

# Bob Dylan, Blind Willie McTell

Seen the arrow on the doorpost  
Saying, "This land is condemned  
All the way from New Orleans  
To Jerusalem."  
I traveled through East Texas  
Where many martyrs fell  
And I know no one can sing the blues  
Like Blind Willie McTell  
Well, I heard the hoot owl singing  
As they were taking down the tents  
The stars above the barren trees  
Were his only audience  
Them charcoal gypsy maidens  
Can strut their feathers well  
But nobody can sing the blues  
Like Blind Willie McTell  
See them big plantations burning  
Hear the cracking of the whips  
Smell that sweet magnolia blooming  
(And) see the ghosts of slavery ships  
I can hear them tribes a-moaning  
(I can) hear the undertaker's bell  
(Yeah), nobody can sing the blues  
Like Blind Willie McTell  
There's a woman by the river  
With some fine young handsome man  
He's dressed up like a squire  
Bootlegged whiskey in his hand  
There's a chain gang on the highway  
I can hear them rebels yell  
And I know no one can sing the blues  
Like Blind Willie McTell  
Well, God is in heaven  
And we all want what's his  
But power and greed and corruptible seed  
Seem to be all that there is  
I'm gazing out the window  
Of the St. James Hotel  
And I know no one can sing the blues  
Like Blind Willie McTell