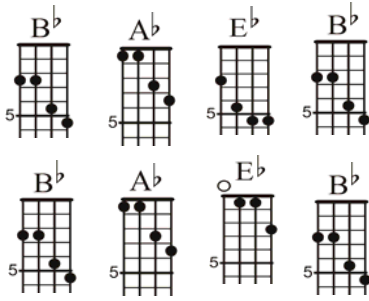


Isis

words by Bob Dylan and Jacques Levy | music by Bob Dylan • Desire
mandolin chord arrangement by John Tauxe • 20 Feb 2024 <https://mando.tauxe.net>



VERSES

| B^b | A^b | E^b | B^b
I married Isis on the fifth day of May,
| B^b | A^b | E^b | —
But I could not hold on to her very long.
| B^b | A^b | E^b | B^b
So I cut off my hair and I rode straight away
| B^b | A^b
For the wild unknown country
| E^b | B^b
where I could not go wrong.

I came to a high place of darkness and light.
Dividing line ran through the center of town.
I hitched up my pony to a post on the right.
Went in to a laundry to wash my clothes down.

A man in the corner approached me for a match.
I knew right away, he was not ordinary.
He said "Are you looking for
something easy to catch?"
Said "I got no money." He said "That ain't
necessary."

We set out that night, for the cold in the North.
I gave him my blanket, and he gave me his word.
I said "Where are we going?"
He said we'd be back by the fourth.
I said "That's the best news that I've ever heard."

I was thinking about turquoise,
I was thinking about gold.
I was thinking about diamonds,
and the world's biggest necklace.
As we rode through the canyons,
through the devilish cold
I was thinking about Isis –
how she thought I was so reckless.

How she told me that one day
we would meet up again,
And things would be different the next time we wed,
If I only could hang on and just be her friend.
I still can't remember all the best things she said.

We came to the pyramids, all embedded in ice.
He said "There's a body I'm trying to find.
If I carry it out it'll bring a good price."
'Twas then that I knew what he had on his mind.

The wind it was a-howlin',
and the snow was outrageous!
We chopped through the night,
and we chopped through the dawn.
When he died, I was hopin' that it wasn't contagious,
But I made up my mind that I had to go on.

I broke into the tomb, but the casket was empty.
There was no jewels, no nothing! I felt I'd been had,
When I saw that my partner was just being friendly.
When I took up his offer I must have been mad.

I picked up his body and I dragged him inside.
Threw him down in the hole, and I put back the cover.
I said a quick prayer, then I felt satisfied.
Then I rode back to find Isis, just to tell her I love her.

She was there, in the meadow,
where the creek used to rise.
Blinded by sleep, and in need of a bed.
I came in from the East, with the sun in my eyes.
I cursed her one time, then I rode on ahead.

She said "Where you been?"
I said "No place special."
She said "You look different."
I said "Well... I guess."
She said "You been gone."
I said "That's only natural."
She said "You going to stay?"
I said "If you want me to, yes."

Isis, oh, Isis, you mystical child,
What drives me to you is what drives me insane.
I still can remember the way that you smiled
On the fifth day of May in the drizzling rain.