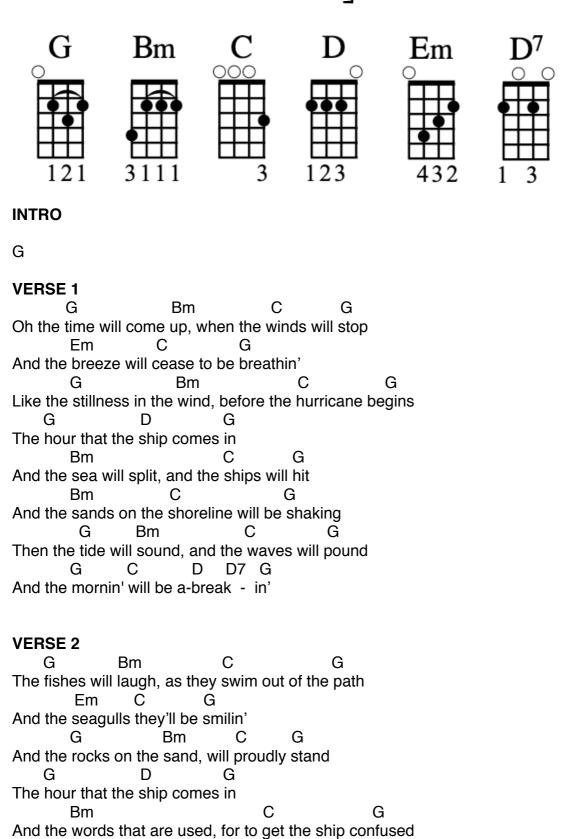


## Bob Dylan



G

Bm

C

Will not be understood as they're spoken G Bm C G
For the chains of the sea, will have busted in the night  G  C  D  D  G
And be buried on the bottom of the ooo - cean
VERSE 3 G Bm C G
A song will lift, as the mainsail shifts  Em C G
And the boat drifts on to the shoreline  G Bm C G
And the sun will respect, every face on the deck  G  D  G
The hour that the ship comes in  Bm C G
Then the sands will roll, out a carpet of gold  Bm C G
For your weary toes to be a-touchin'  G Bm C G
And the ship's wise men, will remind you once again  G  C  D  D7  G
That the whole wide world is wat - chin'
SOLO
G Bm C G Em C G G
G Bm C G G D G G
Bm Bm C G Bm C G G
G Bm C G G C D D7 D6 D G
VERSE 4
G Bm C G Oh the foes will rise, with the sleep still in their eyes
Em C G  And they'll jerk from their beds and think they're dreamin' G Bm C G
G Bm C G But they'll pinch themselves and squeal, and they'll know that it's for real G D G
The hour that the ship comes in  Bm  C  G
And they'll raise their hands, sayin' "We'll meet all your demands"  Bm C G
But we'll shout from the bow "Your days are numbered"  G Bm C G
And like Pharoah's tribe, they'll be drownded in the tide
And like Goliath, they'll be con - quered