

1. It's bringing me down, I'm running aground, Blind in the light of the interstate cars Passing me by, the busses and semi's, Plunging like stones from a slingshot on Mars But I'm here by the road, bound to the load That I picked up in ten thousand cafes and bars Alone with the rush of the drivers who won't pick me up The highway, the moon, the clouds, and the stars Black throated wind, keeps on pouring in With its words of a life where nothing is new Ah, mother A-merican night, I'm lost from the light How, I'm drowning in you [Intro] 3. Now what's to be found racing around. You carry your pain wherever you go All full of the blues, tryin' to lose Von ain't gonna loorn what you den't wanne know. 2. Now, I left St. Louis, city of blues, in the midst of a storm I'd rather forget I tried to pretend it came to an end Cause you weren't the woman I once thought I'd met Where I never had doubts or thoughts of regret And I was a man when all this began Who wouldn't think twice about being there yet Black throated wind, whispering sin And speaks of a life that passes like dew It's forced me to see you've done better by me Better by me than I've done by you [Intro Mod] Black throated wind, keeps on pouring in With its words of a lie that could almost be true Ah, mother American night, here comes the light I'm turning around, that's what I'm gonna do
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All full of the blues, tryin' to lose Ah, mother American night, here comes the light
I TUILAHI ESUHHA IEATH WHAL VUILUUH EWAHHA KHUW
Going back home that's what I'm gonna do.
So I give you my eyes, and all of their lies
Please help them to learn as well as to see
And capture a glance, and make it dance Turning around, that's what I'm gonna do
Of looking at you, looking at me Going back home that's what I'm gonna do.
'Cause you've done better by me than I've done by you
Whoah, I'm drowning in you
Whoah, I'm drowning in you
Turning around, that's what I'm gonna do
Going back home that's what I'm gonna do.

12/14/2013



BLACK THROATED WIND

70bpm

Intro: E -- Esus4 – E----E7 Strat phase tone throughout

T	ı		
Bob	1.5/8.5/8	1 1	
	-6/76/7		or -Ace
-0	8/99\7-	-3/5-3/5-\3	
-12 14	- <u>6</u> /7 <u>6</u> /7	% %	<u>0</u> n1- <u>0</u> n1- 0-1h2 0h2
-2 2	<u>8</u> /9-9-9\7-	% % % -4/ <u>6</u> -4/ <u>6</u> -\4- <u></u> % -11	0-1h2 0h2
-22 25		-1r	h <u>2</u> -1h <u>2</u> -2
-0-/-/0 0&			
	"Bob" Chord		
E	<u> </u>		
1. It's bringing me down,	Blind in the		
F#m	A	- <u>3</u> - <u>-</u>	9- <u></u>
	 	5/ <u>6</u>	0h1-0h1~~
I'm running aground,	light of the interstate	-2h3h4- 7/ - <u>9</u> -	
	E Esus4 -		
	cars	-DA -E-	
-2/4			
F#m			
E	1	\mathbf{D} A	
Passing me by,	 	Plunging like stones	&
F#m	5b <u>7</u> -5- <u>2</u>	from a slingshot on	
the busses and semi's,		E	
the busses and semi s,	-2-3h - <u>4</u>		
		Mars	-6/7 7- <u>9</u>
	-F#m		-D- A6/ <u>7</u>
A A7		0.11/10 10 /0 5 5	0 6/8 1
But I'm here by the road,	5/	9-11/12- -10/975\-	-26/7 Ace -3 -8/99-10p99-
D C#m Bm A			-39- <u>10</u> p99-
bound to the load	-0h1- -5/66/77/9	<u>9</u> 11/ <u>12</u> - - <u>11</u> / <u>9</u> <u>7</u> <u>6</u> \-	- <u>4</u> - <u>-</u> -6/ <u>7</u> - <u>-</u> - 11
			-8/ <u>9</u> 8/ <u>9</u>
Bm			-3
That I picked up in		D	- -Bmten -bars-112-1
E			
ten thousand cafes and bars			
ch mousana cares ana bars			



A A7 Alone with the rush of the drivers who D C#m Bm A won't pick me up Bm E The highway, the moon, the clouds, and the stars	-5-7-9-12- -10-/9-7-5\- -26/7 -3 -6-7-9-12- -11-/9-7-6\- -46/7
D C#m A Black throated wind, keeps on pouring in Em C A With its words of a life where nothing is new	

D	C#m	A	Em	A		
Ah, mother A	-merica	an nigl	ht, I'm lost	from the light		
G D		\mathbf{A}				
How, I'm drov	wning i	n you				
						-SYF-Jer
						<u>8</u> -/10
-7-7-6-6						6- <u>-</u> 6
-7-7-6-7		6/ <u>7</u> - <u>7</u>	-6p5	- <u>5</u> 7- <u>10</u> p9	9-7- -7-	-7p <u>5</u>
						7
-D-C#m-A	-E	A		-GD	-A-	A
						58-8-8-8-8-10-
						5h69-9-9-9-9-9-
						-Bob9/27/72
						•

Intro repeat

12/14/2013



			D A	E	
		-	in the midst of a storm I'd rather i		
		-	E F#	_	
:	4b <u>6</u> -4-2-4-b <u>6</u> r4-2	-			
		- -4-	I tried to pretend it came to an end	0.	.
- <u>0</u> -1h2		-	D A		E
		- -u-	Cause you weren't the woman I or	ice thought	I'd met
\mathbf{E}					
2. Now, I left St. Louis, city of					
F#m					
blues,					
But I can't deny, that times have go	one by				
Where I never had doubts or though	•	[Intro Mod	i]		
And I was a man when all this bega	, ,				
Who wouldn't think twice about be		-9-9	-12\9- <u>-</u> -9-9p7		
Wild Wouldn't tillink twice about be	ing there yet		<u>9</u> -9\7- %		
Plack threated wind whichering gi	'n	- <u>9</u> - <u>9</u>	9 % 		
Black throated wind, whispering sin		-SYF			
And speaks of a life that passes like		1 222	1 1		
It's forced me to see you've done be	•				
Better by me than I've done by you	I				
3. Now what's to be found racing an	round.				
You carry your pain wherever you	go	You ain't g	onna learn what you don't wanna k	now	
All full of the blues, tryin' to lose					
, ,		- <u>10</u> -14- <u>1</u> 7	7-16-15- <u>16</u> h17 <u>16</u> -17p16		
-lose			<u>7</u> -16-15- <u>16</u> h17 <u>16</u> -17p16 <u>16</u> -17-		
		1			
-F#m9-10		I			
9- <u>10</u> h11					
- <u>12</u> -11-9- <u>-</u> -11-12		-D-10u		l	
-SYF					
				G	D
So I give you my eyes, and all of the		,	keeps on pouring in	Going bac	ck home that's what I'm
Please help them to learn as well as			that could almost be true	A	
And capture a glance, and make it	dance Ah, mothe	er American	night, here comes the light	gonna do.	
Of looking at you, looking at me	I'm turnir	ig around, th	nat's what I'm gonna do		



Outro G D Turning around, that's what A I'm gonna do Going back home that's what I'm gonna do.	-0- -0-
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'Cause you've done better by me than I've done by you Whoah, I'm drowning in you Whoah, I'm drowning in you Turning around, that's what I'm gonna do Going back home that's what I'm gonna do.

First performance: March 5, 1972 at Winterland, San Francisco. "Black-Throated Wind" appeared in the number two spot in the first set, following "Bertha" and preceding "Mr. Charlie". It was played fairly regularly up until 1974, then dropped from the repertoire until March 16, 1990. It remained something of a concert rarity, as Weir and Barlow experimented with a new set of words for awhile, eventually returning to the original lyrics.

12/14/2013