and Music by
BOB DYLAN

Moderato, gently



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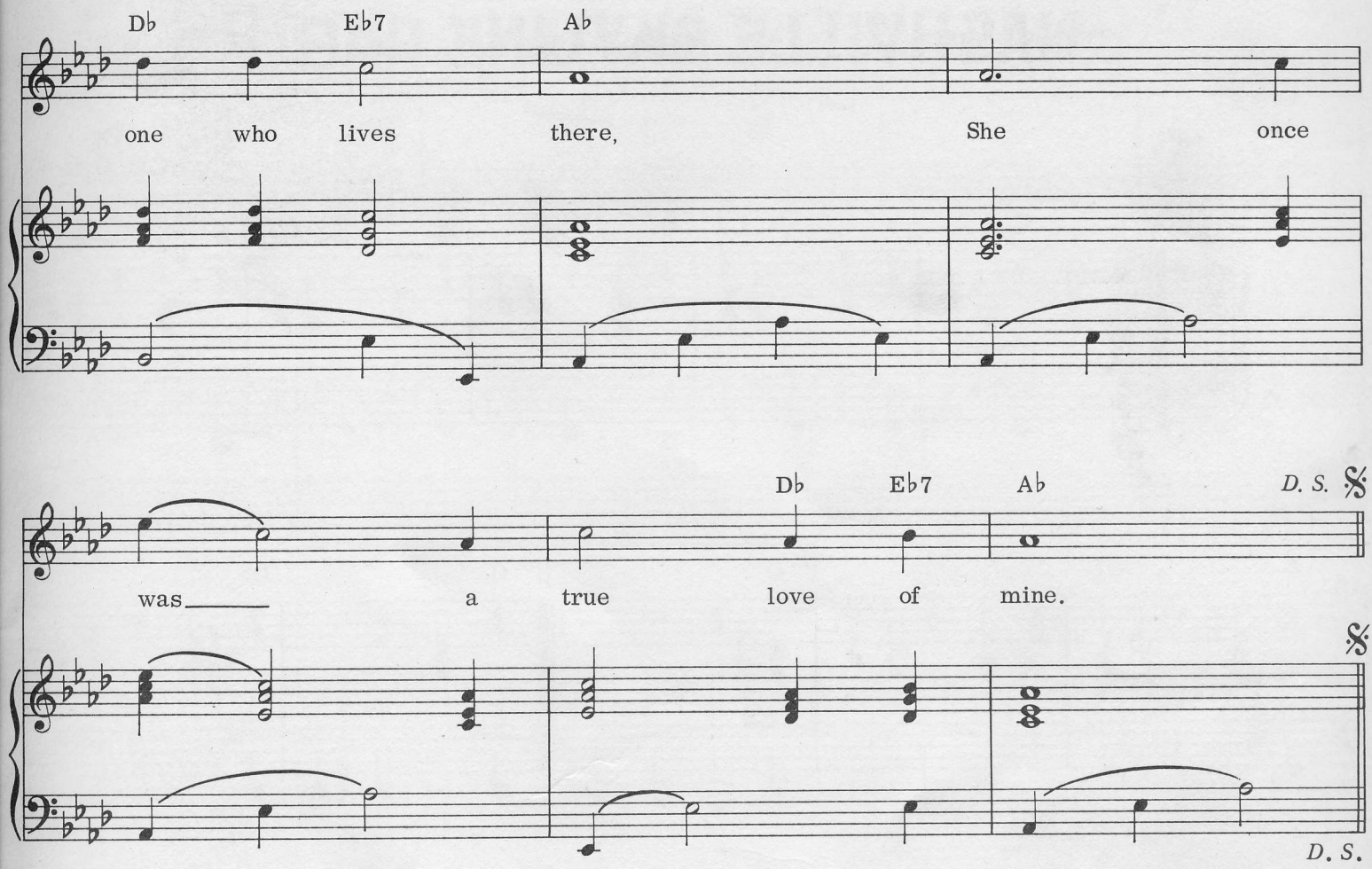


2. Well if you go in the snowflake storm
When the rivers freeze and summer ends,
Please see she has a coat so warm
To keep her from the howlin' winds.

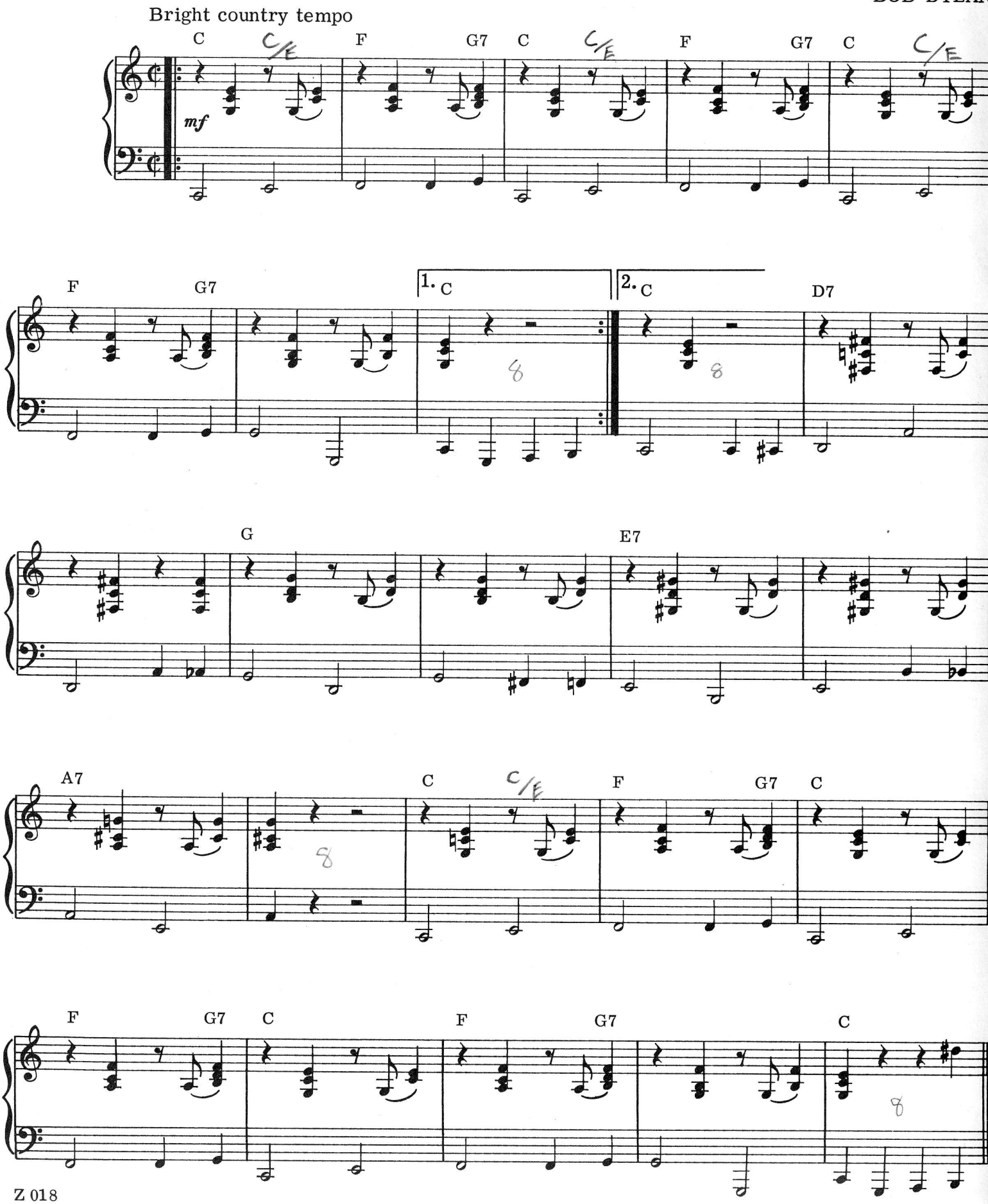
3. Please see for me if her hair hangs long,
If it rolls and flows all down her breast,
Please see for me if her hair hangs long,
That's the way I remember her best.

4. I'm a-wonderin' if she remembers me at all,
Many times I've often prayed
In the darkness of my night,
In the brightness of my day,

5. So if you're travelin' in the north country fair,
Where the winds hit heavy on the borderline,
Remember me to one who lives there,
She once was a true love of mine.

NASHVILLE SKYLINE RAG

By
BOB DYLAN



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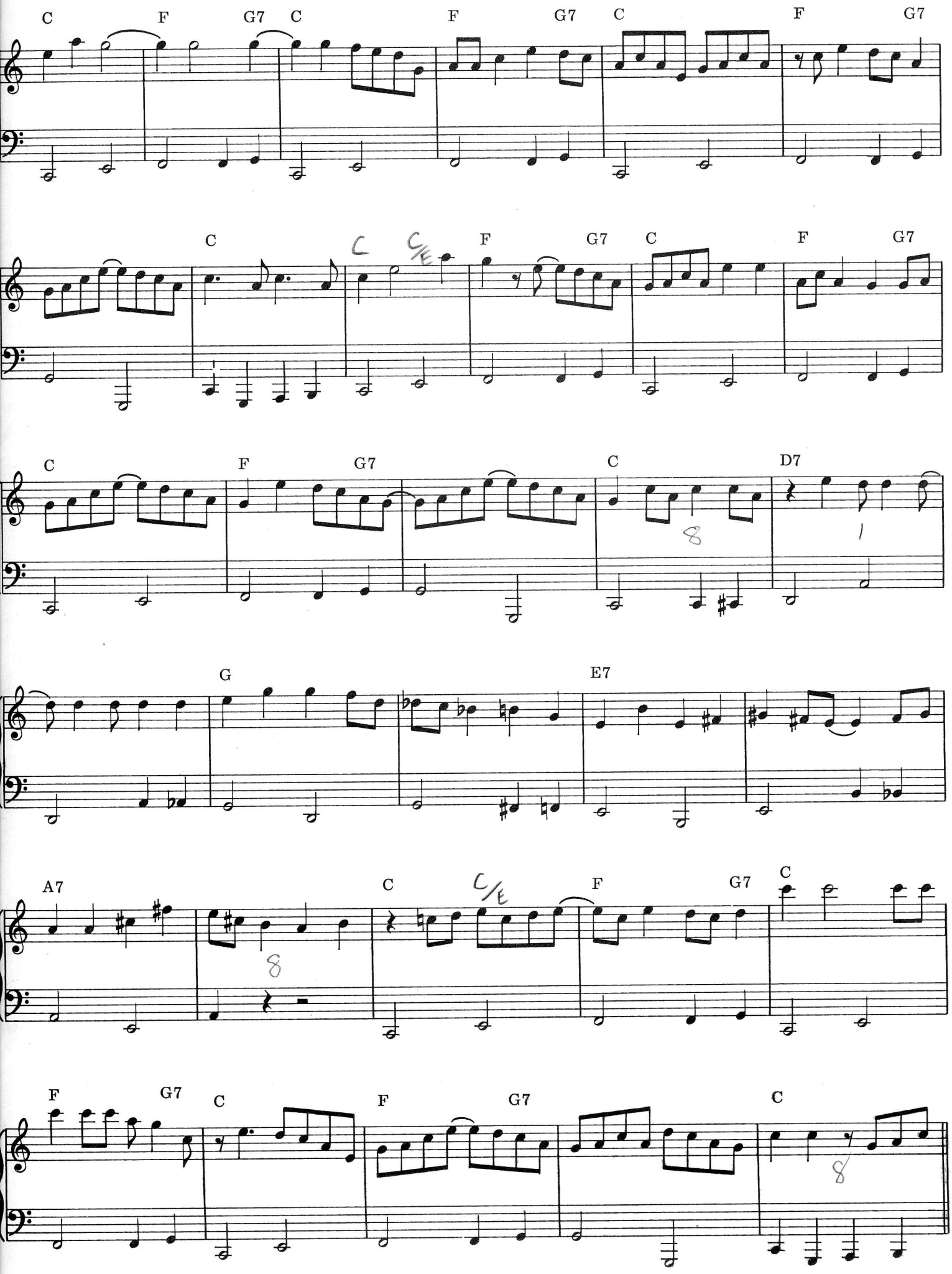
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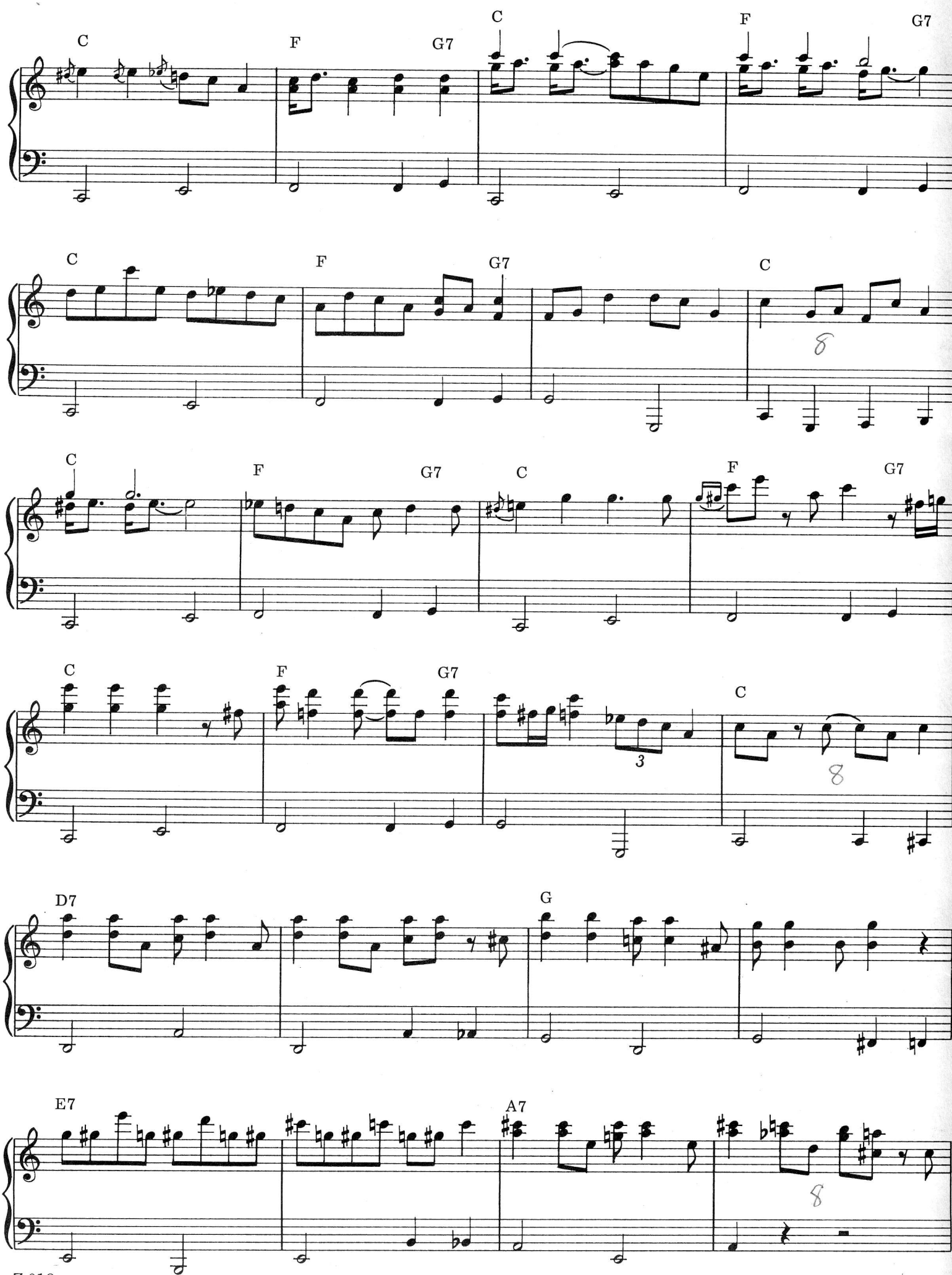
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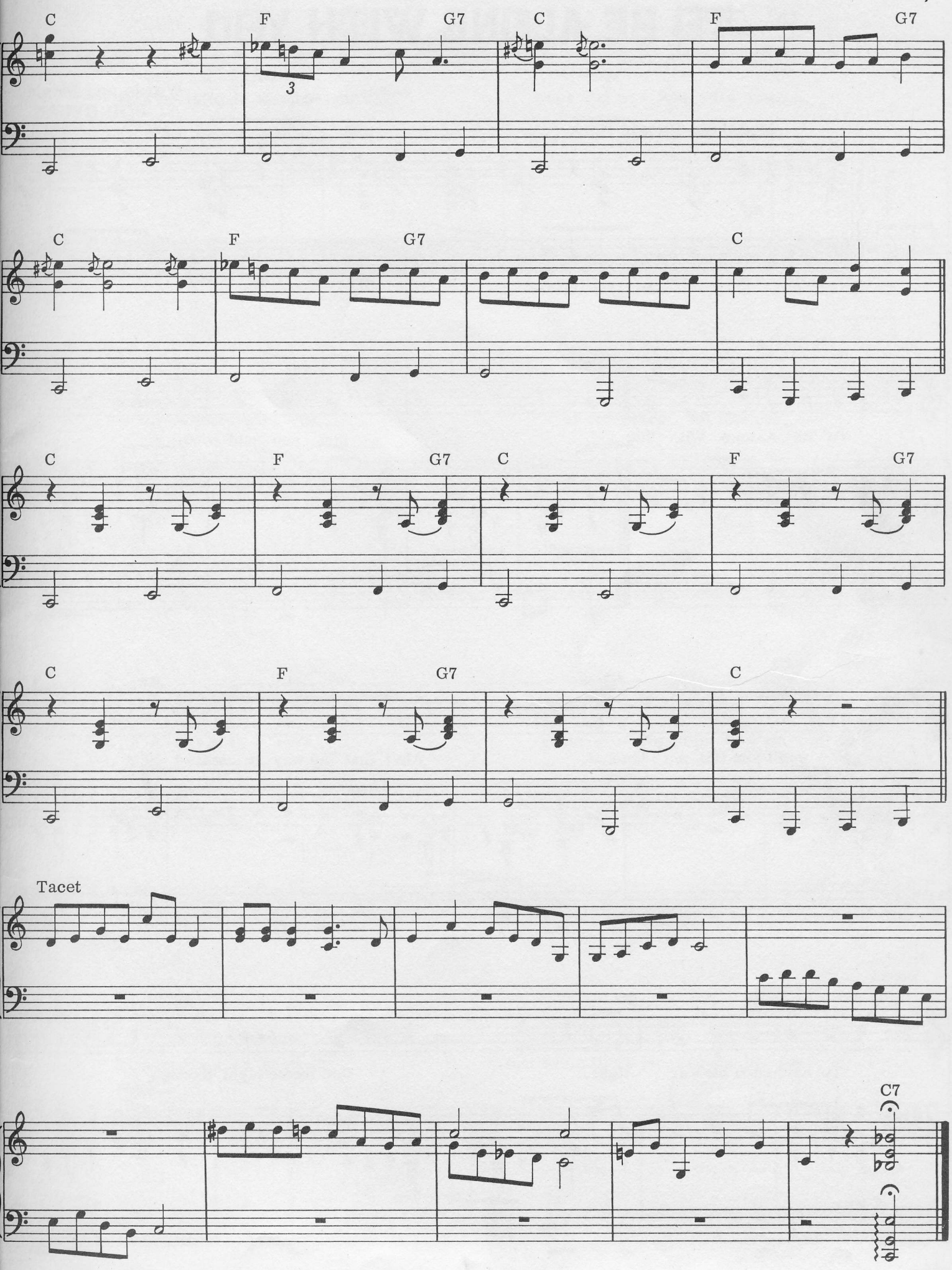

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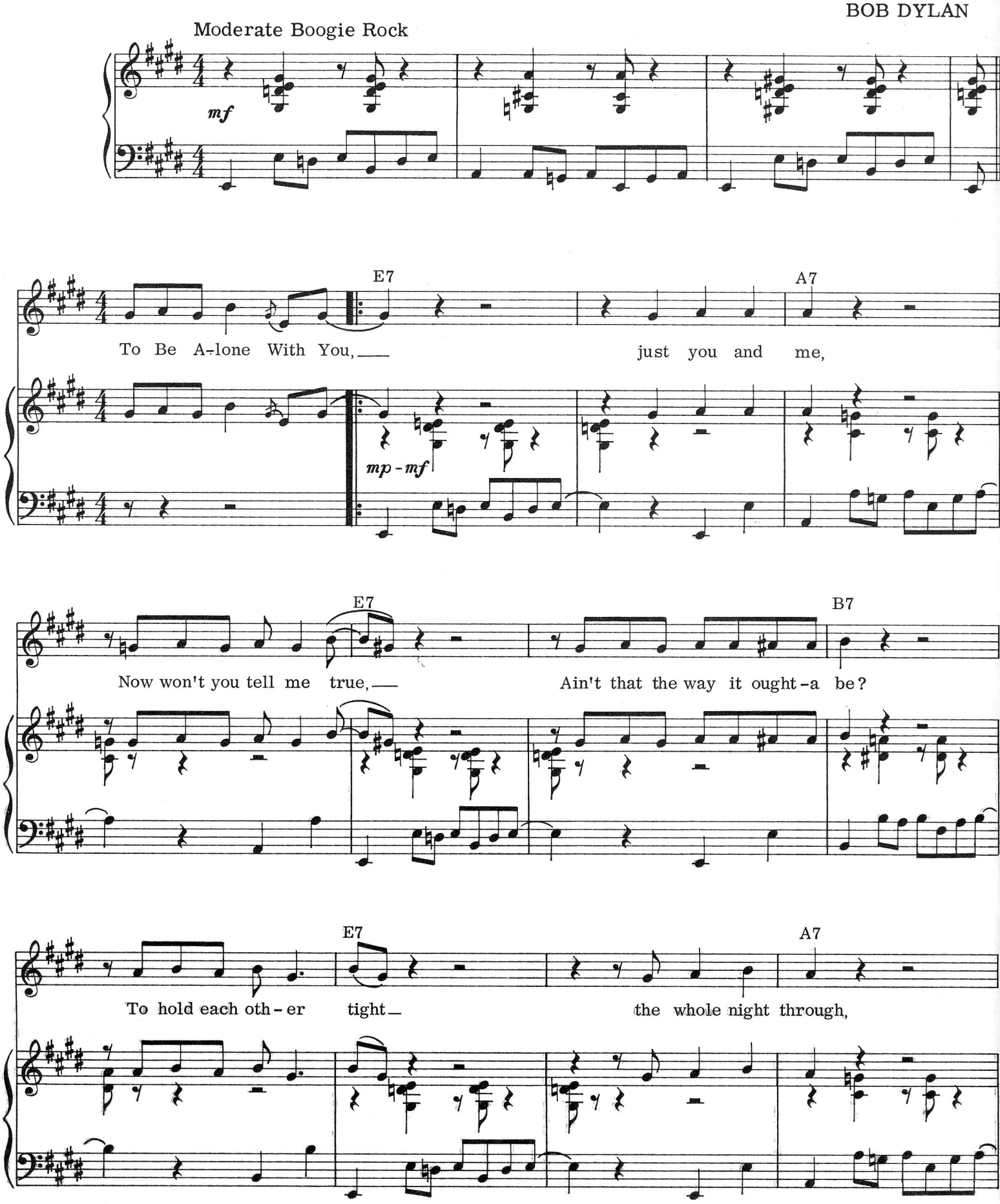
TO BE ALONE WITH YOU

Words and Music by
BOB DYLAN



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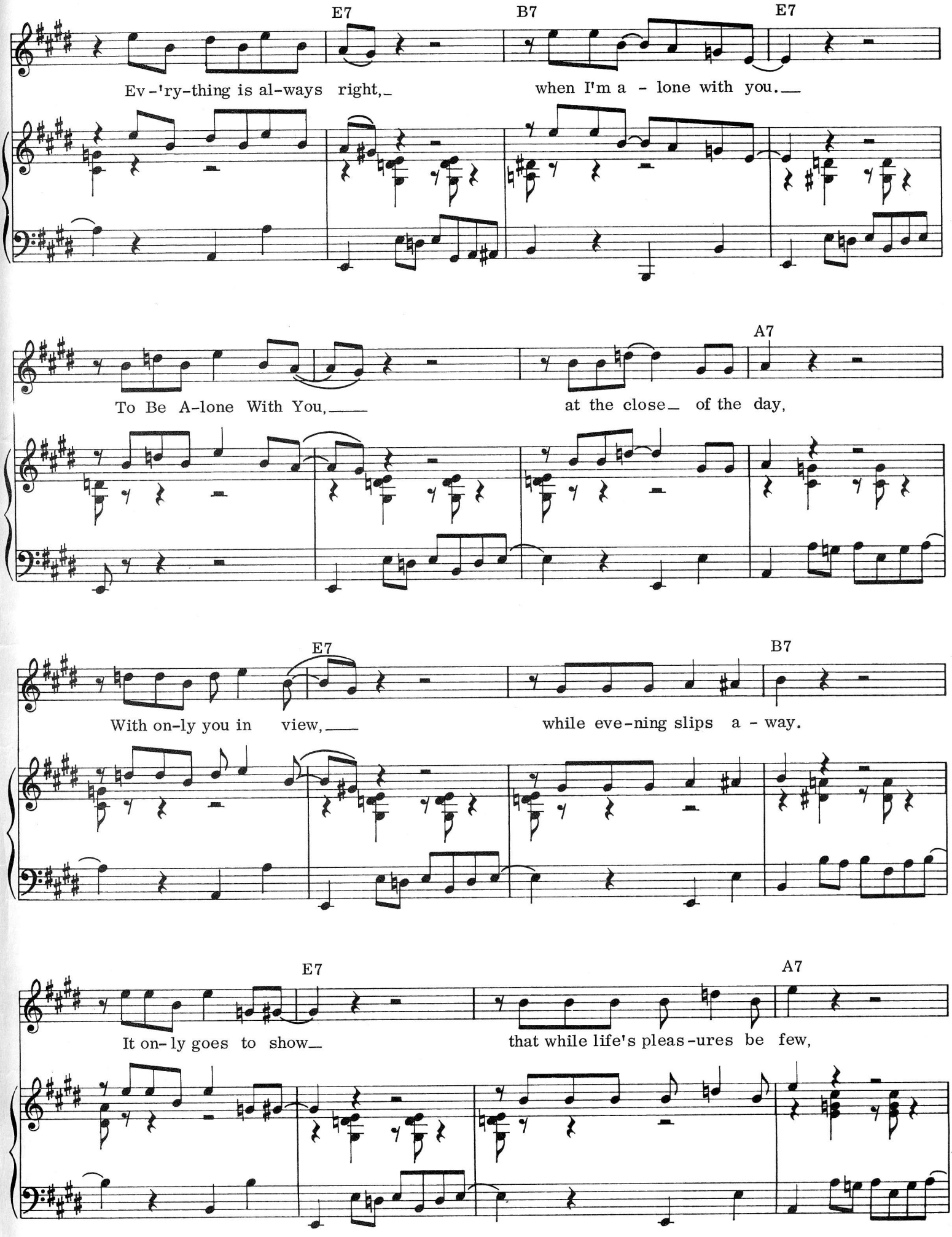
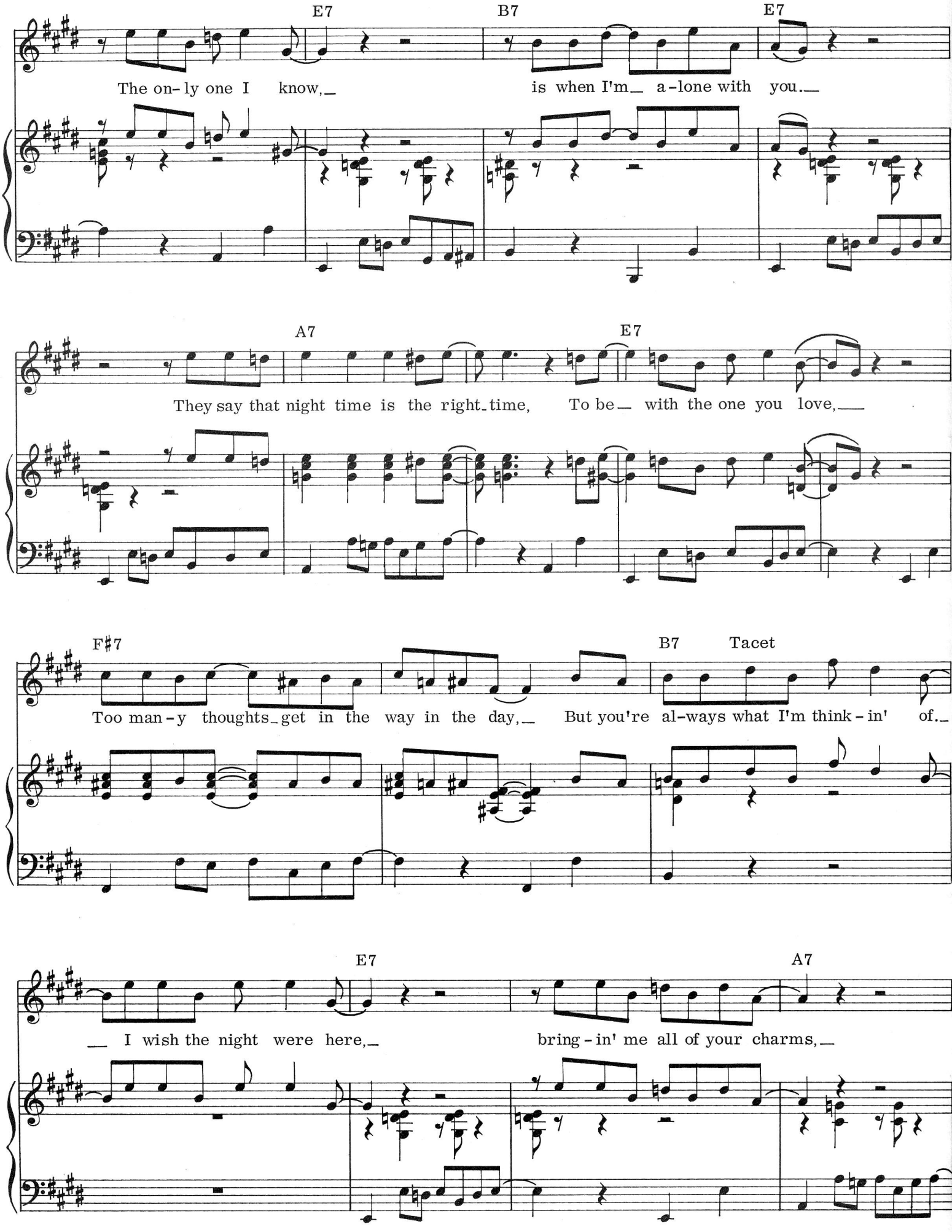
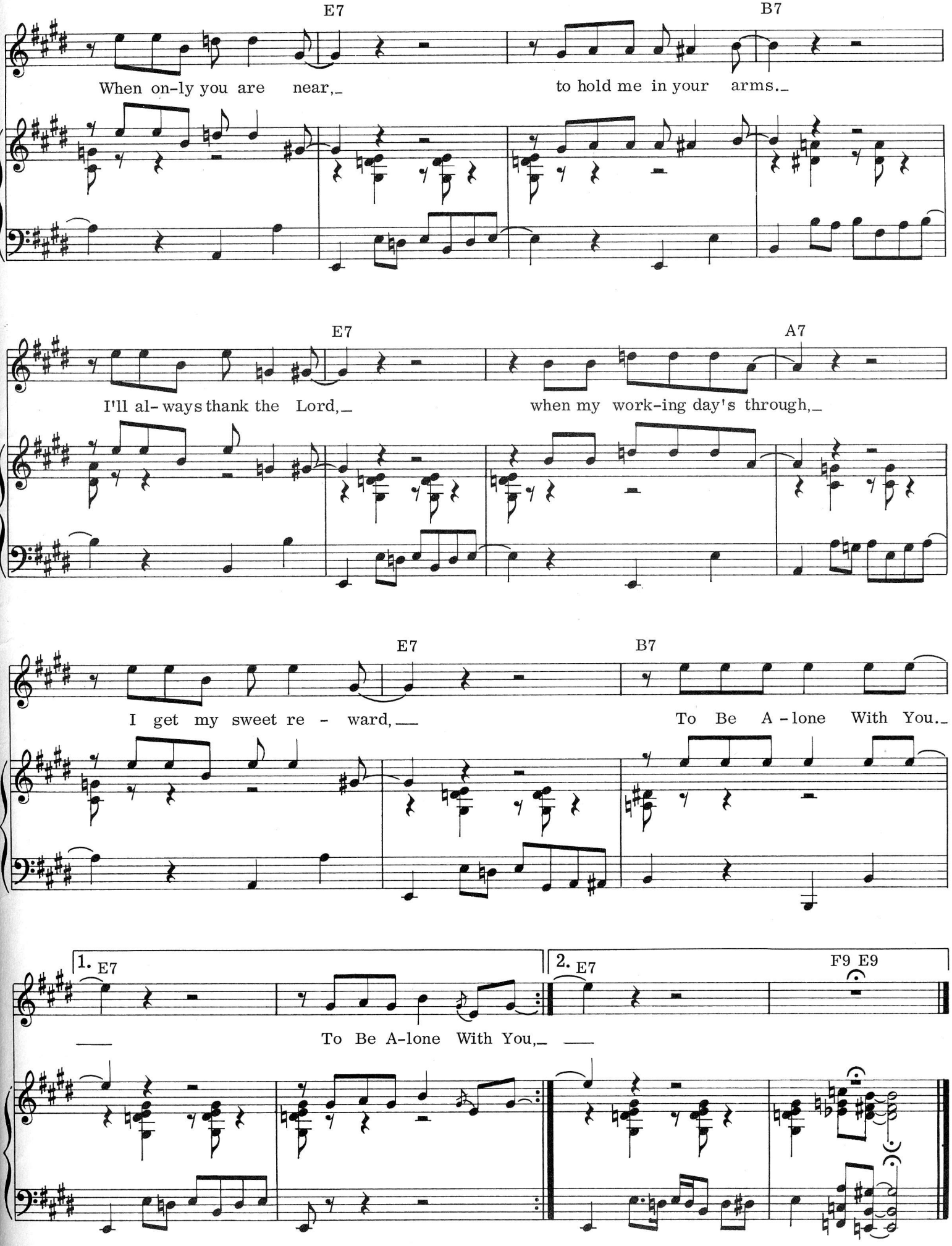

E7
B7
E7
Ev-'ry-thing is al-ways right,
when I'm a - lone with you.
A7
To Be A-lone With You,
at the close of the day,
E7
B7
With on-ly you in view,
while eve-ning slips a - way.
E7
A7
It on-ly goes to show
that while life's pleas-ures be few,


E7
B7
E7
The on- ly one I know,_
is when I'm_ a-lone with you._
A7
E7
They say that night time is the right_time,
To be_ with the one you love,_
F♯7
B7
Tacet
Too man-y thoughts_get in the way in the day,_
But you're al-ways what I'm think-in' of._
E7
A7
_ I wish the night were here,_
bring-in' me all of your charms,_


E7
B7
When on-ly you are near,_
to hold me in your arms._
E7
A7
I'll al- ways thank the Lord,_
when my work-ing day's through,_
E7
B7
I get my sweet re - ward,__
To Be A - lone With You._
1. E7
2. E7
F9 E9
To Be A-lone With You,_

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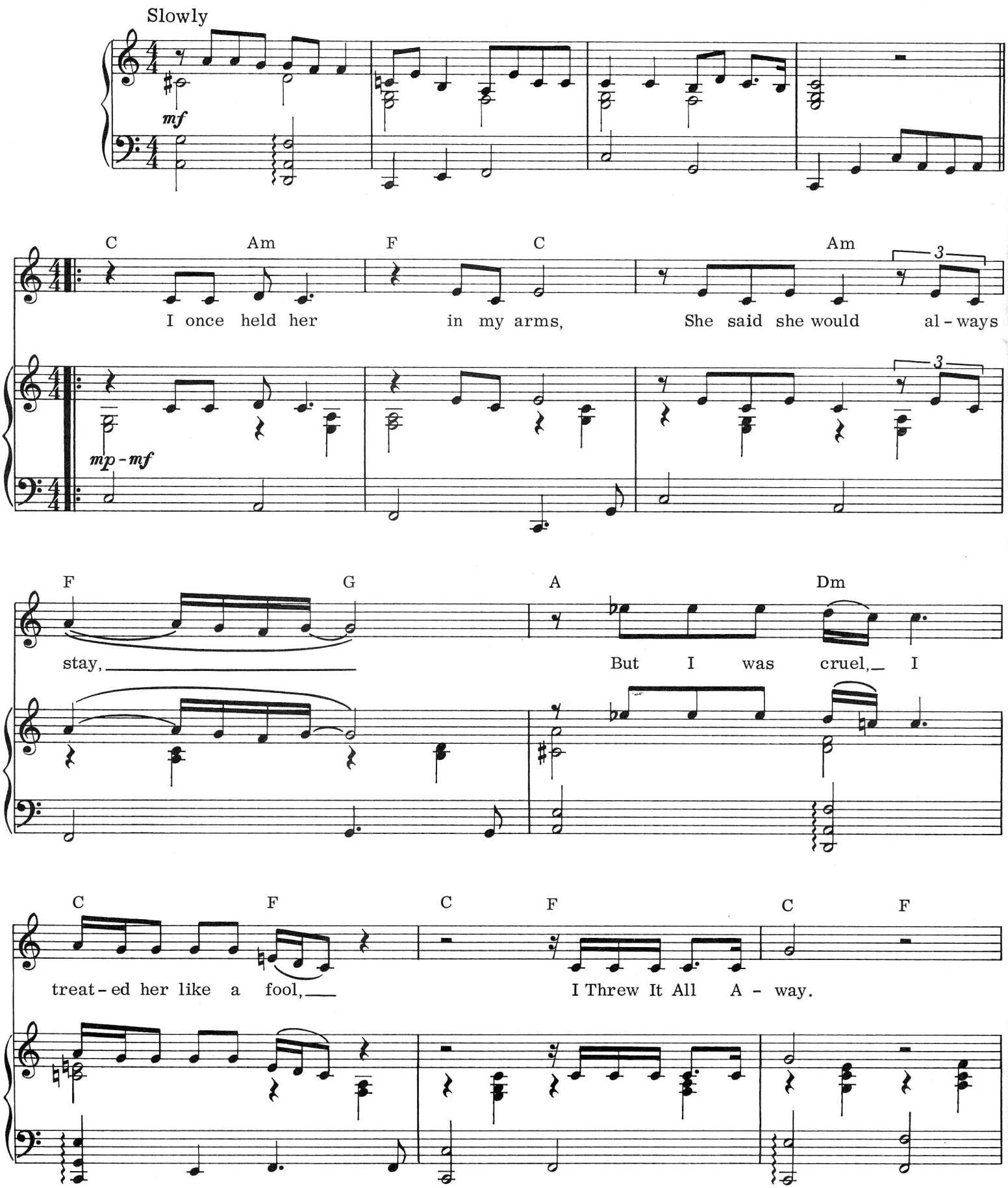
I THREW IT ALL AWAY

Words and Music by
BOB DYLAN



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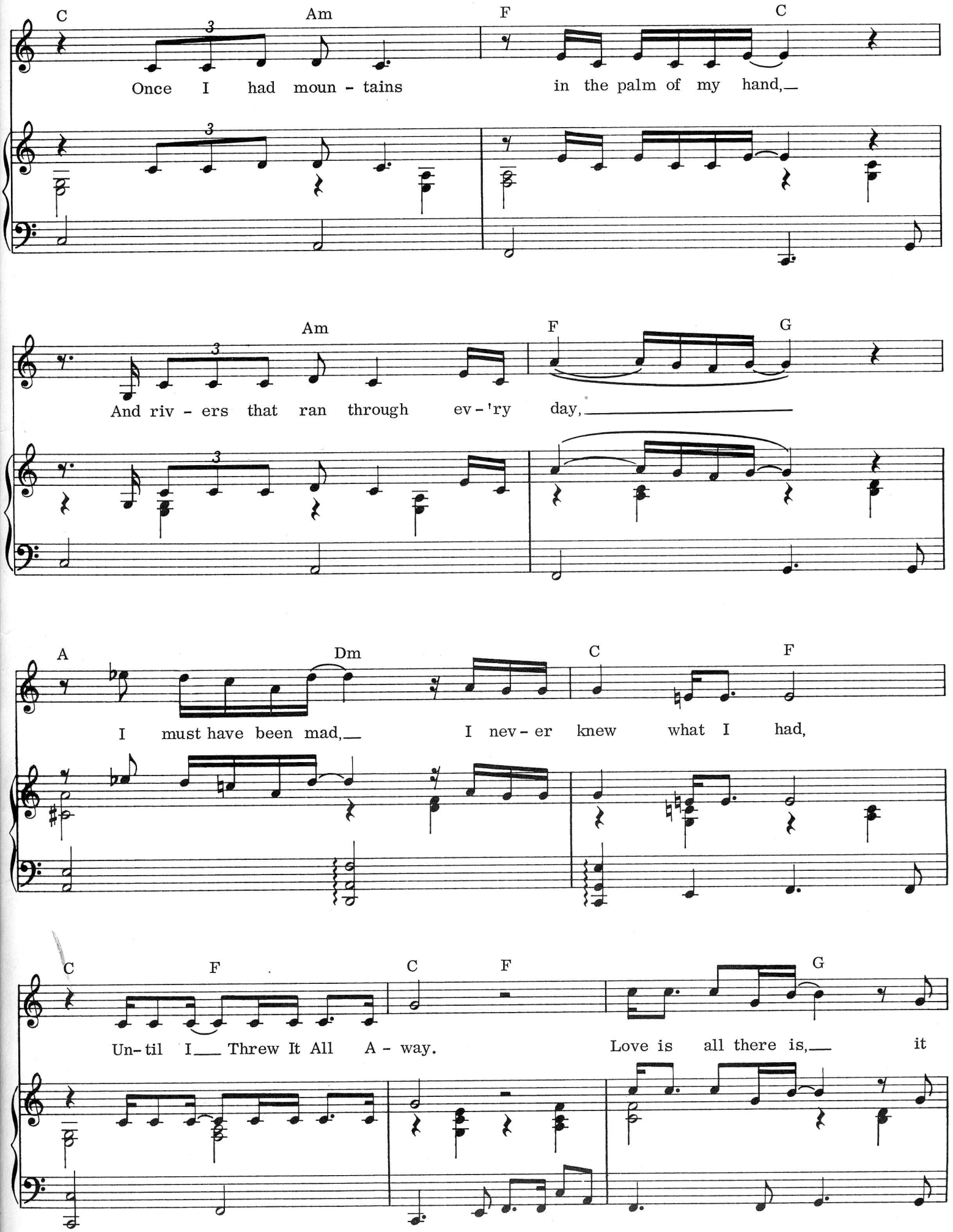
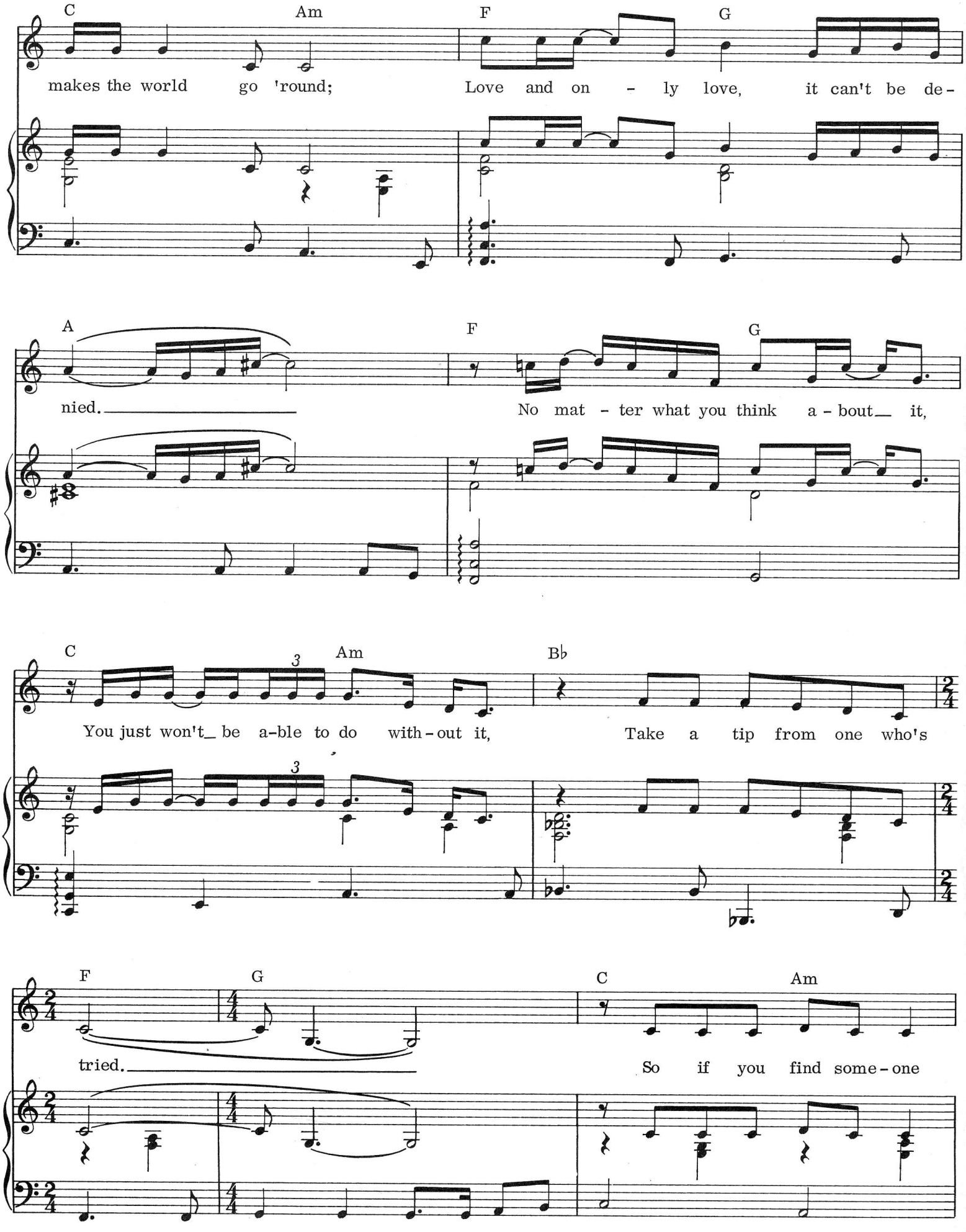
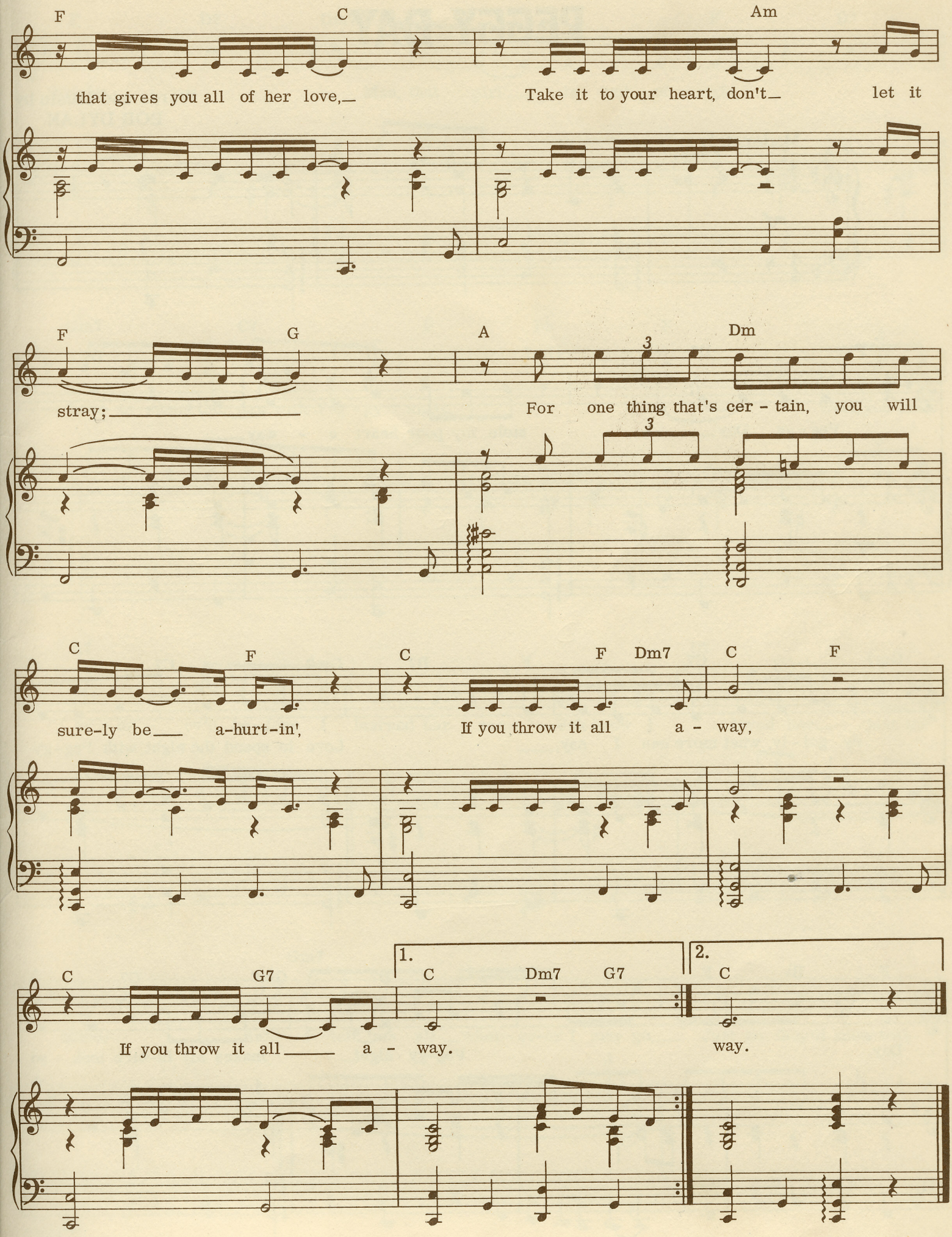
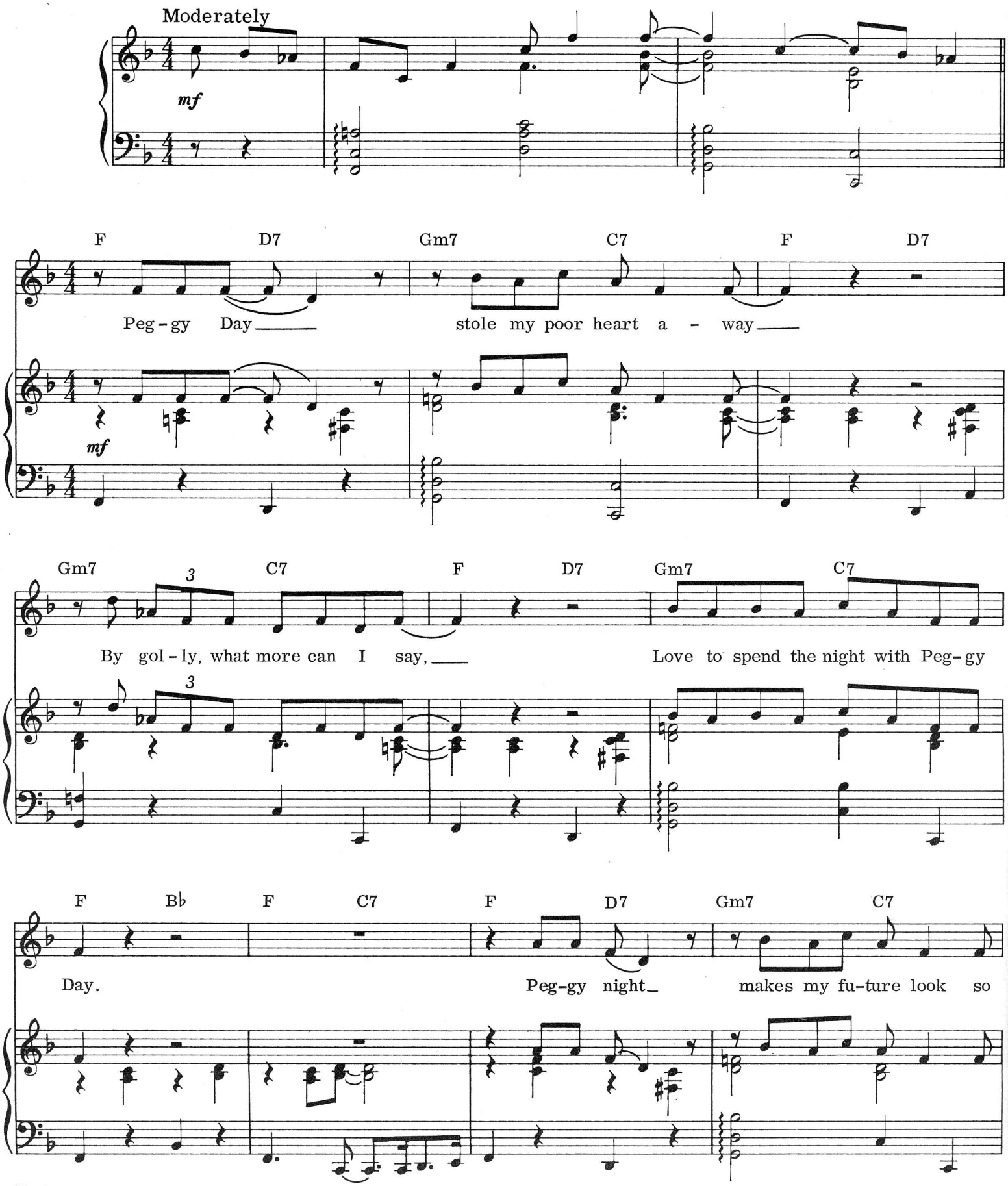

C
Am
F
C
Once I had moun - tains in the palm of my hand,
Am
F
G
And riv - ers that ran through ev - 'ry day,
A
Dm
C
F
I must have been mad, I nev - er knew what I had,
C
F
C
F
G
Un - til I Threw It All A - way. Love is all there is, it


C
Am
F
G
makes the world go 'round;
Love and on - ly love, it can't be de-
A
F
G
nied.
No mat - ter what you think a - bout it,
C
Am
Bb
3
3
You just won't be a-ble to do with - out it,
Take a tip from one who's
F
G
C
Am
tried.
So if you find some - one


F C Am
that gives you all of her love,_ Take it to your heart, don't_ let it
F G A Dm
stray;_ For one thing that's cer - tain, you will
C F C F Dm7 C F
sure-ly be_ a-hurt-in', If you throw it all a - way,
C G7 1. C Dm7 G7 2. C
If you throw it all_ a - way. way.

PEGGY DAY

Words and Music by
BOB DYLAN



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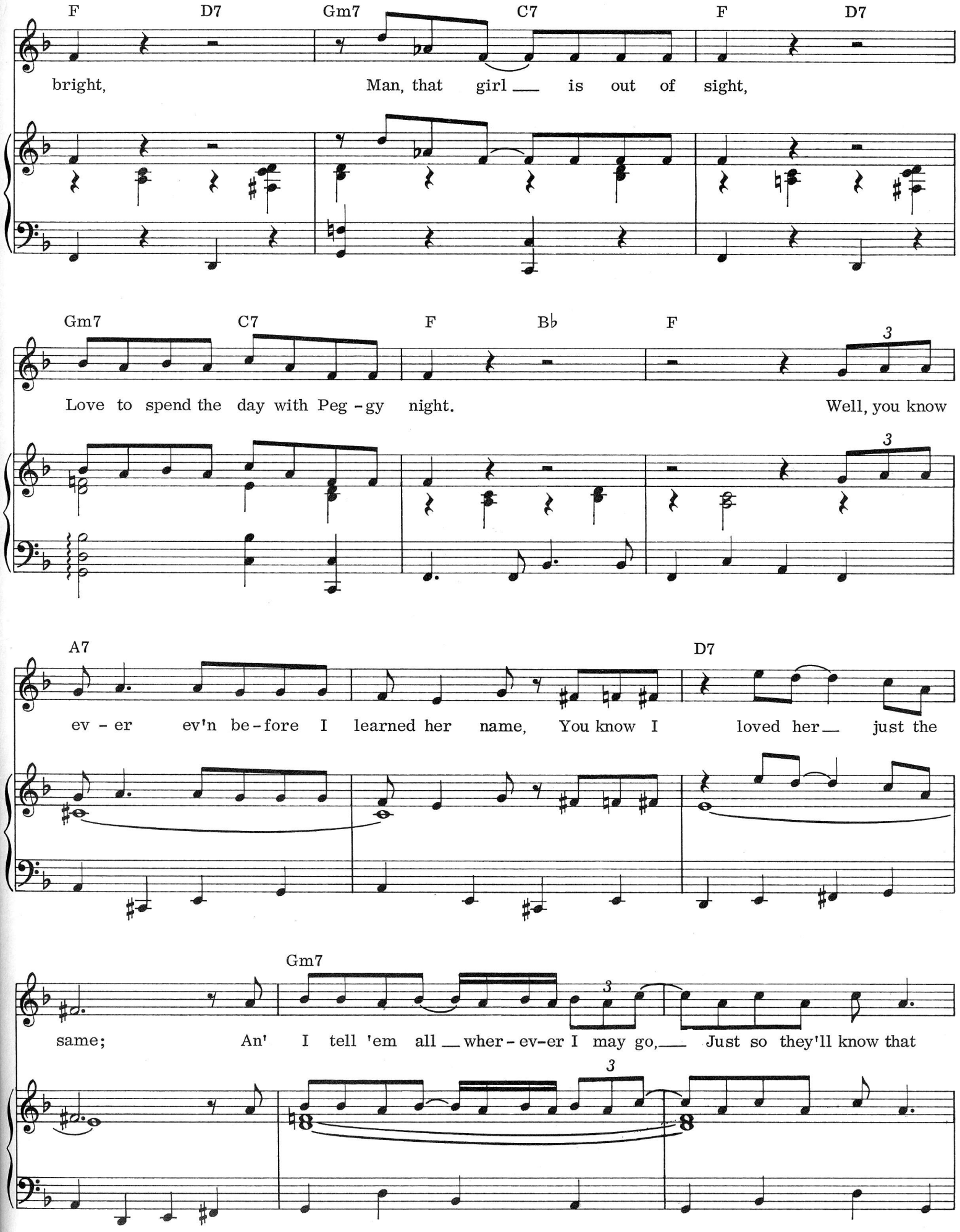
F D7 Gm7 C7 F D7
bright, Man, that girl is out of sight,
Gm7 C7 F B♭ F
Love to spend the day with Peg - gy night. Well, you know
A7 D7
ev - er ev'n be - fore I learned her name, You know I loved her just the
Gm7
same; An' I tell 'em all wher - ev-er I may go, Just so they'll know that

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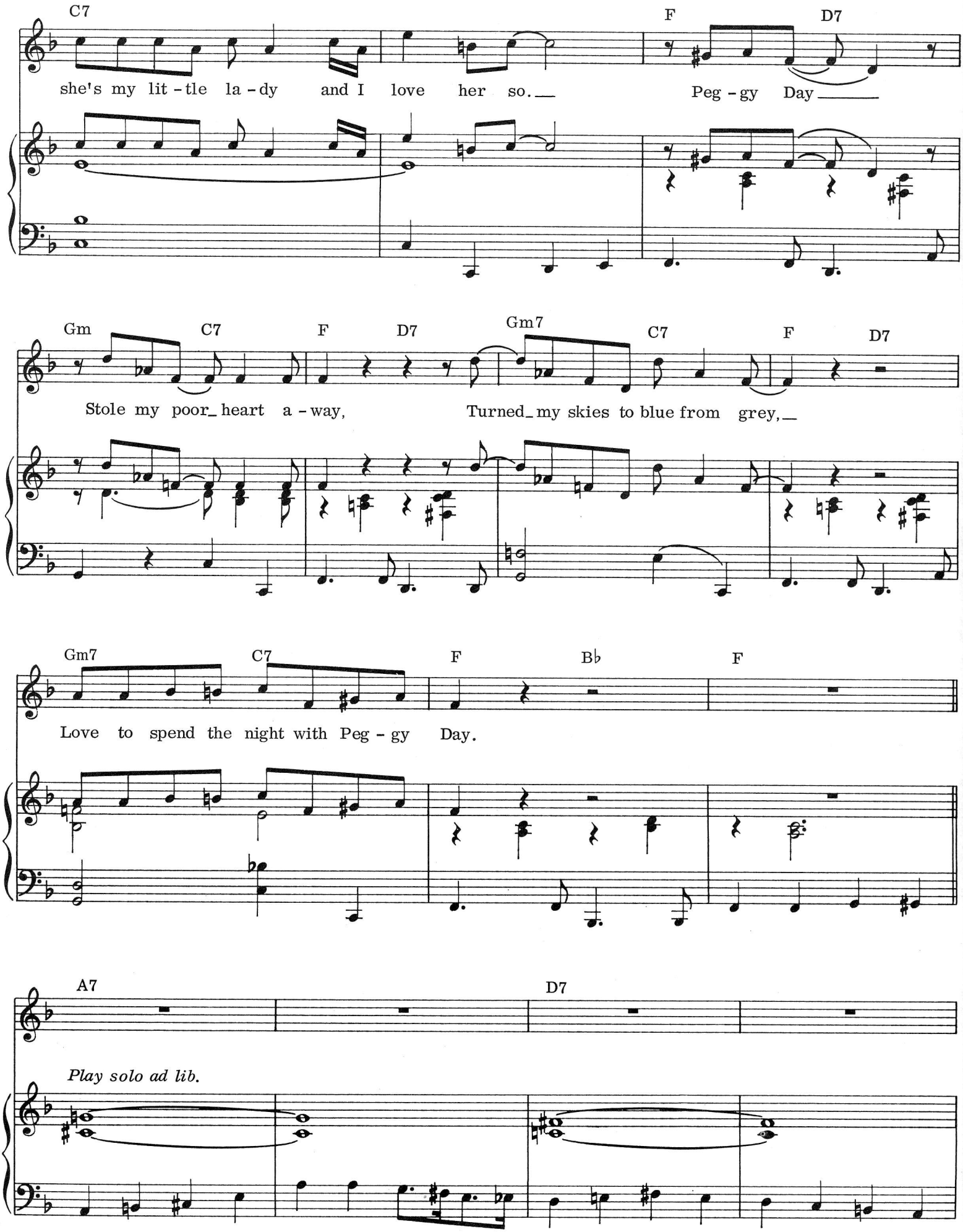
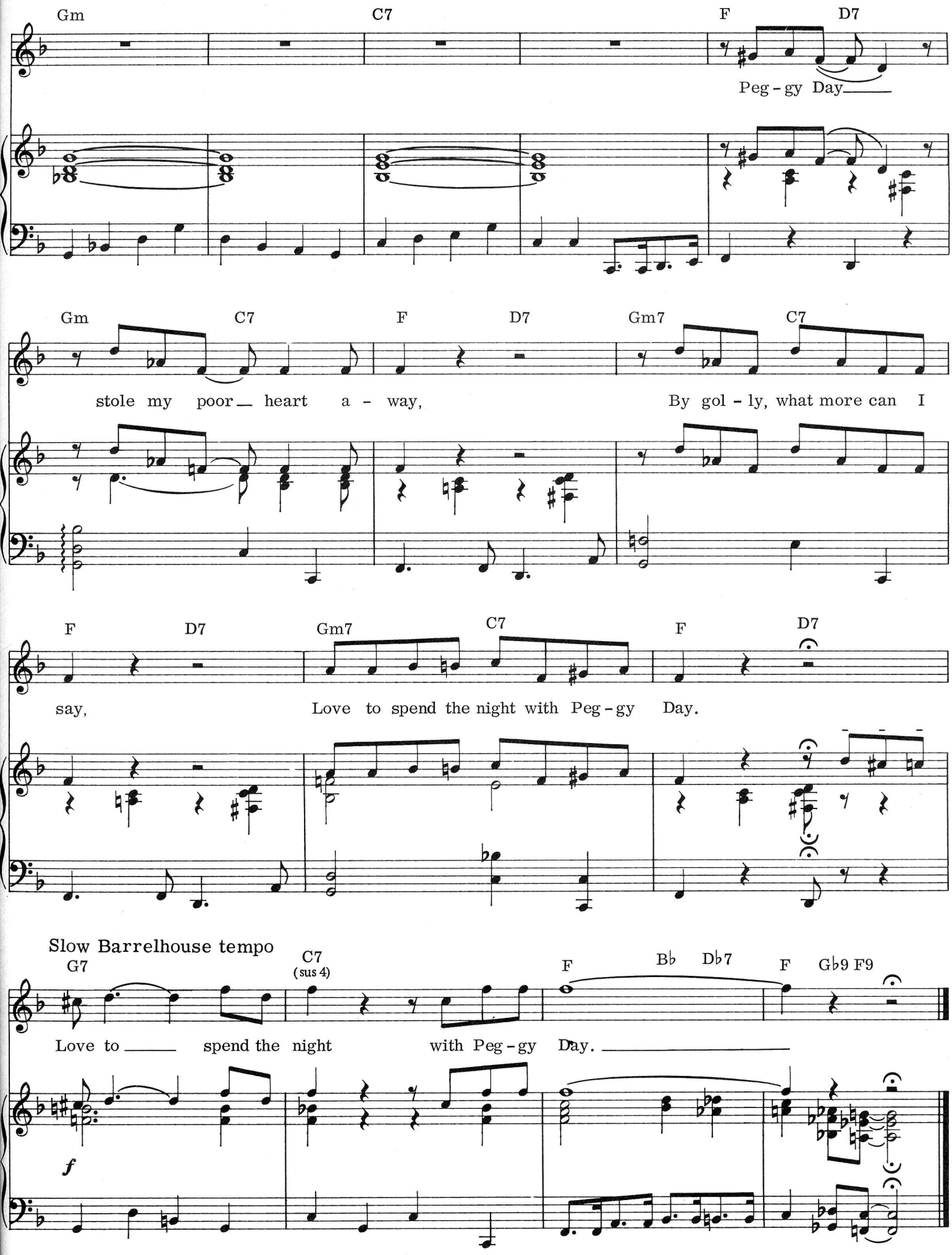

C7
F
D7
she's my lit - tle la - dy and I love her so.
Peg - gy Day
Gm
C7
F
D7
Gm7
C7
F
D7
Stole my poor_ heart a - way,
Turned_ my skies to blue from grey,
Gm7
C7
F
B♭
F
Love to spend the night with Peg - gy Day.
A7
D7
Play solo ad lib.


Gm
C7
F
D7
Peg - gy Day
Gm
C7
F
D7
Gm7
C7
stole my poor heart a - way,
By gol - ly, what more can I
F
D7
Gm7
C7
F
D7
say,
Love to spend the night with Peg - gy Day.
Slow Barrelhouse tempo
G7
C7
(sus 4)
F
B♭
D♭7
F
G♭9 F9
Love to spend the night with Peg - gy Day.
f

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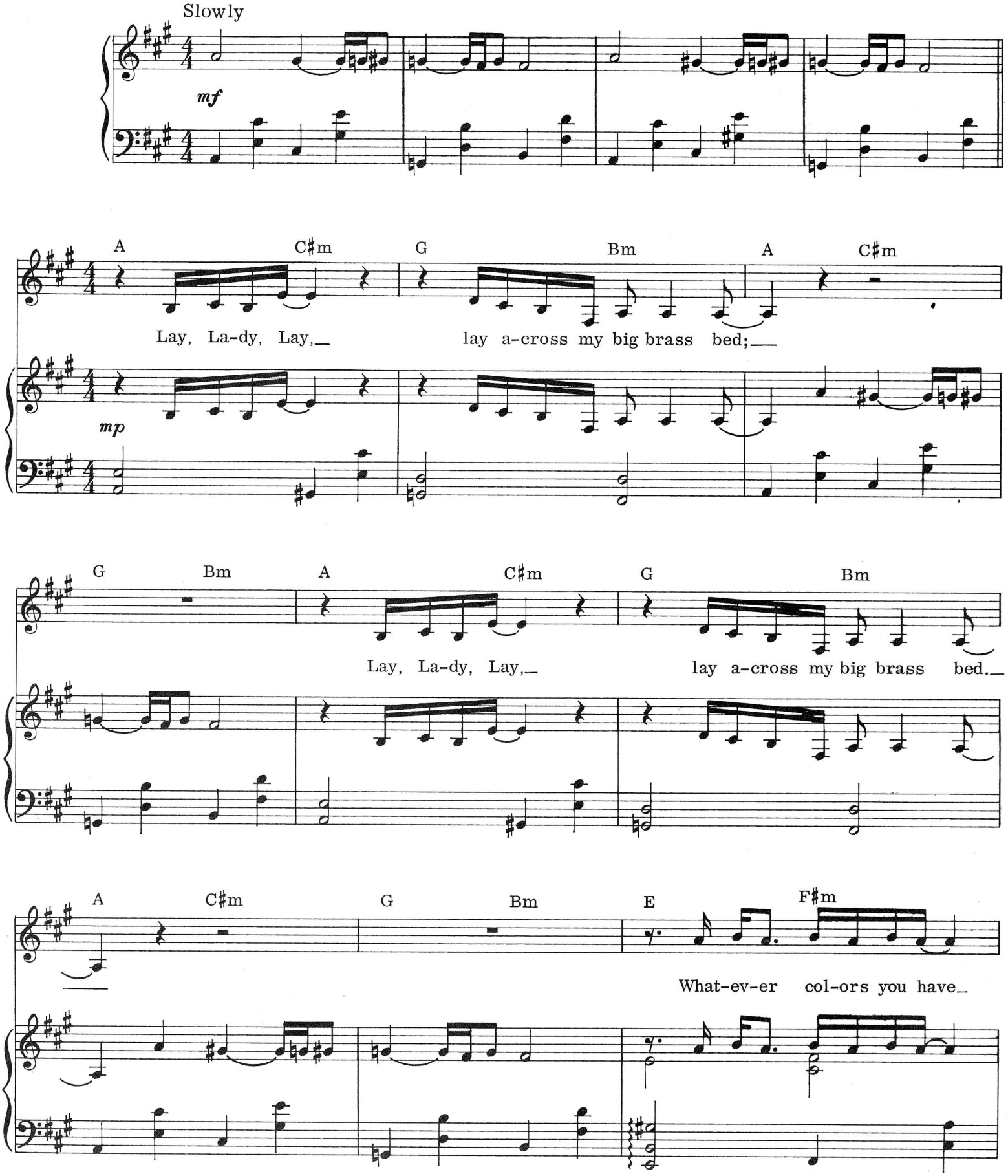
LAY, LADY, LAY

Words and Music by
BOB DYLAN



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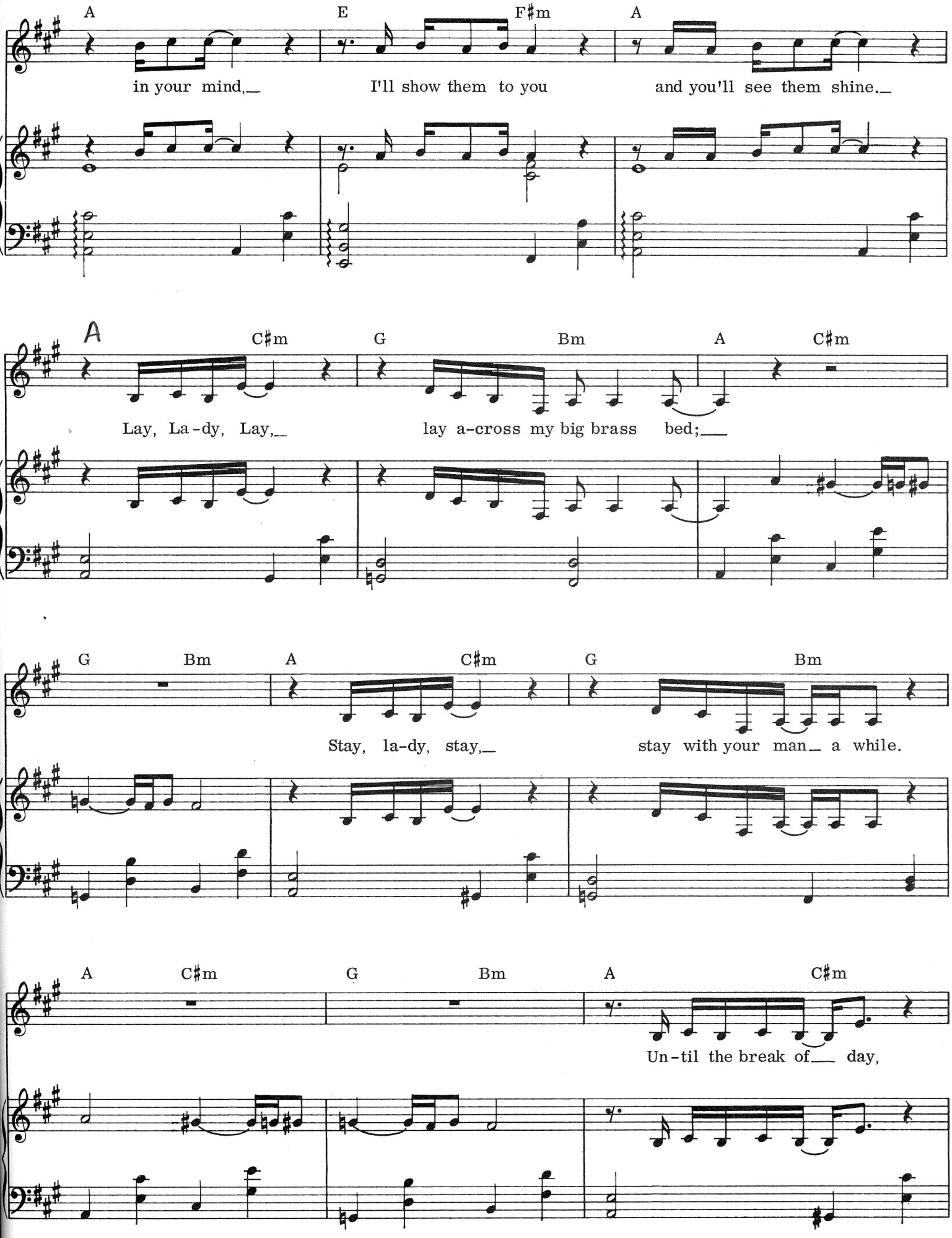
A
E
F♯m
A
in your mind,_
I'll show them to you
and you'll see them shine._
A
C♯m
G
Bm
A
C♯m
Lay, La-dy, Lay,_
lay a-cross my big brass bed;___
G
Bm
A
C♯m
G
Bm
Stay, la-dy, stay,_
stay with your man_ a while.
A
C♯m
G
Bm
A
C♯m
Un-til the break of___ day,

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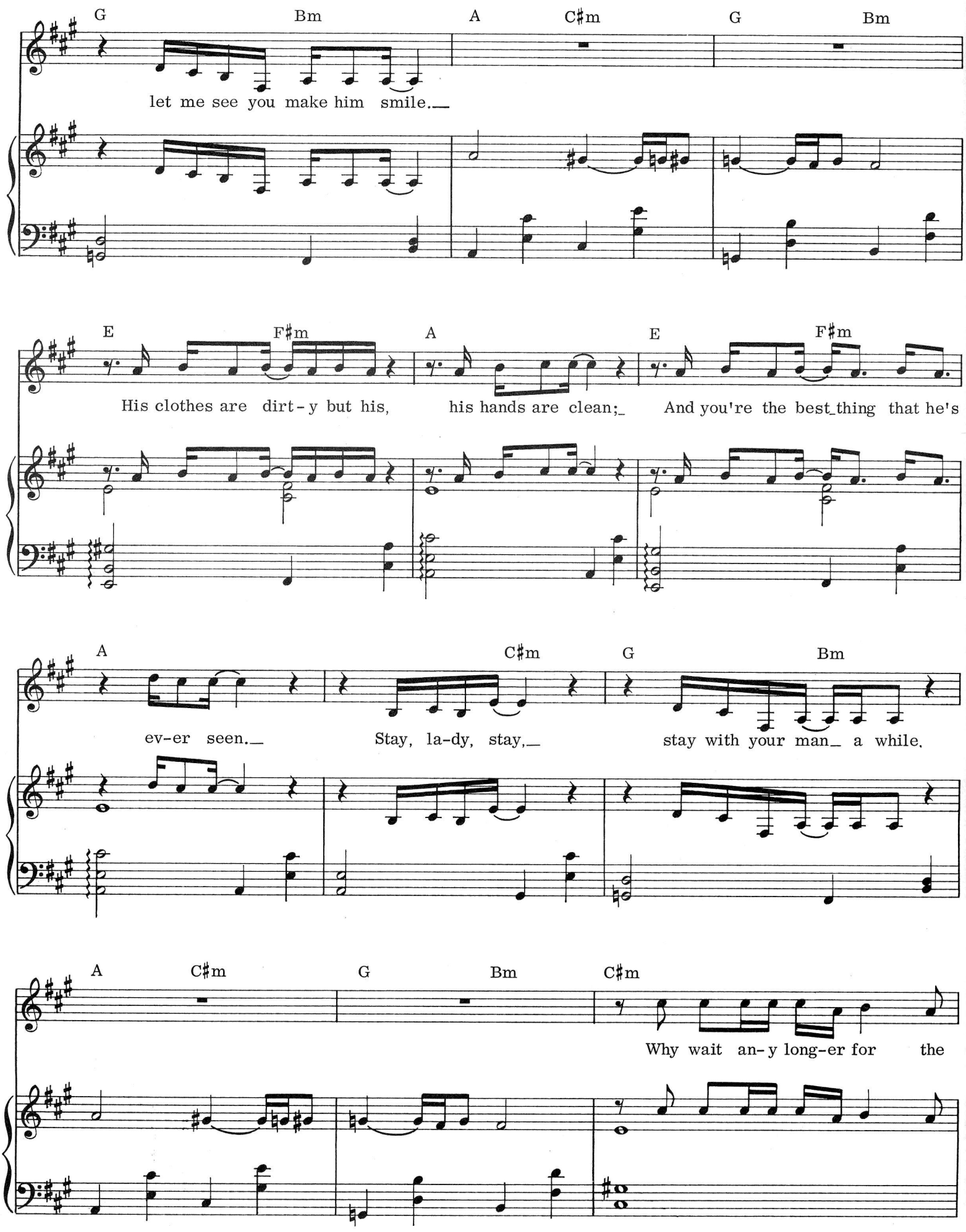
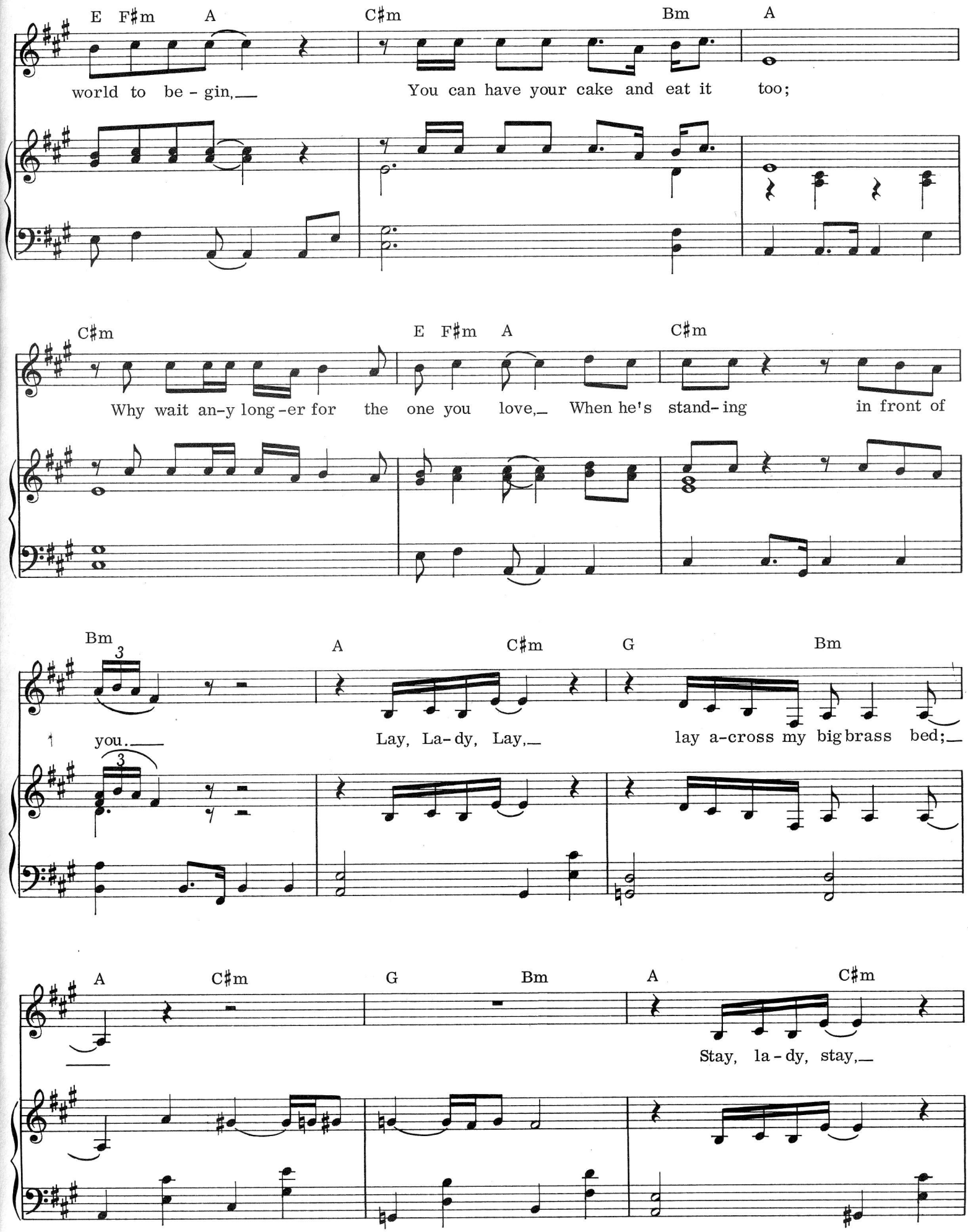

G Bm A C♯m G Bm
let me see you make him smile.
E F♯m A E F♯m
His clothes are dirt-y but his, his hands are clean; And you're the best thing that he's
A C♯m G Bm
ev-er seen. Stay, la-dy, stay, stay with your man a while.
A C♯m G Bm C♯m
Why wait an-y long-er for the


E F♯m A C♯m Bm A
world to be - gin,__ You can have your cake and eat it too;
C♯m E F♯m A C♯m
Why wait an-y long-er for the one you love,_ When he's stand-ing in front of
Bm A C♯m G Bm
you.__ Lay, La-dy, Lay,_ lay a-cross my big brass bed;_
A C♯m G Bm A C♯m
Stay, la-dy, stay,_

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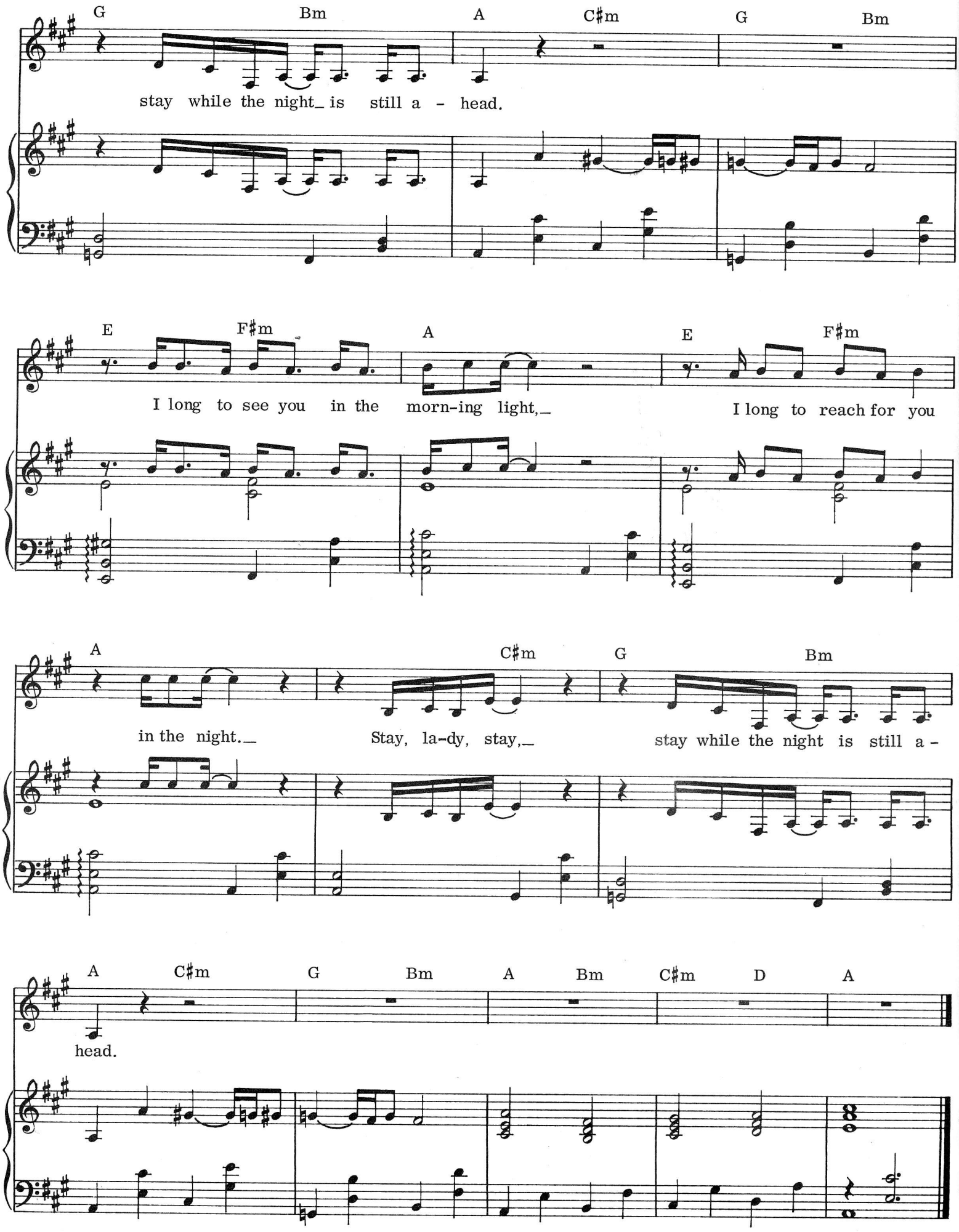
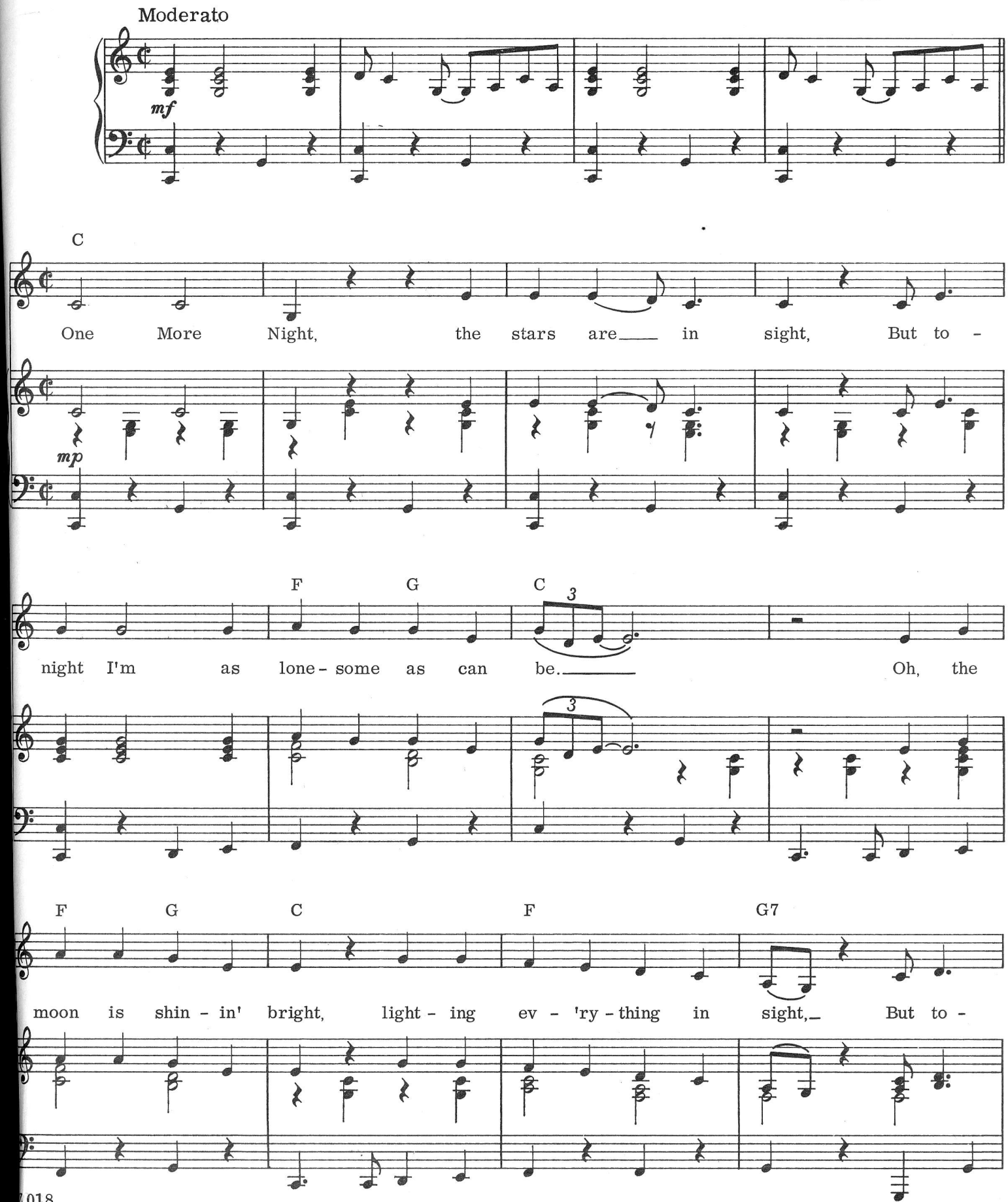

G Bm A C♯m G Bm
stay while the night_ is still a - head.
E F♯m A E F♯m
I long to see you in the morn-ing light,_ I long to reach for you
A C♯m G Bm
in the night._ Stay, la-dy, stay,_ stay while the night is still a -
A C♯m G Bm A Bm C♯m D A
head.

ONE MORE NIGHT

Words and Music by
BOB DYLAN



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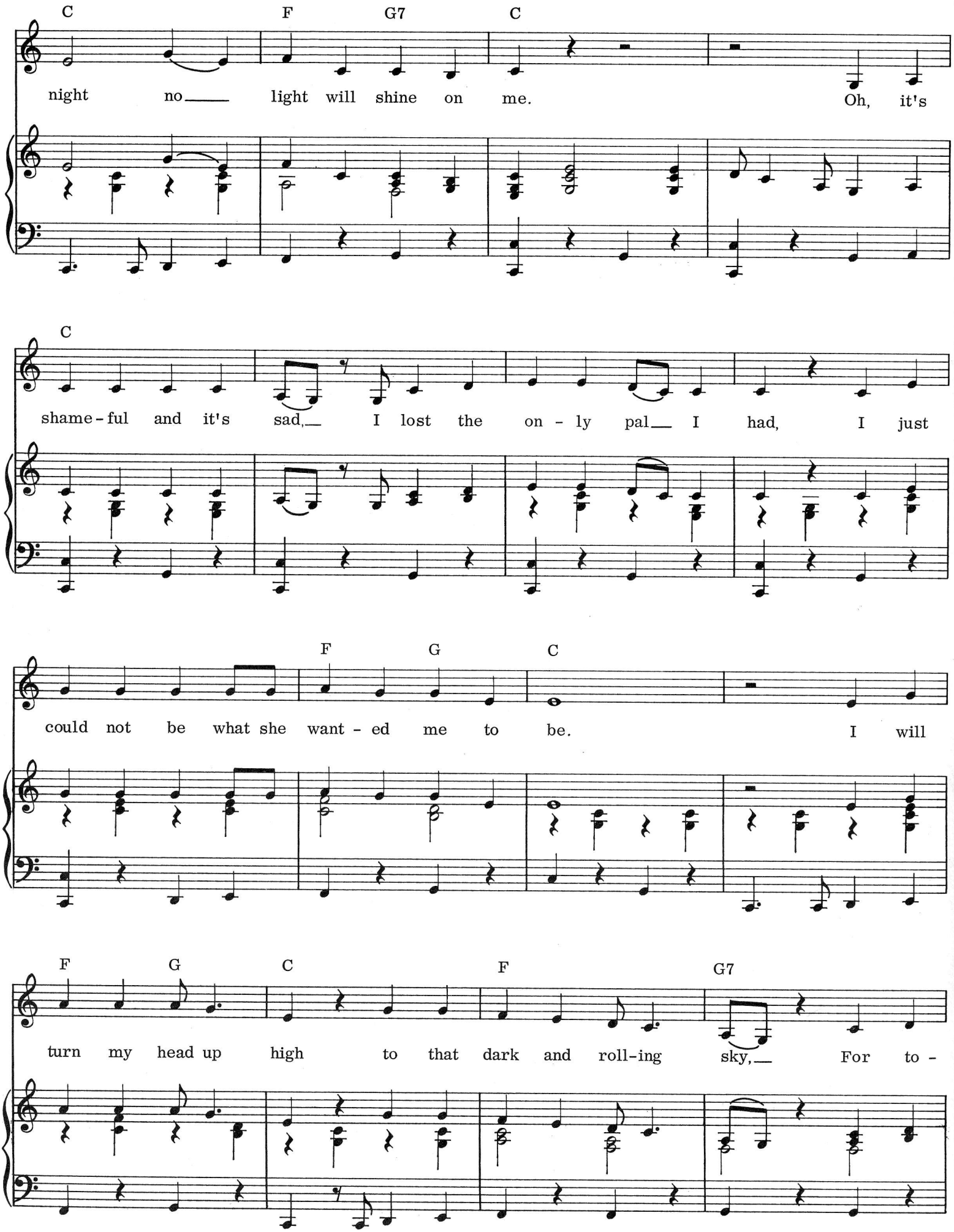
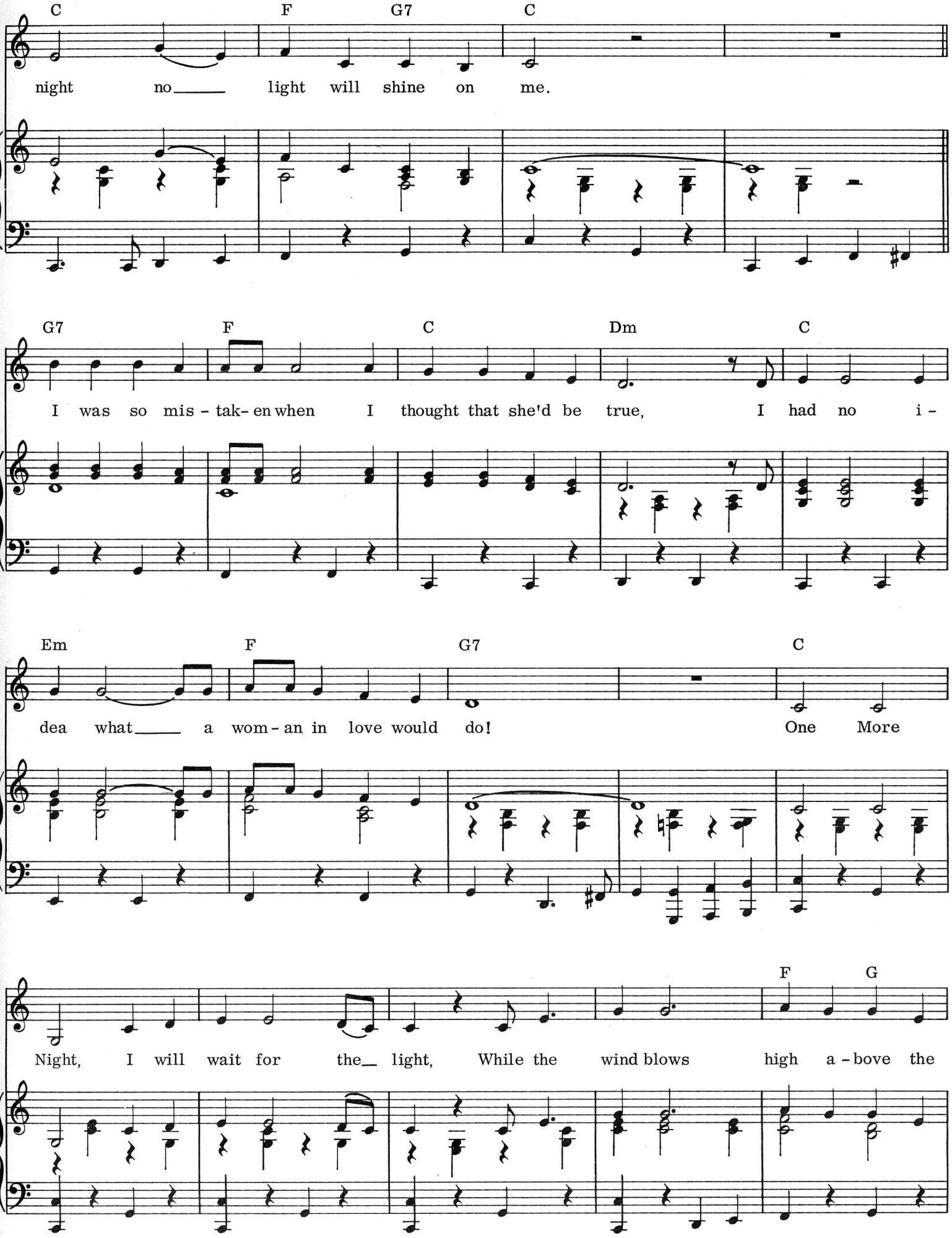

C F G7 C
night no light will shine on me. Oh, it's
C
shame-ful and it's sad, I lost the on-ly pal I had, I just
F G C
could not be what she want-ed me to be. I will
F G C F G7
turn my head up high to that dark and roll-ing sky, For to-


C F G7 C
night no light will shine on me.
G7 F C Dm C
I was so mis - tak- en when I thought that she'd be true, I had no i -
Em F G7 C
dea what a wom - an in love would do! One More
F G
Night, I will wait for the light, While the wind blows high a - bove the

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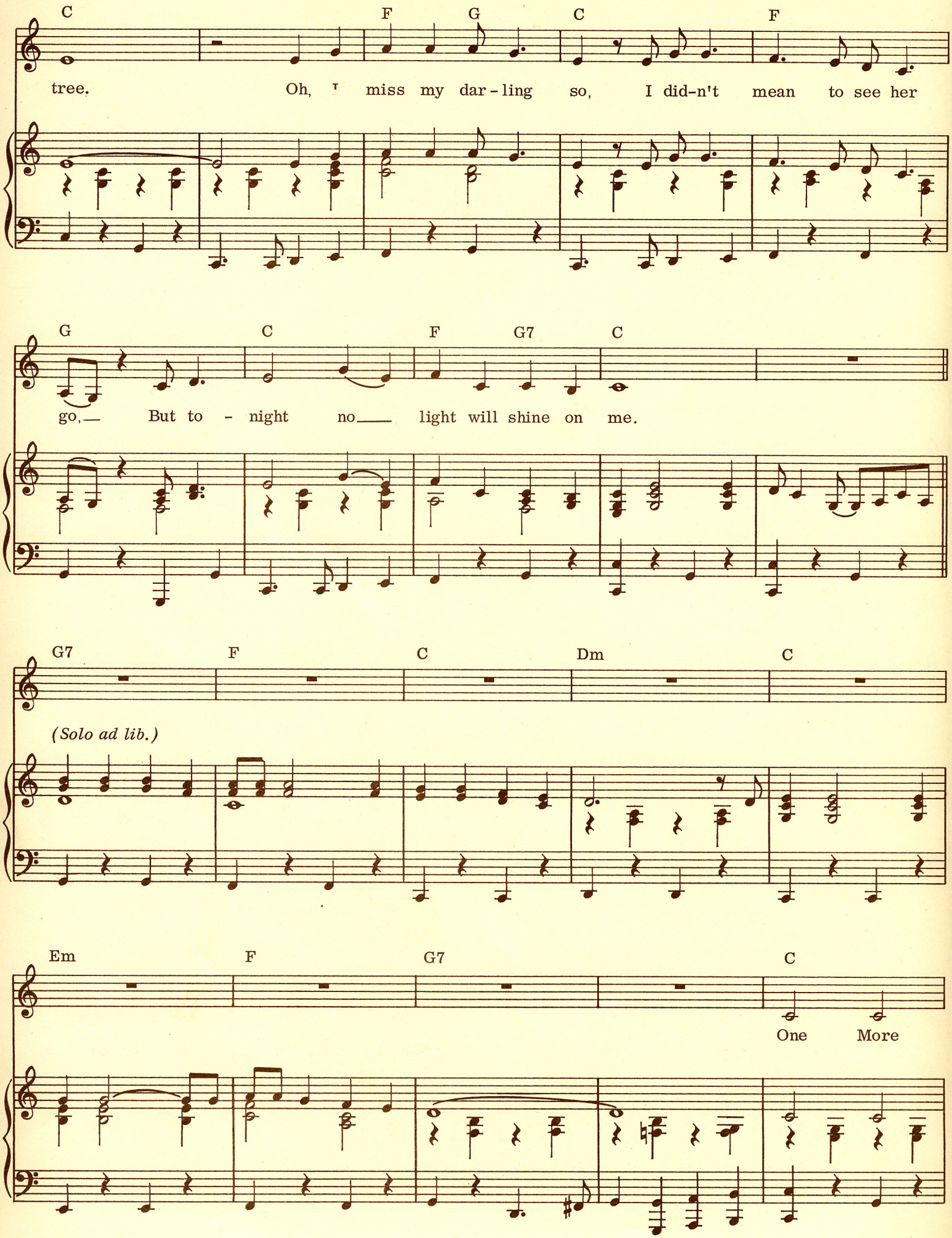
C F G C F
tree. Oh, I miss my dar - ling so, I did-n't mean to see her
G C F G7 C
go, — But to - night no — light will shine on me.
G7 F C Dm C
(Solo ad lib.)
Em F G7 C
One More

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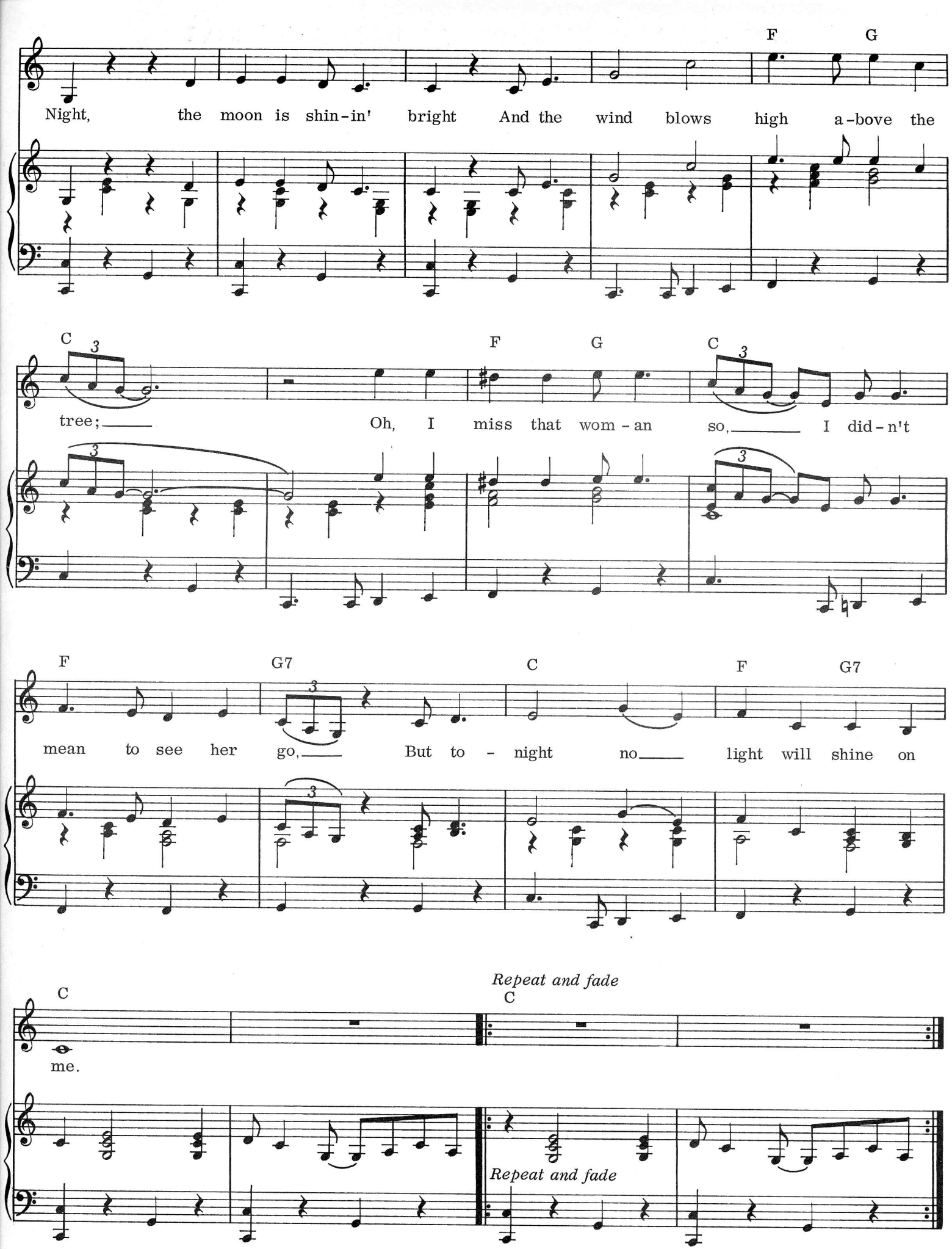
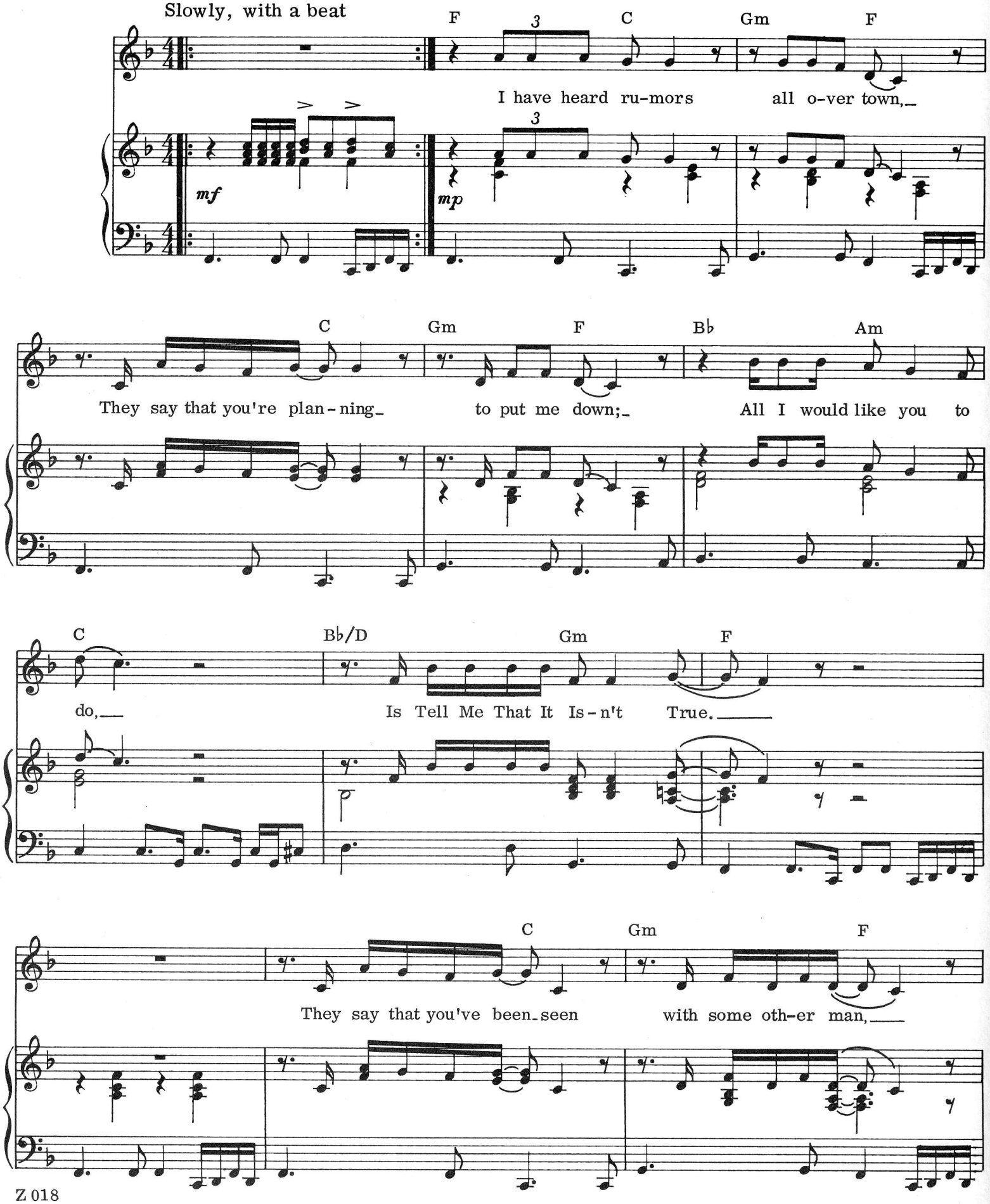

F G
Night, the moon is shin-in' bright And the wind blows high a-bove the
C F G C
tree; Oh, I miss that wom-an so, I did-n't
F G7 C F G7
mean to see her go, But to-night no light will shine on
C
me.
Repeat and fade
C
Repeat and fade

Z 018

TELL ME THAT IT ISN'T TRUE

Words and Music by
BOB DYLAN



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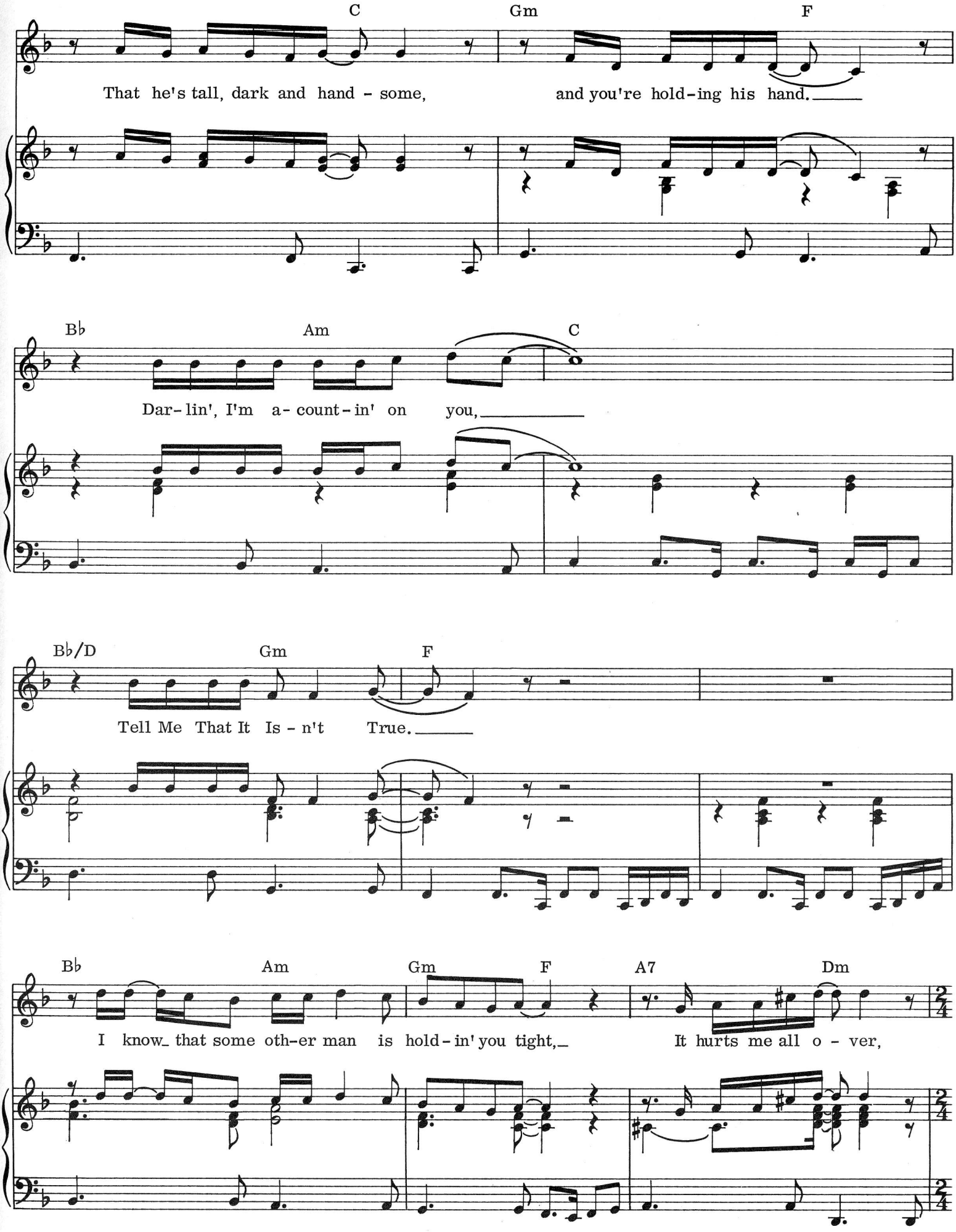
C
Gm
F
That he's tall, dark and hand - some,
and you're hold-ing his hand.
B♭
Am
C
Dar-lin', I'm a- count-in' on you,
B♭/D
Gm
F
Tell Me That It Is - n't True.
B♭
Am
Gm
F
A7
Dm
I know that some oth-er man is hold-in' you tight,
It hurts me all o - ver,

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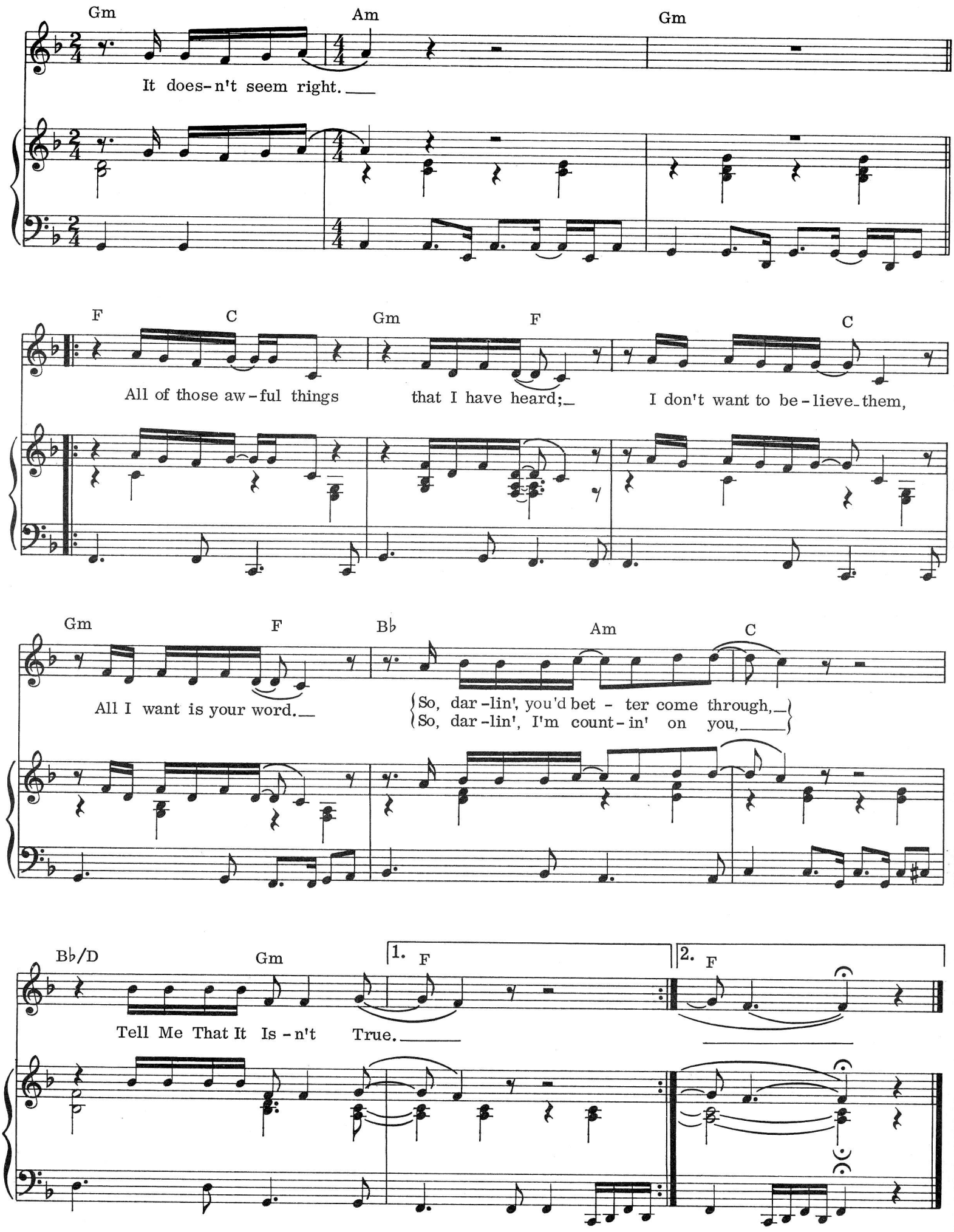
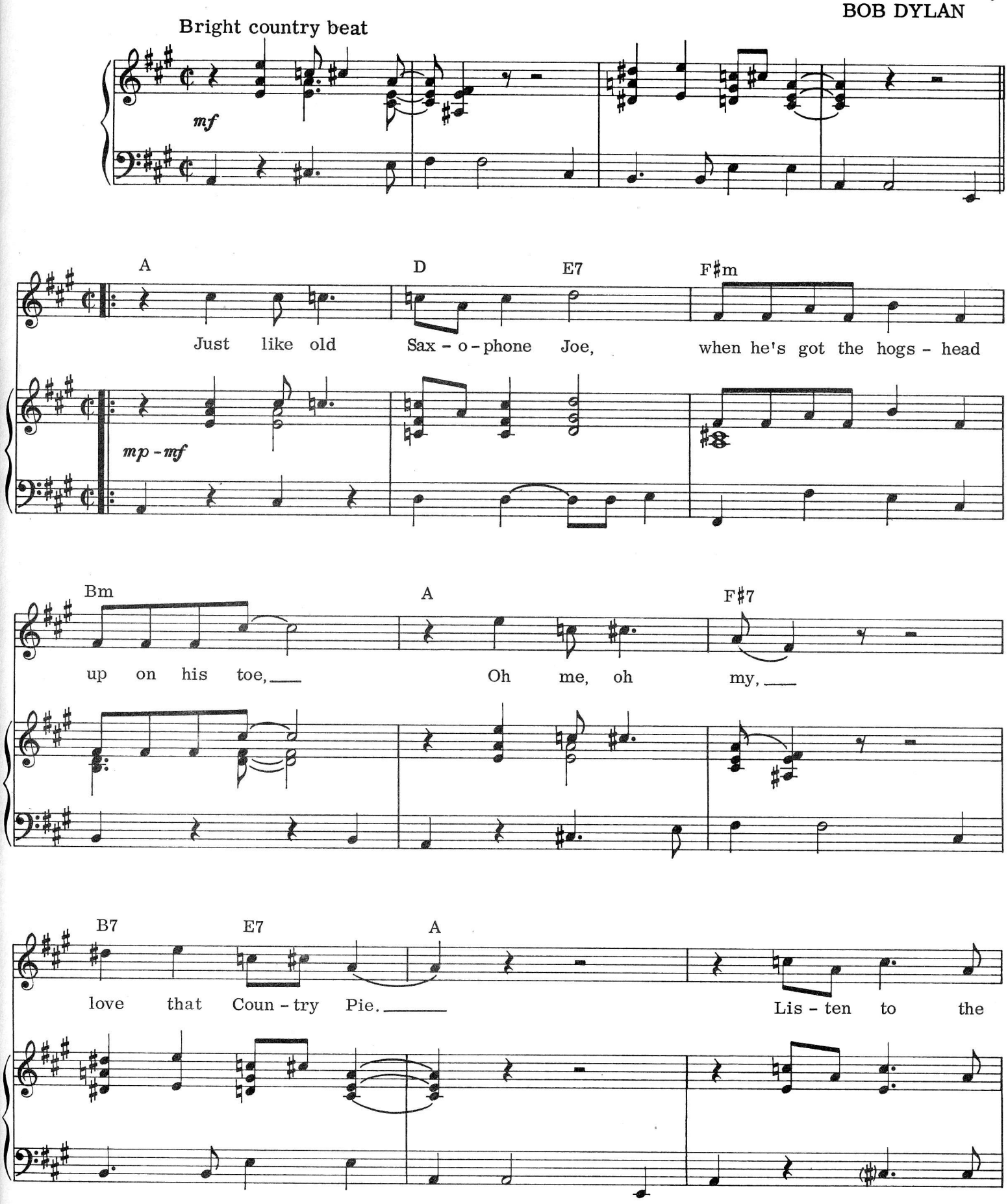

Gm
Am
Gm
It does-n't seem right.
F
C
Gm
F
C
All of those aw-ful things
that I have heard;
I don't want to be-lieve them,
Gm
F
B♭
Am
C
All I want is your word.
So, dar-lin', you'd bet - ter come through,
So, dar-lin', I'm count-in' on you,
B♭/D
Gm
1. F
2. F
Tell Me That It Is-n't True.

COUNTRY PIE

Words and Music by
BOB DYLAN



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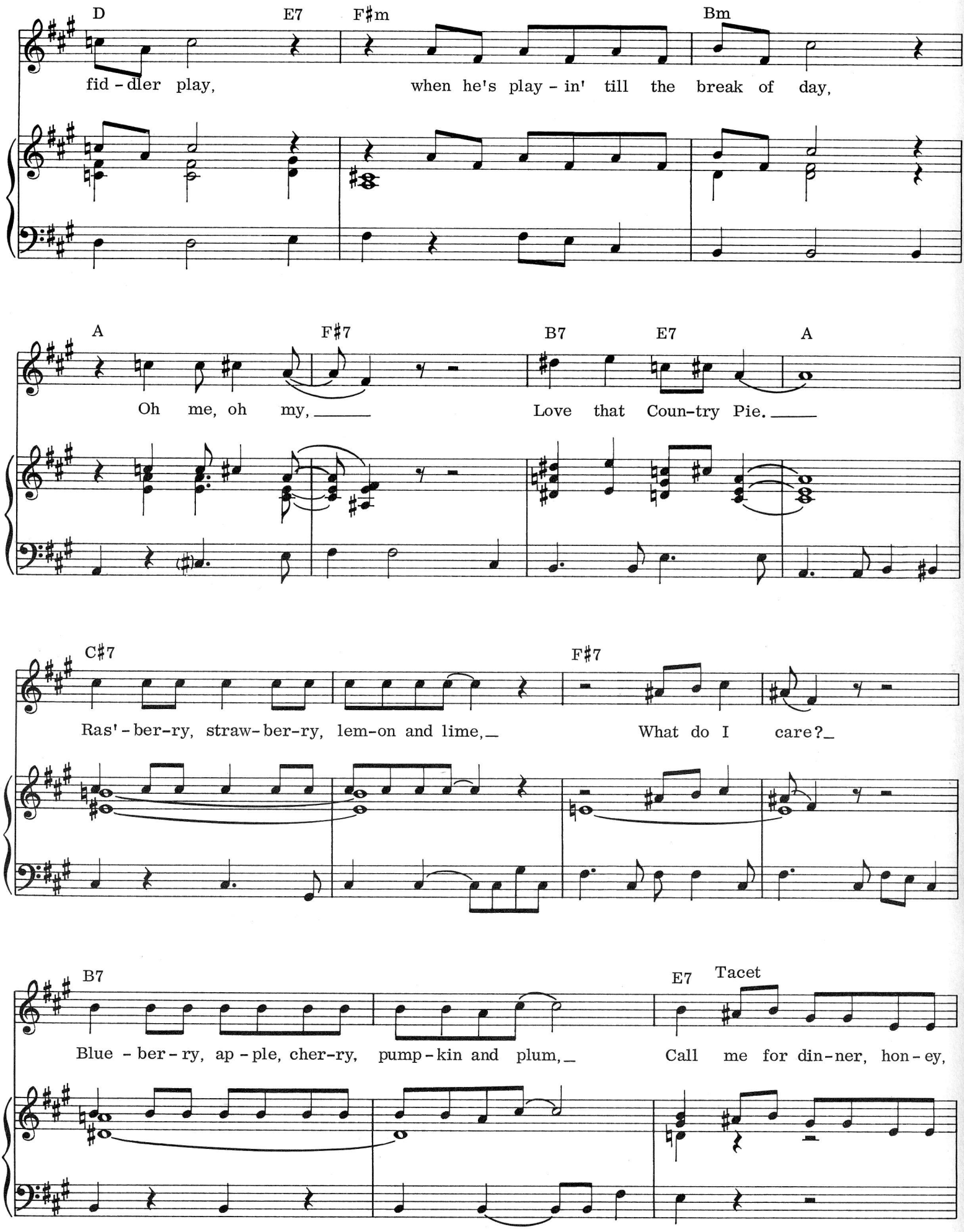
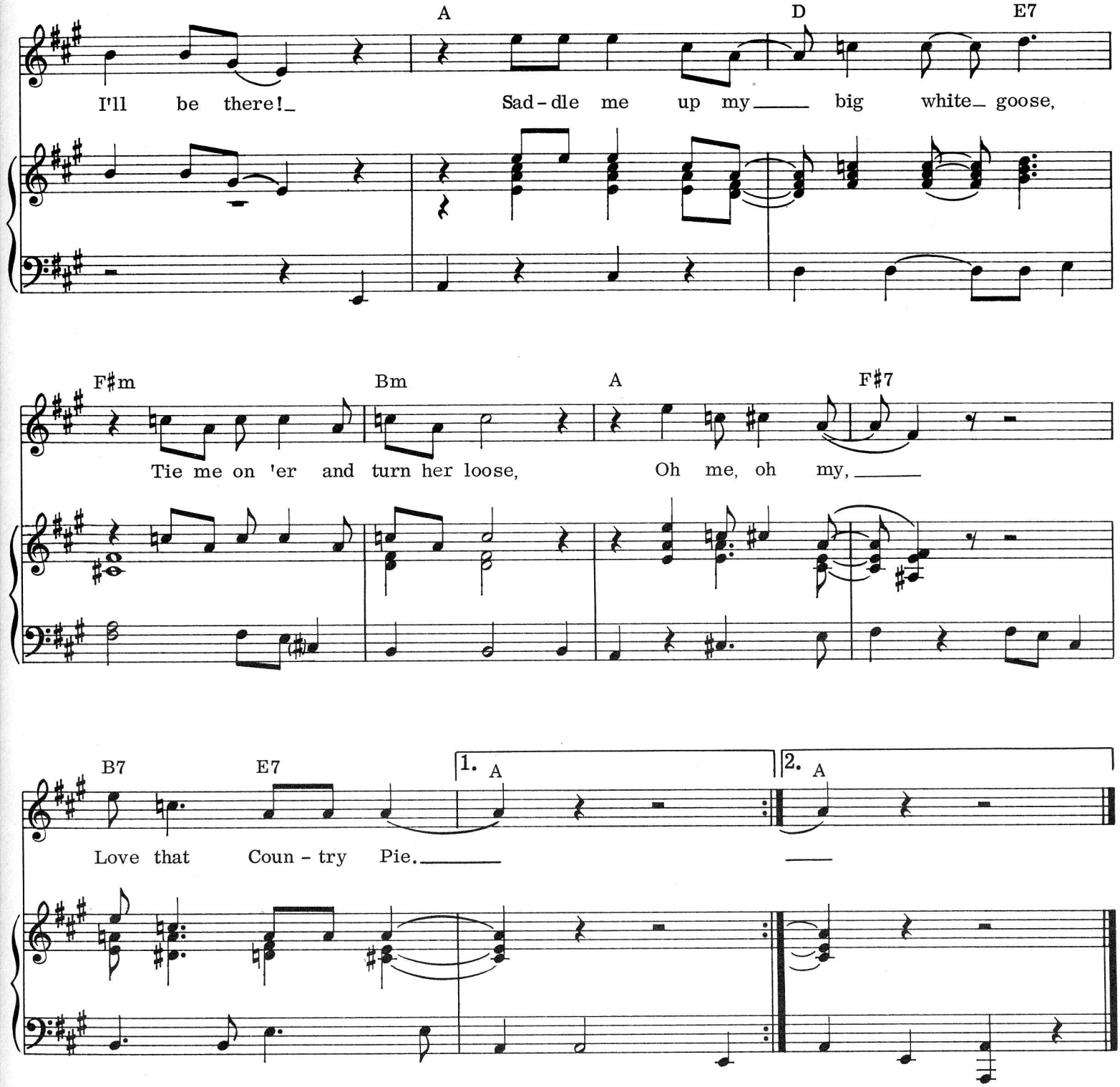

D
E7
F♯m
Bm
fid - dler play,
when he's play - in' till the break of day,
A
F♯7
B7
E7
A
Oh me, oh my,
Love that Coun-try Pie.
C♯7
F♯7
Ras' - ber-ry, straw-ber-ry, lem-on and lime,
What do I care?
B7
E7
Tacet
Blue - ber - ry, ap - ple, cher-ry, pump - kin and plum,
Call me for din-ner, hon - ey,

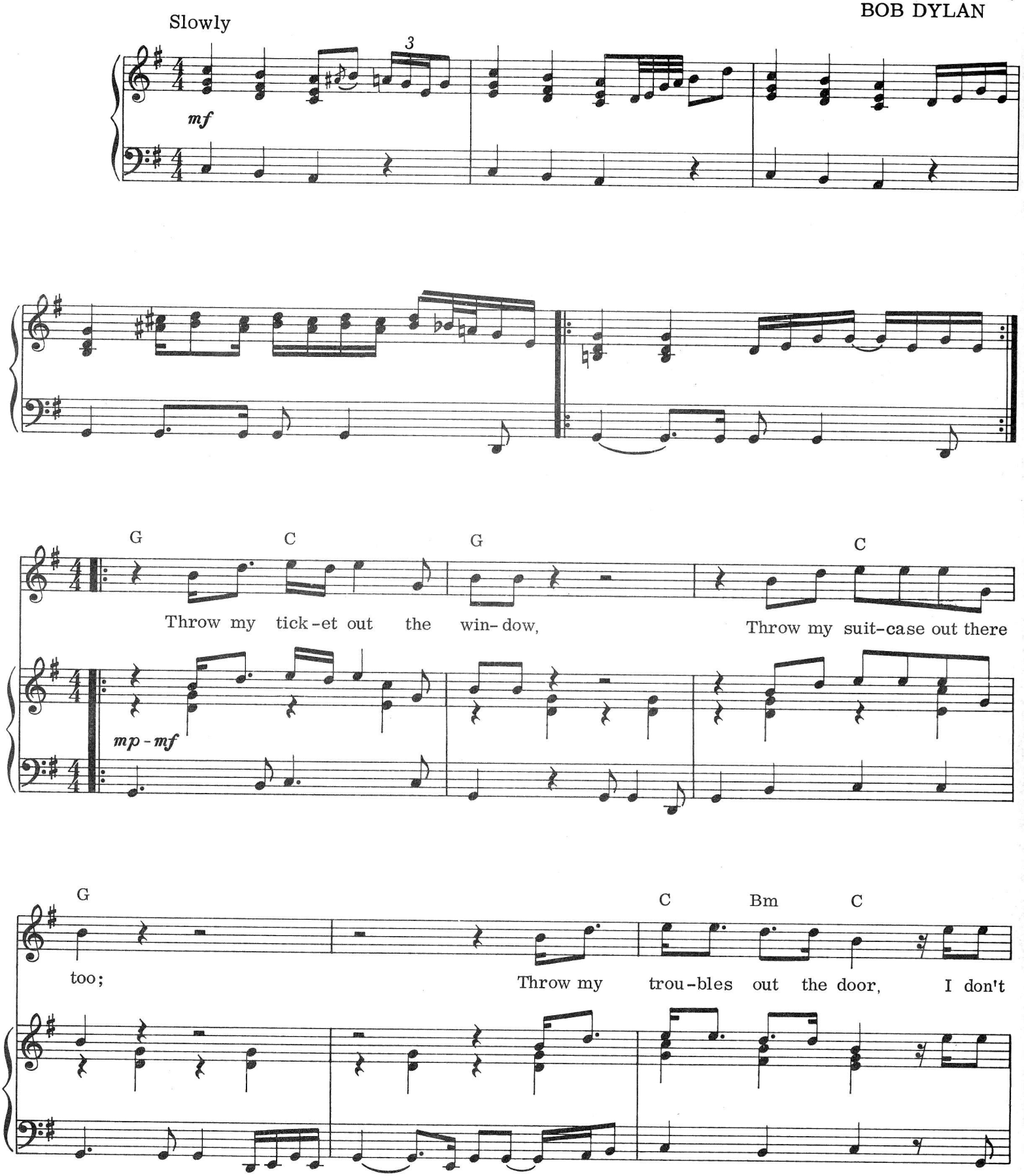


Additional Lyrics (from bridge)

I don't need much and that ain't no lie,
Ain't runnin' any race;
Give to me my Country Pie,
I won't throw it up in anybody's face.
Shake me up that old peach tree,
Little Jack Horner's got nothin' on me;
Oh me, oh my,
Love that Country Pie.

TONIGHT I'LL BE STAYING HERE WITH YOU

Words and Music by
BOB DYLAN



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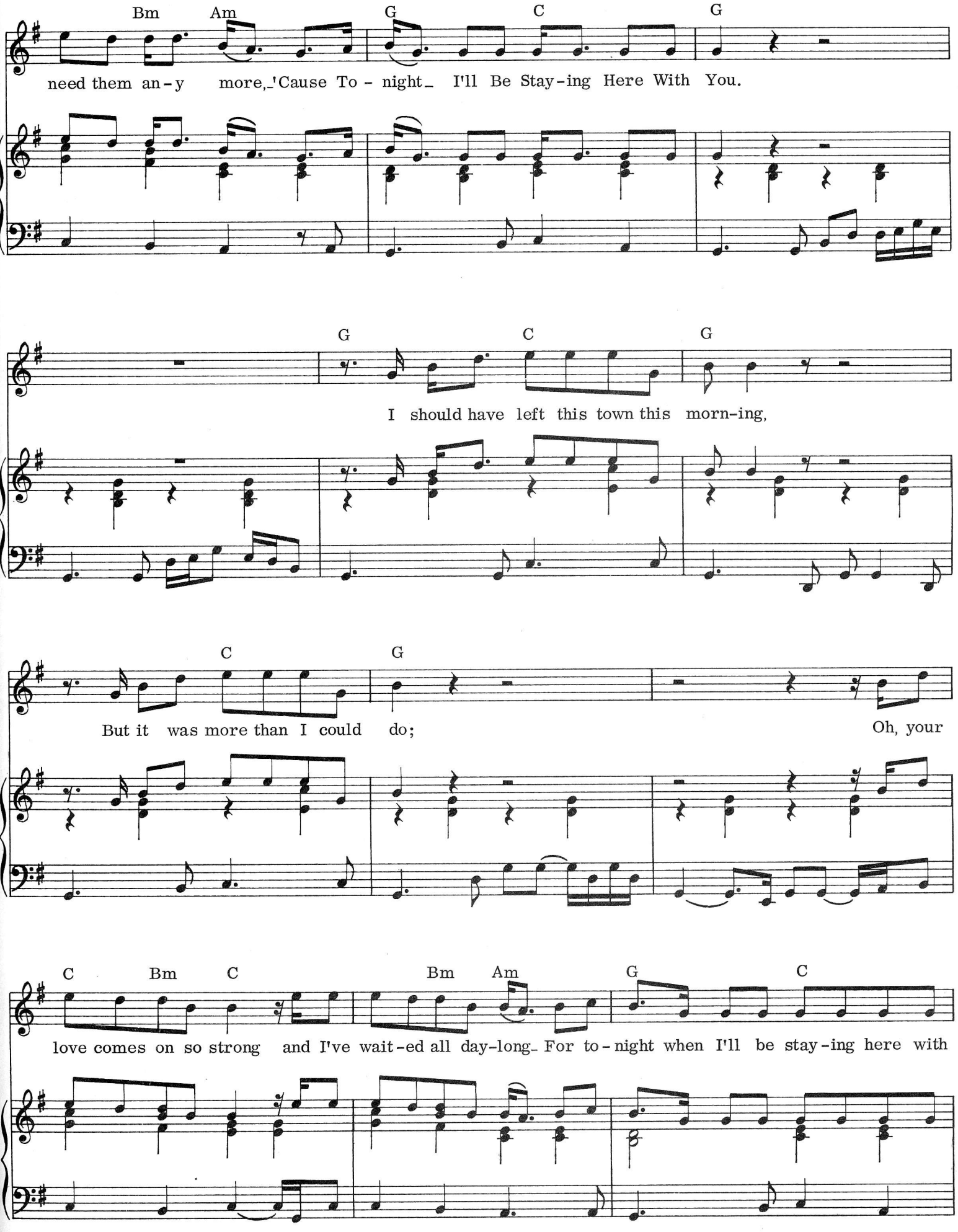
Bm Am G C G
need them an-y more,_'Cause To-night_ I'll Be Stay-ing Here With You.
G C G
I should have left this town this morn-ing,
C G
But it was more than I could do; Oh, your
C Bm C Bm Am G C
love comes on so strong and I've wait-ed all day-long_ For to-night when I'll be stay-ing here with

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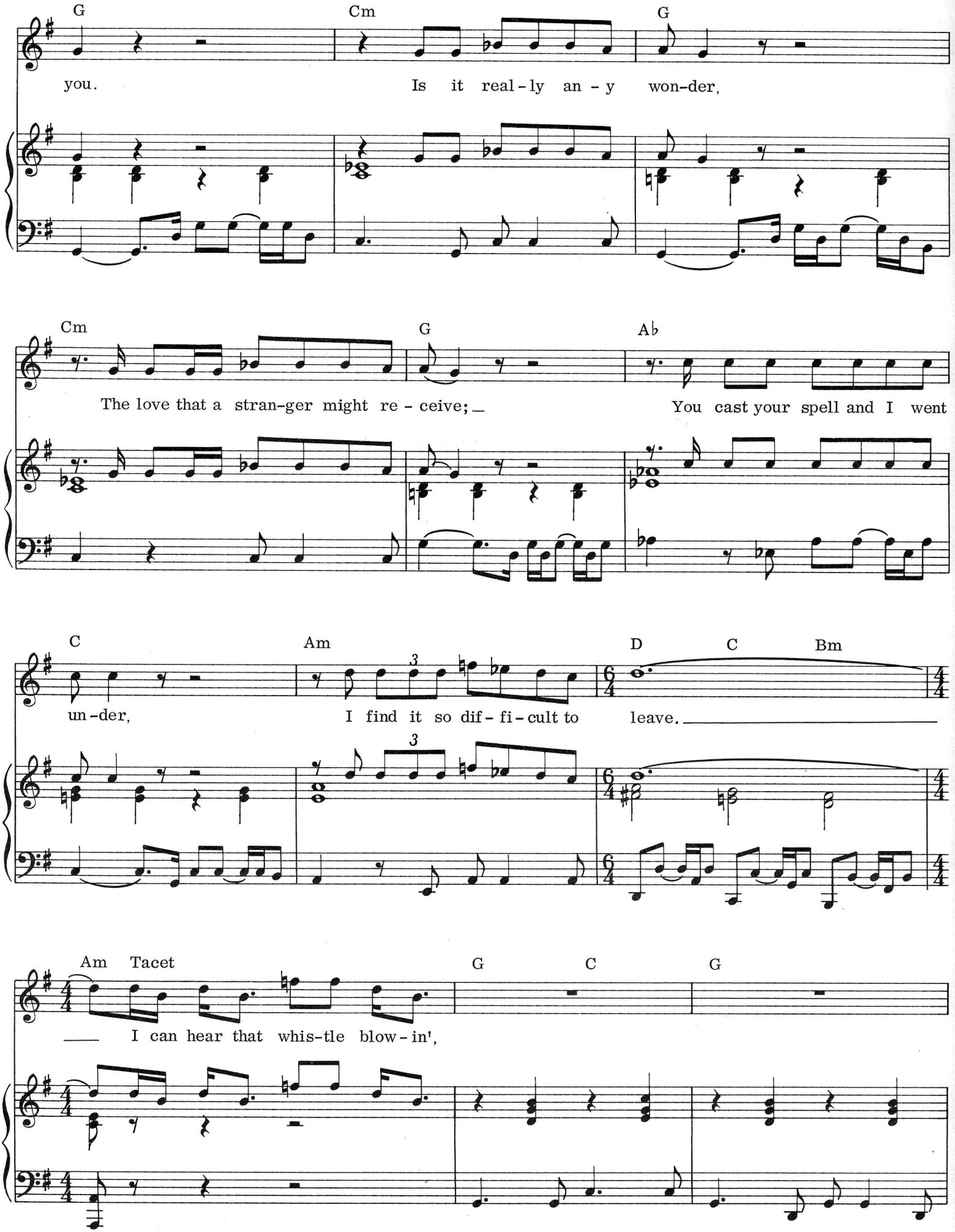
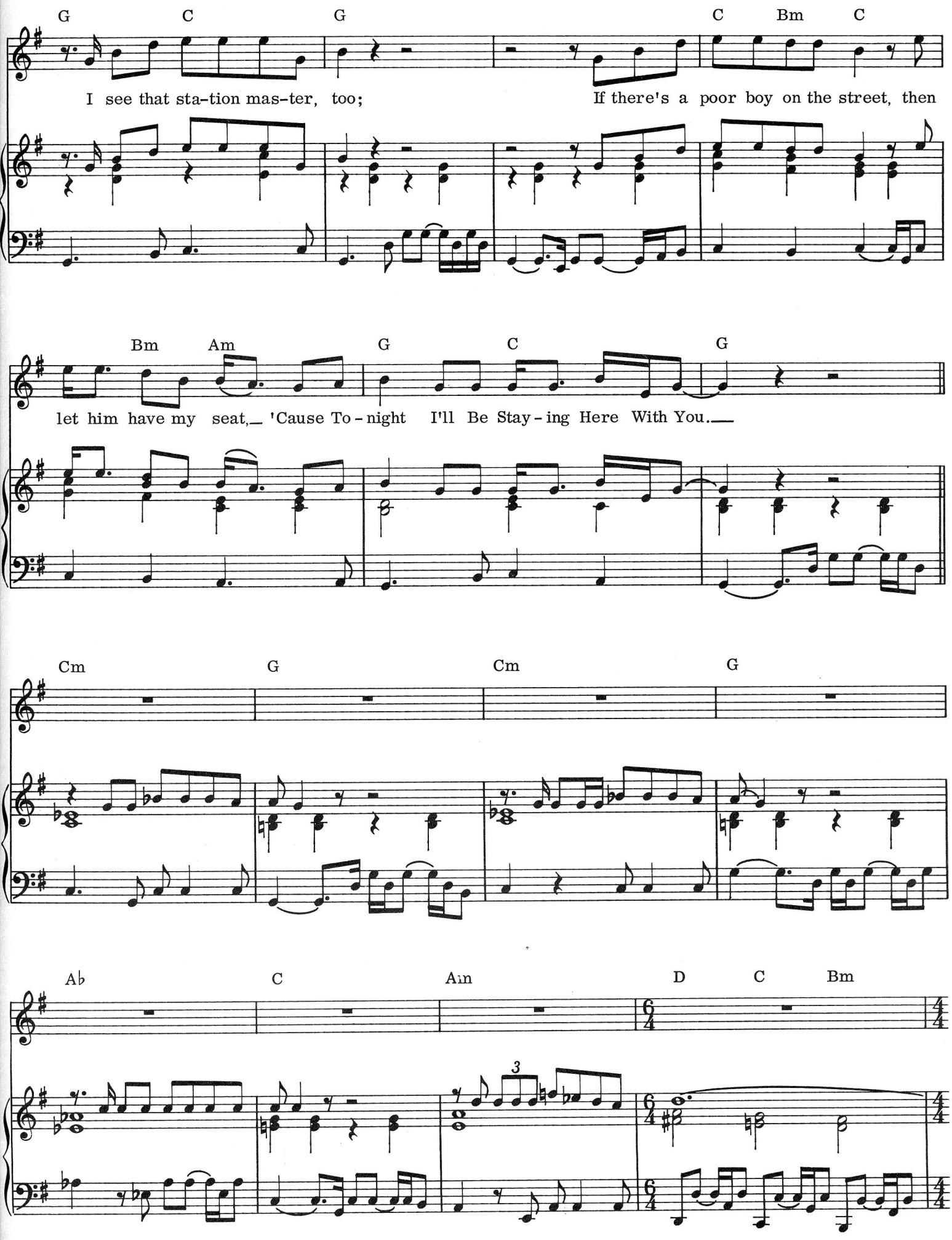

G
Cm
G
you.
Is it real-ly an-y won-der,
Cm
G
Ab
The love that a stran-ger might re-ceive;
You cast your spell and I went
C
Am
D
C
Bm
un-der,
I find it so dif-fi-cult to
leave.
Am
Tacet
G
C
G
I can hear that whis-tle blow-in',


G C G C Bm C
I see that sta-tion mas-ter, too; If there's a poor boy on the street, then
Bm Am G C G
let him have my seat,_ 'Cause To-night I'll Be Stay-ing Here With You.__
Cm G Cm G
Ab C Am D C Bm
3

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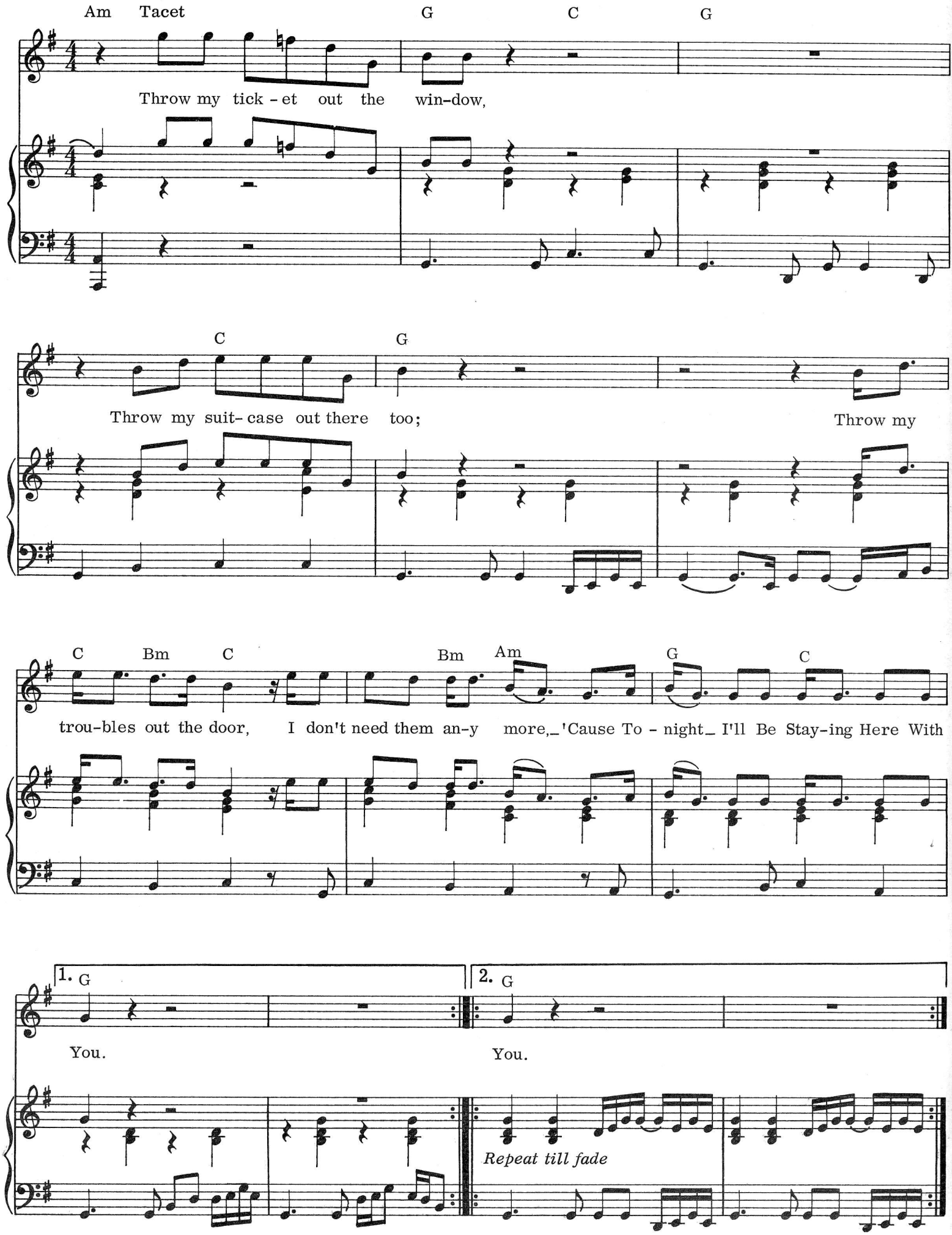
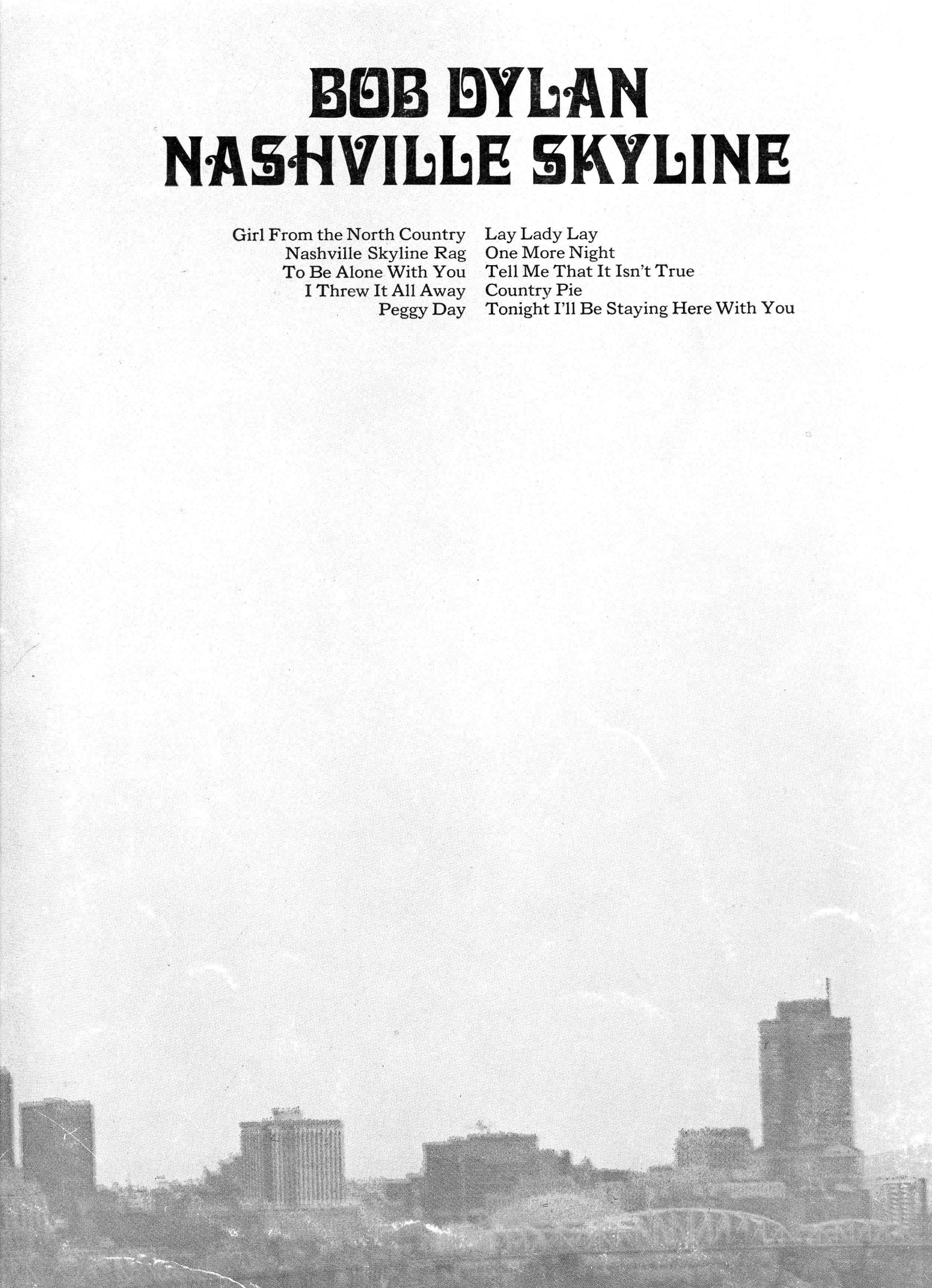

Am Tacet
G
C
G
Throw my tick - et out the win-dow,
C
G
Throw my suit- case out there too;
Throw my
C
Bm
C
Bm
Am
G
C
trou-bles out the door, I don't need them an-y more,_ 'Cause To - night_ I'll Be Stay-ing Here With
1. G
2. G
You.
You.
Repeat till fade

BOB DYLAN
NASHVILLE SKYLINE

Girl From the North Country
Nashville Skyline Rag
To Be Alone With You
I Threw It All Away
Peggy Day
Lay Lady Lay
One More Night
Tell Me That It Isn't True
Country Pie
Tonight I'll Be Staying Here With You