

# Bob Dylan, John Wesley Harding

John Wesley Harding  
Was a friend to the poor  
He trav'led with a gun in ev'ry hand  
All along this countryside  
He opened a many a door  
But he was never known  
To hurt a honest man.

It was down in Chaynee County  
A time they talk about  
With his lady by his side  
He took a stand  
And soon the situation there  
Was all but straightened out  
For he was always known  
To lend a helping hand.

All across the telegraph  
His name it did resound  
But no charge held against him  
Could they prove  
And there was no man around  
Who could track or chain him down  
He was never known  
To make a foolish move.