## Bob Dylan, Kingsport Town

The winter wind is a blowing strong My hands have got no gloves I wish to my soul that I could see The girl I'm a-thinking of

Don't you remember me babe I remember you quite well You caused me to leave old Kingsport Town With a high sheriff on my trail

High sheriff on my trail, boys High sheriff on my trail All because I'm falling for A curly-headed dark-eyed girl

Who's a-gonna stroke your cold black hair And sandy colored skin Who's a-gonna kiss your Menphis lips When I'm out in the wind When I'm out in the wind, babe When I'm out in the wind Who's a-gonna kiss your Memphis mouth When I'm out in the wind

Who's a-gonna walk you side by side
And tell you everything's alright
Who's a-gonna sing to you all day long
And not just in the night
Who's a-gonna walk you side by side
Who's a-gonna be your man
Who's a-gonna look you straight in the eye
And hold your bad luck hand

Hold your bad luck hand, babe Hold your bad luck hand Who's a-gonna hold your hard luck hand And who's a-gonna be your man

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