BOB DYLAN
NASHVILLE SKYLINE

SONGS FROM THE COLUMBIA ALBUM (KCS 9825)
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If you're searching for music's imminent horizon, cast your eyes toward Nashville Skyline, but don't look to me to discuss Bob Dylan's new album as if it was the latest collection from Givenchy. Just because signpointer Bob has the power to set a new fashion with the merest tip of his hat, that's no reason to blame him for the mob that rushes in through the doors he opens. Nashville Skyline happens to be the healthiest album to come along in years. That it also happens to be the biggest of Bob's career is only incidental. This is Bob's first confrontation with the sort of freeze-dried success that comes with having an album earn a gold record the day before its release, and yet you can still see kids walking down the street dressed in his 1963 image. Of course, they'll want to boo him for it, not necessarily the same people who booed him at Newport, but the people of the same mentality. Already I hear grumblings from the Underground that this Nashville Skyline means a return to two-colored shoes, but you must understand that this is from critics whose idea of music is to listen to shouts of "Kick out the jams, mother—!" with a strong backbeat of night sticks thudding on long-haired heads. Either you play music or you play revolutionary, in which case you invent a category, call it guerilla rock and run it off as muzak to have riots by. Apparently the Movement would rather have Bob stand still, but then when you put yourself on a steady diet of paranoia you have to swallow the pitfalls. That Nashville Skyline signals an end to the freakout scene must be quite disturbing to professional freaks. As for Bob, there's a good feeling he gets when he goes to Nashville which he's willing to share with you for the price of his album. What's so bad about feeling good? After years of psychic pioneering through the uncharted insanity of our culture, the only way to clear a settlement is with log cabin values. "Love is all there is," sings Bob, "it makes the world go 'round... Love and only love, it can't be denied... No matter what you think about it, you just won't be able to do without it..." Take a tip from one who's tried." If you listen for a message in Bob's songs, you won't be disappointed. His message is, as it always has been, good taste. As Johnny Cash has written in the liner notes of Nashville Skyline, "This man can rhyme the tick of time... "The edge of pain, the what of sane... And comprehend the good in men, the bad in men..."

Nor will I sully your enjoyment of this album by trying to explain it in the context of such contemporary pop artifacts as Yummy, yummy, yummy, the Plaster Casters of Chicago, or those chain store music halls that dish out programs like prepackaged food to the captive clientele at a turnpike Howard Johnson's. Spare me the righteousness of the Underground press and it's Hype Machine, churning out new stars as fast as they can rake in their share of the record companies' advertising budgets. Bob Dylan is as far removed from today's pop scene as the master of the house can be from the ants who feed off his bargain basement. Nashville Skyline has too much of its own presence to compare it to anything else, except perhaps John Wesley Harding, that bridge which Bob had to cross to get from Blonde on Blonde to where he's at now. It's only after you keep reminding yourself that all three albums were recorded in Nashville that you realize Bob didn't have very far to travel to cross that bridge. Where he's at now, of course, also has to do with his fatherhood of four children, and if you can't literally hear them pulling on his F string, scribbling over his lyrics, chewing up his guitar picks and climbing up his pants legs, even as he sings this new collection of songs, why then you're deaf. In an era when people don't blush over sex anymore, they just turn curious yellow, Bob sings love songs that are as wholesome as astronauts and as real as Model T Fords, that first vehicle of America's population explosion. Does a line like "Lay, lady, lay... Lay across my big brass bed" lose any impact because it almost makes you listen for the rustle of kids stirring in their cribs? That Bob has retired from the hustle of the street doesn't mean he's forgotten how to play stick ball. No less a public figure than Jim Morrison, the lead singer of the Doors, has described Nashville Skyline as Bob's most erotic album, but then it isn't Bob's fault that Morrison represents a faction which has become famous for its inability to distinguish the erotic from the romantic. Bob's passion in this album has to do with the kind of magic that can make cobras dance. When Bob sings Lay, Lady, Lay, his performance is so moving that even a 90-year-old can't help but get the point.

As Roger Vaughan, Life magazine's former youth editor, has commented, "The people who put this album down must not dig their old ladies." Now that Bob has carved out his own peaceful homestead, do they want him to be Billy the Kid again? When it comes to psychic marksmanship, don't underestimate you. Don't underestimate your own need much, that ain't no lie," he sings, "ain't runnin' any race... Give to me my country pie, I won't throw it up in anybody's face..." The joke is that Bob may not be running any race, but he has had to run a country mile just to get away from all the people who are. Race? Music has become America's last gold rush, with all the ethics of a pickaxe. To survive, you
But also of Albert B. Grossman. Bob country music as anyone else in our
early days," he says. "I think Dylan was as stern as a gunshot. fnstead, he
encouraged him to go on with his
become the pop music Mecca of the
fes-
cording studios are on the drawing
business today." The extent of this influ-
our time. "I've been a fan of his since
Dylan is one of the greatest singers of
greatest songwriter who ever lived." Pop
is just more proof that Dylan is the
can write for Aretha Franklin or the
Bob came back with a new sound to
write with. Today there are a hun-
dred bands in Woodstock. Three rec-
cards and promoters are planning the
first annual Woodstock Pop Music Fes-
tival, with an expected cumulative au-
dience of 150,000. Woodstock has
become the pop music Mecca of the
East, the home not only of Mohammed
but also of Albert B. Grossman. Bob
couldn't care less. When, after his
motorcycle accident, a friend visited
him to encourage him to go on with his
career, Bob answered with a "No!" that
was as stern as a gunshot. Instead, he
has put the Dylan legend up for grabs.
"If there's a poor boy on the street," Bob
sings, "then let him have my
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Producer Bob Crewe thinks the cover
of the world's leading speculators in
music publishing, Kirshner buys and
sells country catalogues with the same
knowledge that he opens and
closes his drapes. "Dylan has really
captured the country sound," Kirshner
says, "but in a happy, melodic feel. Ife's
office can be measured by the increasing
number of Dylan songs being recorded
in Nashville. Bob's pilgrimmage there
to cut John Wesley Harding at the
height of the psychedelic season not
only brought the same thunderous fol-

classy country purists as Merle Haggard, Flatt & Scruggs and Marty Robbins
played on the big city pop radio
stations.
In return, the country music estab-
ishment's acclaim of Bob is right there
within everybody's earshot, in the
musical tracks laid down for him by Nash-
ville's ranking studio musicians, and in
Bob's rapport with them. For the first
time on any of his albums, he gives his
band an instrumental, Nashville Skyline
Rag, which you can now hear dancing
out windows from development row in
the Franklin Pike Circles of the South-
er suburbs to the clapboard Main
Streets of the South's small towns. As
for his duet with Johnny Cash, singing
Bob's old ballad, Girl From The North
Country, it's obvious that they didn't
spend 15 years rehearsing it, but the
chemistry of the two of them together
produces all the power of a musical
mushroom cloud, with the same raw
beauty. "He don't fool around, Dylan,"
explains entrepreneur Don Kirshner,
pop music's Man With The Golden Ear
And Midas Touch. "He goes right into
the country thing with one of the heavi-
est country stars. And the people he's
working with sound like some of the
best people he's ever worked with. I hear
lots of authority. They've got some
great riffs going. Dylan's country feel
is great. He's got his own influence, even
on the instrumentals, a happy hoe-down
feel, a really light-hearted feel that
shows the different side of Dylan." The
first king of Teen Pan Alley, Kirshner
obviously represents the most commer-
cial markets of the Big City North, but
his acquaintance with Southern
music isn't all that rudimentary. As one
of the world's leading speculators in
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number of Dylan songs being recorded
in Nashville. Bob's pilgrimmage there
waiting for him to show up in a vein right for himself. There's no doubt that he's the most contemporary poet in America. With a simplicity of melody and a simplicity of story and title and very deep meaning.

Not all of Bob's endorsements have been either so unanimous or so effusive. Booker T. Jones, for example, representing Stax/Volt and the Memphis Sound, loves Nashville Skyline as a fresh approach and a change of pace, but, he says, "I'd like to see him return to the old, rough, raw Bob Dylan, with his out-of-sight poetry. It was more contemporary and more soulful." Booker T.'s criticism is respectable, but just what Booker T. says about Bob is exactly what the critics are saying about Booker T.'s MG's and the entire Stax/Volt complex. Certainly Booker T.'s music isn't as old, rough and raw as it was when he first started improvising on the organ, during those lean years before he turned into a singer. If Stax/Volt has gone pop, the reason is that any voice with something real to say instinctively and even guilelessly keeps addressing itself to new and larger audiences. The process is called growing. That's what Bob was doing when he put down his folk guitar and first went electric, and that's what he's doing now, whether he wants to or not. If his singing is sweeter and easy-to-listen-to, the reason is that he's learned how to put out more so that his audience has to work less. Remember Bob's movie, Don't Look Back, with Bob pointing his finger up the nose of a Time magazine reporter and boasting that he could hold a note as long as Caruso? Now that it turns out he can, is he any less a hero?
Raspberry, strawberry, lemon and lime, 
What do I care? 
Blueberry, apple, cherry, pumpkin and plum. 
Call me for dinner, honey, I'll be there.*

These lines from “Country Pie,” one of the ten songs on Bob Dylan's new Columbia album, “Nashville Skyline,” are a kind of declaration of independence, just as the song itself, with its country lyrics and jaunty Nashville sound, illustrates the character of the new record. When Dylan talks of eating pies, all kinds, he means writing songs, all kinds. And when he goes on in the song to say “I ain't runnin' any race,” he seems to be rejecting the musical direction his many admirers have chosen for him in the past or would choose for him in the future.

Like almost every Dylan album, “Nashville Skyline” is full of surprises, perhaps even more than “Another Side of Bob Dylan” in 1964, in which he half turned away from topical protests like “Blowin' in the Wind,” or the shock of 1965’s “Bringing It All Back Home,” when he fused folk and rock and electrified both his instruments and his audience, or last year's “John Wesley Harding,” in which Dylan switched to a series of narrative ballads, simple, mournful and mystical.

This new album is country Dylan, a collection of unaffected and highly tuneful love songs, riding comfortably cushioned on the Nashville sound, which sometimes, as in “To Be Alone With You” or “One More Night,” is pure country and Western, but which for the most part is just a relaxed get-together of expert musicians who seem to know each other—and Dylan’s—moves as if they were playing at the Grand Ole Opry.

Bleat: And just to make his point clear, Dylan starts the album off in a duet with the great country singer Johnny Cash, singing an old Dylan song called “Girl From the North Country.” The blend of Dylan's light voice and Cash's melodicous baritone is such sound in texture and as unassuming as if they happened to meet on the street and burst into song. As a matter of fact, they almost did. When Dylan was asked how this duet with Cash came about, his first reply was, “He happened to be in Nashville at the time.” His follow-up was: “It's a great privilege to sing with Johnny Cash.”

The great charm of the album is in the variety of pretty songs and the ways Dylan, both as composer and performer, has found to exploit subtle differences on a deliberately limited emotional and verbal scale. In the oddly syncopated “Lay, Lady, Lay,” in the mocking musical figures of the plaintive “Tell Me That It Isn't True” and in the bluesy “Tonight I'll Be Staying Here With You,” each melody is distinct and distinctive, the rhythms varied and complex, the music delicately and expressively colored. “Peggy Day” is almost a pastiche of the '30s; its rhythms recall “swing,” and Dylan sings with the kind of lighthearted showmanship that used to come from college bandstands. And if in the songs the words are plain and direct, they do not lack for cunning: “Love to spend the night with Peggy Day,” and later, “Love to spend the day with Peggy Night.”

‘Inner Me:’ Bob Dylan is still staying pretty much out of public sight in Woodstock, N.Y., although he confesses that plans for public appearances are afoot. He expects to appear on Johnny Cash's television show this summer: “Fair is fair,” says Dylan. In his different way, he is apparently pleased with his new album. “These are the type of songs that I always felt like writing when I've been alone to do so,” he says. “The songs reflect more of the inner me than the songs of the past. They're more to my base, than, say, 'John Wesley Harding.' There I felt everyone expected me to be a poet so that's what I tried to be. But the smallest line in this new album means more to me than some of the songs on any of the previous albums I've made."

The base that Dylan refers to is the musicians and the music he knew before he came to New York. “The people who shaped my style were performers like Elvis Presley, Buddy Holly, Hank Thompson.” He sank back on his couch recalling the earlier years, out of which came “Blowin' in the Wind,” “A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall” and “The Times They Are A-Changin’.” Those songs were all written in the New York atmosphere. I'd never have written any of them—or sung them the way I did—if I hadn't been sitting around listening to performers in New York cafés and the talk in all the dingy parlors. When I got to New York it was obvious that something was going on—folk music—and I did my best to learn and play it. I was just there at the right time with pen in hand. I suppose there was some ambition in what I did. But I tried to make the songs genuine.

Among the things that Dylan was willing to say pleased him on the new record were the venturesomeness of the music, the extra and unusual guitar chording, the growing melodic nature of the songs. “I admire the spirit to the music,” he says, “It's got a good spirit.” Good? “Yes, like a good door, a good house, a good car, a good road, a good girl. I feel like writing a whole lot more of them too.”

There are those who do not imitate,
Who cannot imitate
But then there are those who emulate
At times, to expand further the light
Of an original glow.
Knowing that to imitate the living
Is mockery
And to imitate the dead is robbery
There are those
Who are beings complete unto themselves
Whole, undaunted,—a source
As leaves of grass, as stars,
As mountains, alike, alike, alike,
Yet unalike
Each is complete and contained
And as each unalike star shines
Each ray of light is forever gone
To leave way for a new ray
And a new ray, as from a fountain
Complete unto itself, full, flowing.
So are some souls like stars
And their words, works and songs
Like strong, quick flashes of light
From a brilliant, erupting cone.
So where are your mountains
To match some men?
This man can rhyme the tick of time
The edge of pain, the what of sane
And comprehend the good in men, the bad in men
Can feel the hate of fight, the love of right
And the creep of blight at the speed of light
The pain of dawn, the gone of gone
The end of friend, the end of end
By math of trend
What grip to hold what he is told
How long to hold, how strong to hold
And Know
The yield of rend; the break of bend
The scar of mend
I'm proud to say that I know it,
Here-in is a hell of a poet.
And lots of other things
And lots of other things.

Johnny Cash
GIRL FROM THE NORTH COUNTRY

Moderato, gently

1. Well if you're trav-lin' in the north country fair,
   Where the winds hit heavy on the borderline,

Words and Music by
BOB DYLAN

Ab Eb7

10'
2. Well if you go in the snowflake storm
   When the rivers freeze and summer ends,
   Please see she has a coat so warm
   To keep her from the howlin' winds.

3. Please see for me if her hair hangs long,
   If it rolls and flows all down her breast,
   Please see for me if her hair hangs long,
   That's the way I remember her best.

4. I'm a-wonderin' if she remembers me at all,
   Many times I've often prayed
   In the darkness of my night,
   In the brightness of my day,

5. So if you're travelin' in the north country fair,
   Where the winds hit heavy on the borderline,
   Remember me to one who lives there,
   She once was a true love of mine.
NASHVILLE SKYLINE RAG

By
BOB DYLAN

Bright country tempo

\( C \ C/E \ F \ G7 \ C \ C/E \ F \ G7 \ C \ C/E \)
TO BE ALONE WITH YOU

Words and Music by
BOB DYLAN

Moderate Boogie Rock

To Be Alone With You, just you and me,

Now won’t you tell me true, Ain’t that the way it ought-a be?

To hold each other tight the whole night through.

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Ev'rything is always right,
when I'm alone with you.

To Be Alone With You,
at the close of the day,

With only you in view,
while evening slips away.

It only goes to show
that while life's pleasures be few,
The only one I know, is when I'm alone with you.

They say that nighttime is the right time, To be with the one you love.

Too many thoughts get in the way in the day, But you're always what I'm thinking of.

I wish the night were here, bringin' me all of your charms.
When only you are near, to hold me in your arms.

I'll always thank the Lord, when my working day's through,

I get my sweet reward.

To Be Alone With You.

To Be Alone With You.
I THREW IT ALL AWAY

Words and Music by
BOB DYLAN

Slowly

C     Am     F     C
I once held her in my arms,
She said she would always

Am     C
stay.

But I was cruel,

F     G     A      Dm
I treated her like a fool,
I Threw It All Away.

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Once I had mountains in the palm of my hand,
And rivers that ran through every day,
I must have been mad,
I never knew what I had,

Until I threw it all away.

Love is all there is,
I never.
No matter what you think about it, you just won't be able to do without it. Take a tip from one who's tried.

So if you find someone
that gives you all of her love.
Take it to your heart, don't let it stray;
For one thing that's certain, you will surely be a-hurt-in',
If you throw it all away,

If you throw it all away.
PEGGY DAY

Words and Music by
BOB DYLAN

Moderately

F         D7         Gm7         C7         F         D7

Peggy Day——stole my poor heart away——

Gm7         C7         F         D7         Gm7         C7

By gol-ly, what more can I say,——Love to spend the night with Peggy

F         Bb         F         C7         F         D7         Gm7         C7

Day.——Peggy night——makes my future look so——

Z 018

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bright, Man, that girl is out of sight,

Love to spend the day with Peggy night.

ever ev'n before I learned her name. You know I loved her just the same;

An' I tell 'em all wherever I may go, Just so they'll know that
I love her so.

Stole my poor heart away.

Turned my skies to blue from grey.

Love to spend the night with Peggy Day.

Play solo ad lib.
By golly, what more can I say,
Love to spend the night with Peggy Day.

Stole my poor heart away,
Love to spend the night with Peggy Day.

Slow Barrelhouse tempo

Love to spend the night with Peggy Day.
Lay, Lady, Lay

Slowly

Words and Music by

BOB DYLAN

Lay, La-dy, Lay,
lay a-cross my big brass bed;

Lay, La-dy, Lay,
lay a-cross my big brass bed;

What-ev-er col-or(s) you have...
in your mind... I'll show them to you and you'll see them shine...

Stay, Lady, lay across my big brass bed;

Stay, Lady, stay... stay with your man a while.

Until the break of day,
I let me see you make him smile.

His clothes are dirty but his, his hands are clean; And you're the best thing he's ever seen.

Stay, lady, stay, stay with your man a while.

Why wait any longer for the
Why wait any longer for the one you love,
When he's standing in front of you.

Lay, Lady, Lay,
Lay across my brass bed;

Stay, lady, stay,
I long to see you in the morning light,
I long to reach for you stay while the night is still ahead.

I long to see you in the morning light,
I long to reach for you stay while the night is still ahead.

Stay, lady, stay,
in the night.
Stay, lady,
stay while the night is still ahead.
One More Night, the stars are in sight, But to-

night I'm as lonesome as can be, Oh, the

moon is shin-in' bright, light-ing ev'-ry-thing in sight, But to-

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night

C
light will shine on me.

F

G7

C

Oh, it's

shameful and it's sad.

I lost the only pal

I had, I just

C

could not be what she wanted me to be.

I will

F

G

C

could not be what she wanted me to be.

I will

F

G

C

could not be what she wanted me to be.

I will

turn my head up high to that dark and roll-ing sky.

For to-

Z 018

34
I was so mistaken when I thought that she'd be true, I had no idea what a woman in love would do!

Night, I will wait for the light, While the wind blows high above the
tree.
Oh, I miss my darling so, I didn't mean to see her
go.
But tonight no light will shine on me.

(Solo ad lib.)

Em
One More
Night, the moon is shinin' bright And the wind blows high above the tree;
Oh, I miss that woman so I didn't mean to see her go.
But tonight no light will shine on me.
TELL ME THAT IT ISN'T TRUE

Slowly, with a beat

F 3 C Gm F

I have heard rumors all over town.

C Gm F Bb Am

They say that you're planning to put me down;

All I would like you to do,

Is Tell Me That It Isn't True.

C Gm F

They say that you've been seen with some other man.

C Gm F

Z 018

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That he's tall, dark and handsome, and you're holding his hand.

Darlin', I'm counting on you,

Tell Me That It Isn't True.

I know that some other man is holding you tight, It hurts me all over,

Z018
It doesn't seem right.

All of those awful things that I have heard; I don't want to believe them.

All I want is your word. So, darlin', you'd better come through.

Tell Me That It Isn't True.
COUNTRY PIE

Words and Music by
BOB DYLAN

Bright country beat

Just like old Sax-o-phone Joe, when he's got the hogs-head

up on his toe. Oh me, oh my.

love that Country Pie. Listen to the
Ras'ber-ry, straw-ber-ry, lemon and lime,

What do I care?

Oh me, oh my.

Love that Country Pie.

Ras'ber-ry, straw-ber-ry, lemon and lime,

What do I care?

Blue-ber-ry, apple, cher-ry, pump-kin and plum.

Call me for dinner, honey.
I'll be there! Saddle me up my big white goose,

Tie me on 'er and turn her loose, Oh me, oh my, 

Love that Country Pie.

Additional Lyrics (from bridge)
I don't need much and that ain't no lie,
Ain't runnin' any race;
Give to me my Country Pie,
I won't throw it up in anybody's face.
Shake me up that old peach tree,
Little Jack Horner's got nothin' on me;
Oh me, oh my,
Love that Country Pie.
TONIGHT I'LL BE STAYING HERE WITH YOU

Words and Music by BOB DYLAN

Slowly

Throw my ticket out the window,
Throw my suitcase out there too;

G C G C

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need them any more, 'cause tonight I'll be staying here with you.

I should have left this town this morning.

But it was more than I could do;

Oh, your love comes on so strong and I've waited all day-long. For tonight when I'll be staying here with

Z018
Is it really any wonder
The love that a stranger might receive;
I find it so difficult to leave.

I can hear that whistle blowin'.
I see that station master, too; If there's a poor boy on the street, then let him have my seat, 'Cause To-night I'll Be Stay-ing Here With You.
Am Tacet  G C G

Throw my ticket out the window,

C G

Throw my suitcase out there too;

C Bm C Bm Am G C

troubles out the door, I don't need them any more, 'Cause tonight I'll Be Staying Here With

1. G

You.

2. G

You.

Repeat till fade

Z018

48
BOB DYLAN
NASHVILLE SKYLINE

Girl From the North Country
Nashville Skyline Rag
To Be Alone With You
I Threw It All Away
Peggy Day

Lay Lady Lay
One More Night
Tell Me That It Isn’t True
Country Pie
Tonight I’ll Be Staying Here With You