

Knocking on heaven's door

(Bob Dylan)

G D a G D C G D a G D C G

1) ^D Mama take this bed just from me, ^{a G}
^D I can't use it anymore. ^{a G}
^D It's getting dark, too dark to see, ^{a G}
^D I feel, I'm knocking on heaven's door. ^{C G}

R. ^D Knock, knock, knocking on heaven's door. ^{a G}
^D Knock, knock, knocking on heaven's door. ^{C G}
^D Knock, knock, knocking on heaven's door. ^{a G}
^D Knock, knock, knocking on heaven's door. ^{C G}

2) ^D Mama put that guns into the ground, ^{a G}
^D I can't shoot them anymore. ^{a G}
^D That long black cloud is comin' down, ^{a G}
^D I feel, I'm knocking on heaven's door. ^{C G}

3) ^D Come take this blood from my face, ^{a G}
^D I'm setting tired under the wall. ^{a G}
^D Got along that feeling is out of brace, ^{a G}
^D I feel, I'm knocking on heaven's door. ^{C G}