

Positively Fourth Street

by Bob Dylan (1965)

G *C* *Cm* *G*
You got a lotta nerve to say you are my friend
G_(1/2) *D_(1/2)* *C_(1/2)* *G_(1/2)* *D* *D*
When I was down you just stood there grinning
G *C* *Cm* *G*
You got a lotta nerve to say you got a helping hand to lend
G_(1/2) *D_(1/2)* *C_(1/2)* *G_(1/2)* *D* *D*
You just want to be on the side that's winning

You say I let you down you know it's not like that
If you're so hurt why then don't you show it
 You say you lost your faith but that's not where it's at
 You had no faith to lose and you know it

I know the reason that you talk behind my back
I used to be among the crowd you're in with
 Do you take me for such a fool to think I'd make contact
 With the one who tries to hide what he don't know to begin with

You see me on the street you always act surprised
You say, "How are you?" "Good luck" but you don't mean it
 When you know as well as me you'd rather see me paralyzed
 Why don't you just come out once and scream it

No, I do not feel that good when I see the heartbreaks you embrace
If I was a master thief perhaps I'd rob them
 And now I know you're dissatisfied with your position and your place
 Don't you understand it's not my problem

I wish that for just one time you could stand inside my shoes
And just for that one moment I could be you
 Yes, I wish that for just one time you could stand inside my shoes
 You'd know what a drag it is to see you