

# 18 - I Want You

Blonde on Blonde 1966

Bob Dylan

<b>F</b>	<b>Am</b>	<b>Dm</b>	<b>C</b>
---5---5-6p5---5-	---5---5-6p5---5-	---5---5-6p5---5-	---5---5-6p5---5-
---6---6---8---	---5---5---8---	---6---6---8-6-	---8-6p5---
---5---5---7---	---5---5---7---	---7---7---7---	---5---5-7p5---
---7---7---7---	---7---7---7---	---7---7---7---	---7---7---7---
---8---8---8---	---5---5---5---	---5---5---5---	---8---8---8---
---5---5---5---	---5---5---5---	---5---5---5---	---8---8---8---

Variation during the verse:

<b>Bb</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>Dm</b>	<b>C</b>
---6---6---6---	---8---8---8---	---5---5---6p5---	---8-6p5---
---7---7---9-7-9-7/-	---9---9---9---10-9-10-	---7---7---7---	---5---5-7p5---
---8---8---8---	---10---10---10---	---5---5---5---	---8---8---8---
---5---5---5---	---5---5---5---	---5---5---5---	---8---8---8---

<b>F</b>	<b>Am</b>			
The guilty undertaker sighs,	The lonesome organ grinder cries,			
<b>Dm</b>	<b>C+</b>			
The silver saxophones say	I should refuse you.			
<b>Bb</b>	<b>C</b>			
The cracked bells and washed-out horns	Blow into my face with scorn,			
<b>Dm</b>	<b>C+</b>			
But it's not that way,	I wasn't born to lose you.			
<b>F +</b>	<b>Am +</b>	<b>Dm +</b>	<b>C +</b>	<b>F +</b>
I want you,	I want you,	I want you so bad,	Honey, I want you.	

The drunken politician leaps Upon the street where mothers weep  
 And the saviors who are fast asleep, They wait for you.  
 And I wait for them to interrupt Me drinkin' from that broken cup  
 And ask me to Open up the gate for you.  
 I want you, I want you, I want you so bad, Honey, I want you.

<b>Am</b>	<b>Dm</b>	
(Now all my fathers, they've gone down, True love they've been without it.		
<b>Am</b>	<b>Bb</b>	<b>C</b>
But all their daughters put me down 'Cause I don't think about it. )		

Well, I return to the Queen of Spades And talk with my chambermaid.  
 She knows that I'm not afraid To look at her  
 She is good to me And there's nothing she doesn't see.  
 She knows where I'd like to be But it doesn't matter.  
 I want you, I want you, I want you so bad, Honey, I want you.

Now your dancing child with his Chinese suit, He spoke to me, I took his flute.  
 No, I wasn't very cute to him, Was I?  
 But I did it, because he lied Because he took you for a ride  
 And because time was on his side And because I...  
 I want you, I want you, I want you so bad, Honey, I want you (2X)