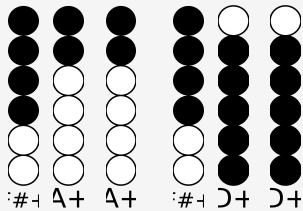


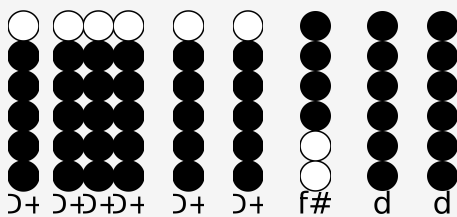
Tin whistle tabs for: Oxford Town

Categories: Folk

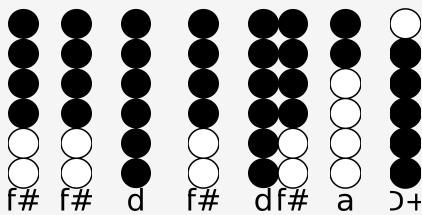
Author/Performer: Bob Dylan



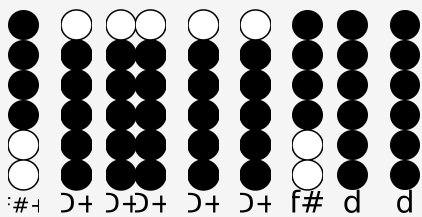
Oxford Town, Oxford Town



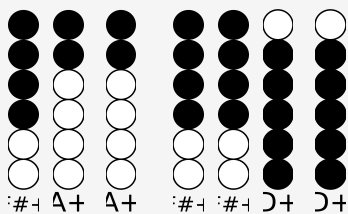
Ev'rybody's got their heads bowed down



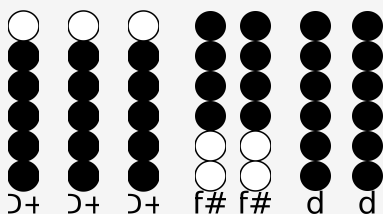
The sun don't shine above the ground



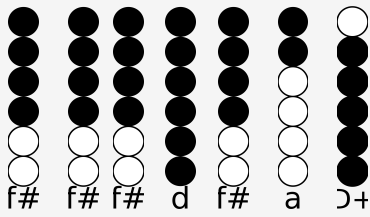
Ain't a-goin' down to Oxford Town



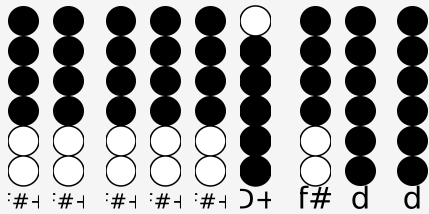
He went down to Oxford Town



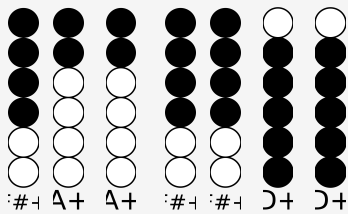
Guns and clubs followed him down



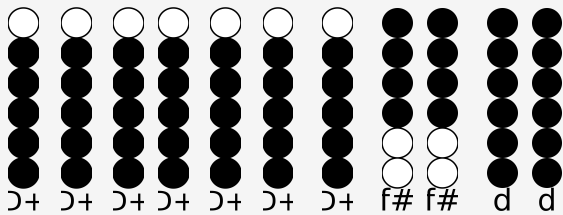
All because his face was brown



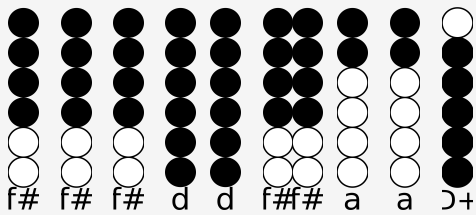
Better get away from Oxford Town



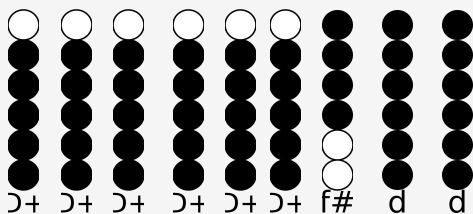
Oxford Town around the bend



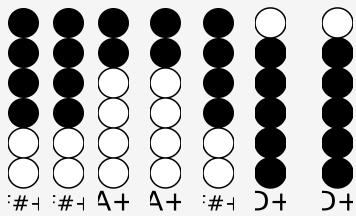
He come in to the door, he couldn't get in



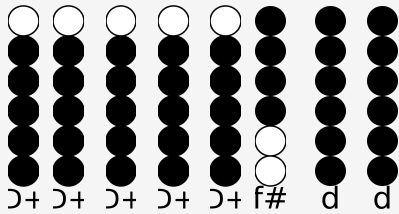
All because of the color of his skin



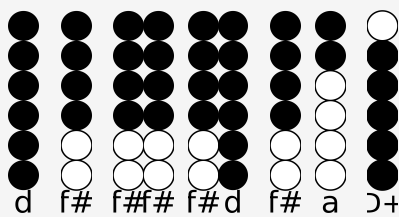
What do you think about that, my frien'?



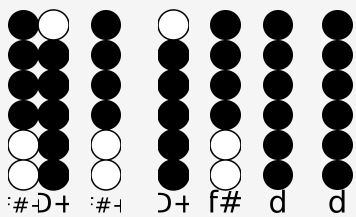
Me and my gal, my gal's son



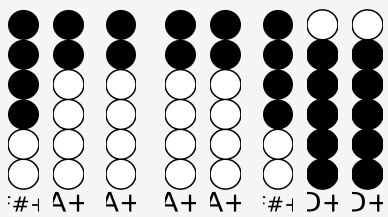
We got met with a tear gas bomb



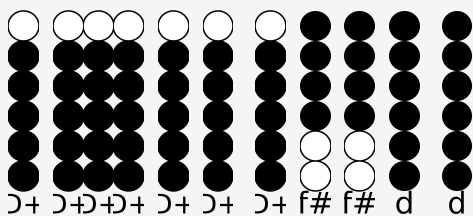
I don't even know why we come



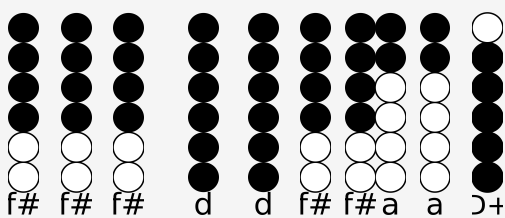
Goin' back where we come from



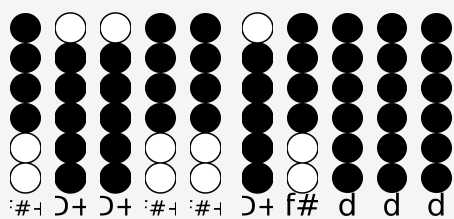
Oxford Town in the afternoon



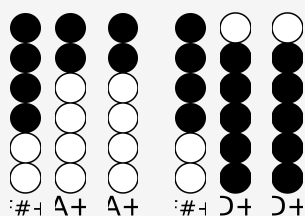
Ev'rybody singin' a sorrowful tune



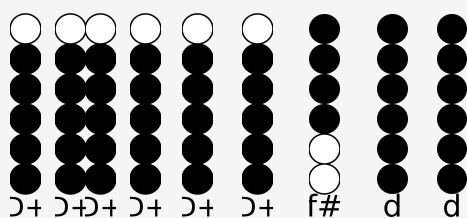
Two men died 'neath the Mississippi moon



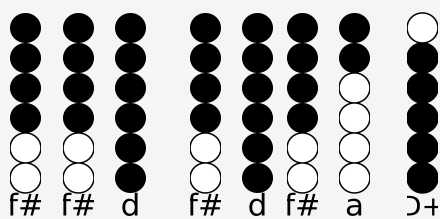
Somebody better investigate soon



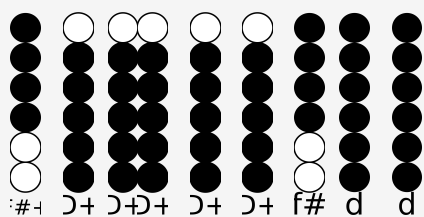
Oxford Town, Oxford Town



Ev'rybody's got their heads bowed down



The sun don't shine above the ground



Ain't a-goin' down to Oxford Town