

All Hallows' Eve Bob Dylan and Ron Greene, 8 Oct 2018

4/4

All Hallows' Eve, prepare to grieve.
We ghosts and ghouls are after fools.
You'll have regrets if you stay out late;
Better to be going nowhere

G A_m
C G
G A_m
C G

chorus: Ooo-wee, we're on our way.
Tonight's the night we're out to play.
Ow-ow, you're gonna die,
Maybe in your easy chair

G A_m
C G
G A_m
C G

Moon is full, i'm starting to drool,
Claws growing long, i'm howling my song.
Keep your mind alert for me,
Else you won't be going nowhere

G A_m
C G
G A_m
C G

[chorus]

Fresh new broom; i'm ready to zoom
Into your life to cause you strife.
You'll have no chance to get away,
So don't you be going nowhere

G A_m
C G
G A_m
C G

[chorus]

Hey there, bud. I'll suck your blood,
And what the heck, i'll bite your neck.
Not in that particular order,
But you won't be going nowhere.

G A_m
C G
G A_m
C G

[chorus]

Mask in place to hide my face;
Machete's sharp. I hate to harp,
But you'd be wise to stay inside
Else your pieces will be going nowhere.

G A_m
C G
G A_m
C G

[chorus]

If it don't rain, i'll eat your brain;
And then you'll droop and join our troop.
We'll wander far and wide tonight,
And you can't hide nowhere.

G A_m
C G
G A_m
C G

[chorus]

Repeat 1st verse