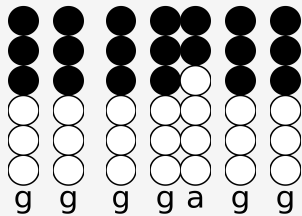


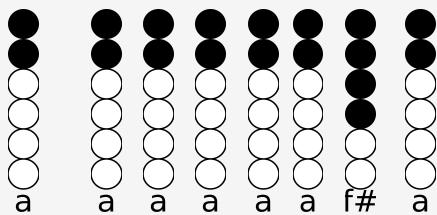
Tin whistle tabs for: Idiot Wind

Categories: Rock

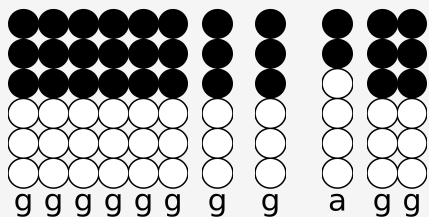
Author/Performer: Bob Dylan



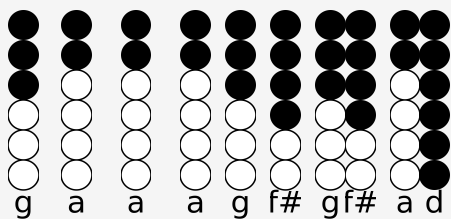
Someone's got it in for me,



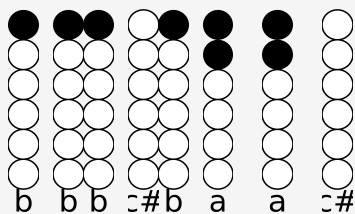
they're planting stories in the press



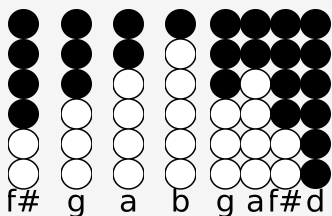
Whoever- it is I- wish they'd cut it out



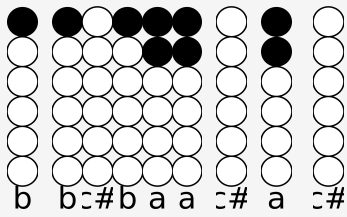
but when they will I can only guess.



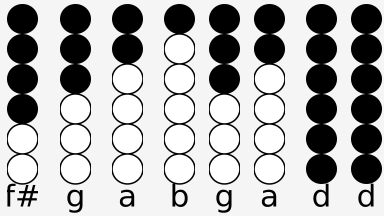
They say I shot a man named Gray



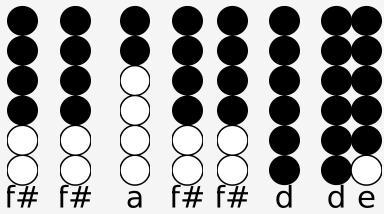
and took his wife to Italy,



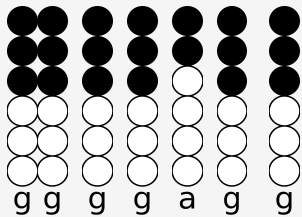
She inherited- a million bucks



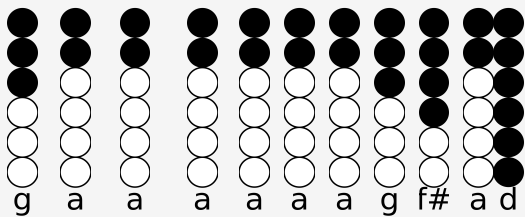
and when she died it came to me.



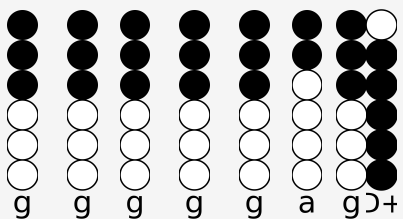
I can't help it if I'm lucky.



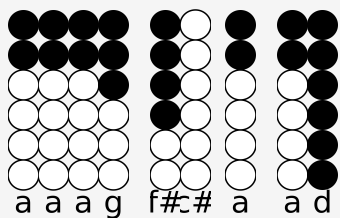
People see me all the time



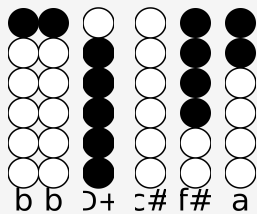
and they just can't remember how to act



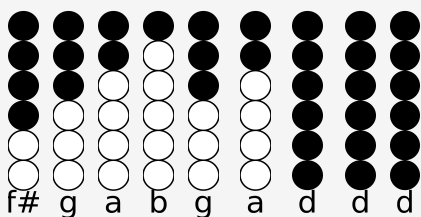
Their minds are filled with big ideas,



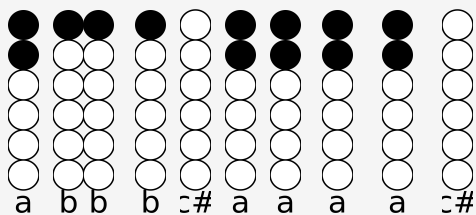
images and distorted facts.



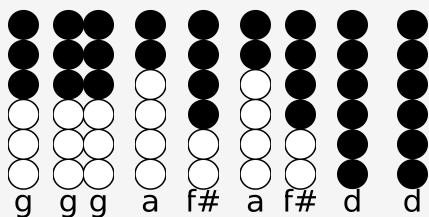
Even- you, yesterday



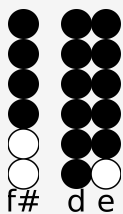
you had to ask me where it was at,



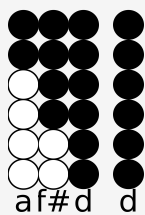
I couldn't believe after all these years,



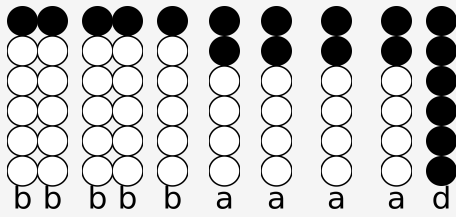
you didn't know me better than that



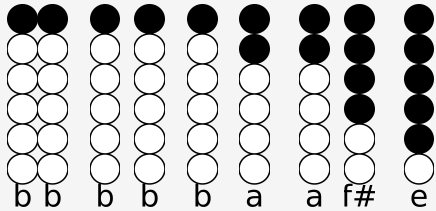
Sweet lady.



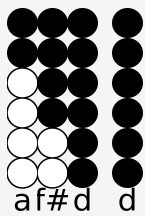
Idiot wind,



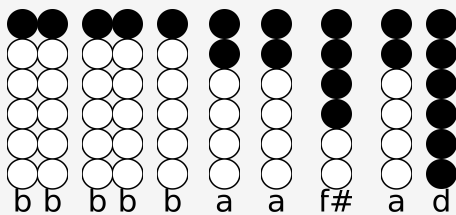
blowing every time you move your mouth,



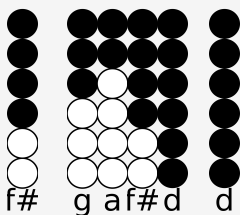
Blowing down the backroads headin' south.



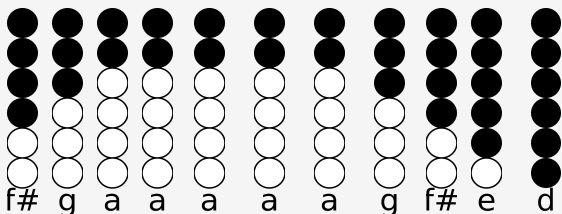
Idiot wind,



blowing every time you move your teeth,



You're an idiot, babe.



It's a wonder that you still know how to breathe.

I ran into the fortune-teller, who said beware of lightning that might strike

I haven't known peace and quiet for so long I can't remember what it's like.

There's a lone soldier on the cross, smoke pourin' out of a boxcar door,

You didn't know it, you didn't think it could be done, in the final
end he won the wars
After losin' every battle.

I woke up on the roadside, daydreamin' 'bout the way things
sometimes are
Visions of your chestnut mare shoot through my head and are makin' me
see stars.

You hurt the ones that I love best and cover up the truth with lies.
One day you'll be in the ditch, flies buzzin' around your eyes,
Blood on your saddle.

Idiot wind, blowing through the flowers on your tomb,
Blowing through the curtains in your room.
Idiot wind, blowing every time you move your teeth,
You're an idiot, babe.

It's a wonder that you still know how to breathe.

It was gravity which pulled us down and destiny which broke us apart
You tamed the lion in my cage but it just wasn't enough to change my
heart.

Now everything's a little upside down, as a matter of fact the wheels
have stopped,
What's good is bad, what's bad is good, you'll find out when you
reach the top
You're on the bottom.

I noticed at the ceremony, your corrupt ways had finally made you
blind

I can't remember your face anymore, your mouth has changed, your eyes
don't look into mine.

The priest wore black on the seventh day and sat stone-faced while the
building burned.

I waited for you on the running boards, near the cypress trees, while
the springtime
turned Slowly into autumn.

Idiot wind, blowing like a circle around my skull,
From the Grand Coulee Dam to the Capitol.
Idiot wind, blowing every time you move your teeth,
You're an idiot, babe.

It's a wonder that you still know how to breathe.

I can't feel you anymore, I can't even touch the books you've read
Every time I crawl past your door, I been wishin' I was somebody else
instead.

Down the highway, down the tracks, down the road to ecstasy,
I followed you beneath the stars, hounded by your memory
And all your ragin' glory.

I been double-crossed now for the very last time and now I'm finally
free,

I kissed goodbye the howling beast on the borderline which separated
you from me.

You'll never know the hurt I suffered nor the pain I rise above,
And I'll never know the same about you, your holiness or your kind of
love,
And it makes me feel so sorry.

Idiot wind, blowing through the buttons of our coats,
Blowing through the letters that we wrote.
Idiot wind, blowing through the dust upon our shelves,
We're idiots, babe.
It's a wonder we can even feed ourselves.

Source: <https://simpletinwhistle.com>