

KNOCKIN' ON HEAVEN'S DOOR

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Slowly



Ma - ma, take this badge off of me,
Ma - ma, put my guns in the ground,



I can't use___ it an - y more.____
I can't shoot_ them_____ an - y more...



It's get - tin' dark,___ too dark_ for me to see,
That long black___ cloud is___ com - in' down, -





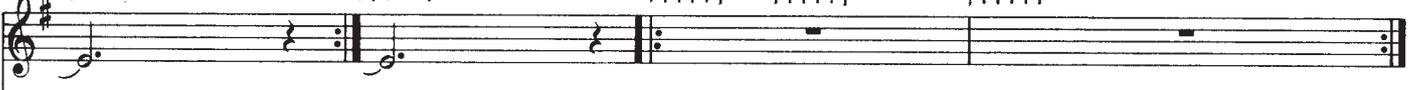
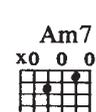
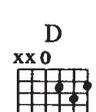
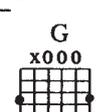
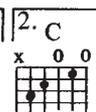
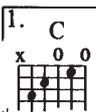
I feel like I'm knock-in' on heav-en's door...
I feel like I'm knock-in' on heav-en's door...}



Knock, knock, knock-in' on heav-en's door, — Knock, knock, knock-in' on heav-en's door, —



Knock, knock, knock-in' on heav-en's door, — Knock, knock, knock-in' on heav-en's door. —



Repeat and fade



SHELTER FROM THE STORM

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately, in 2




1. 'Twas in an - oth - er life - time, one of toil and blood, —
 word was spoke be - tween us, there was lit - tle risk in - volved; —
 ly I turned a - round and she was stand - in' there —
 dep - u - ty walks on hard - nails and the preach - er rides a mount; —
 lit - tle hill - top vil - age they gam - bled for my clothes; —



— when black - ness was a vir - tue and the
 — ev - 'ry - thing up to that point had been
 — with sil - ver brace - lets on her wrists and
 — but noth - ing real - ly mat - ters much, it's
 — I bar - gained for sal - va - tion an' they