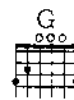


Shelter From The Storm

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Moderately fast



1. 'Twas in an - oth - er life - time One of toil and
word was spoke be - tween us There was lit - tle risk in -
ly I turned a - round and She was stand - in'
dep - u - ty walks on hard nails And the preach - er rides a
lit - tle hill - top vil - lage They gam - bled for my



mf



blood When black - ness was a vir - tue And the road was full of mud,
volved With Ev - 'ry - thing up to that point Had been left un - re - solved,
there sil - ver brace - lets on her wrists And flow - ers in her hair,
mount But noth - ing real - ly mat - ters much It's doom a - lone that counts,
clothes I bar - gained for sal - va - tion An' they gave me a le - tal dose.





I came in from the wil - der - ness A
Try in - ag - in - ing a place Where it's
And the She walked up to me so grace - ful - ly And
I of - fered up my in - no - cence He
And

G  D 

crea-ture void of form
 al-ways safe and warm
 took my crown of thorns
 blows a fu-tile horn
 got re-paid with scorn

"Come in," she said, "I'll give you





G  D  G  D 

Shel-ter from the storm."

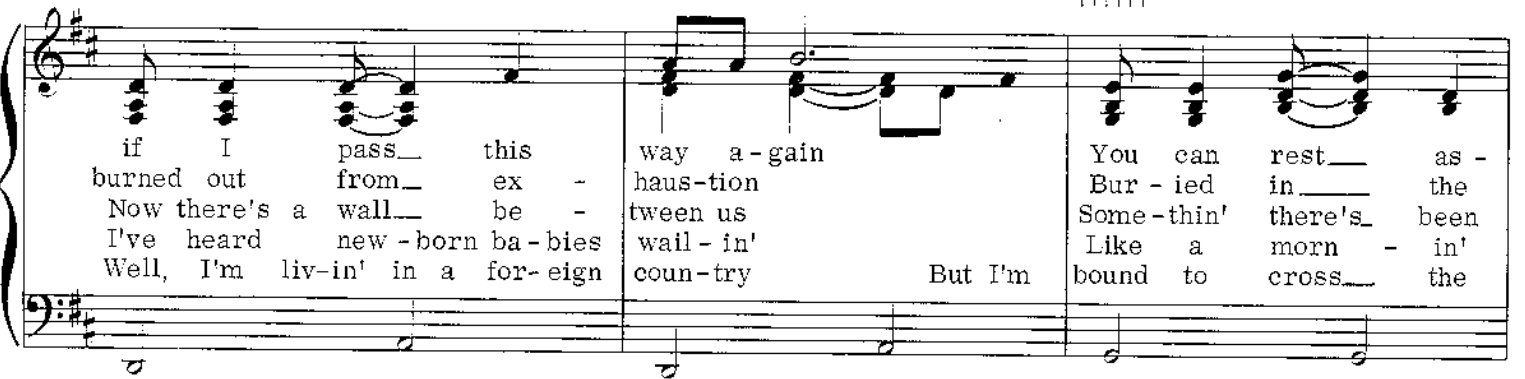
1. And
 2. I was
 3. 4. 5. _____



D  G 

if I pass this way a-gain
 burned out from ex-haus-tion
 Now there's a wall be-tween us
 I've heard new-born ba-bies wail-in'
 Well, I'm liv-in' in a for-ign coun-try

You can rest as-
 Bur-ied in the
 Some-thin' there's been
 Like a morn-in'
 But I'm bound to cross the



D 

sured
 hail I'll
 lost I
 dove
 line

al-ways do my
 Poi-soned in the
 took too much for
 And old men with
 Beau-ty walks a

best for her On
 bush-es An'
 grant-ed
 bro-ken teeth
 ra-zor's edge Some-



G D

that I give my word. In a world of steel-eyed
 blown out on the trail. Hunt-ed like a
 Got my sig-nals crossed. Just to think that it
 Strand-ed with-out love. Do I un-der-stand your
 day I'll make it mine. If I could on-ly turn

G

death and men Who are fight-ing to be warm
 croc-o-dile Rav-aged in the corn
 all be-gan On a long for-got-ten morn
 ques-tion, man Is it hope-less and for-lorn "Come
 back the clock To when God and her were born

D G D

in," she said, "I'll give you Shel-ter from the storm."

1. 2. 3. 4. 5.

G D G D

2. Not a
 3. Sud-den-
 4. Well, the
 5. In a

rit.