

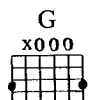
# Knockin' On Heaven's Door

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Slowly



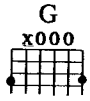
Ma - ma, take this badge off of me,  
Ma - ma, put my guns in the ground,



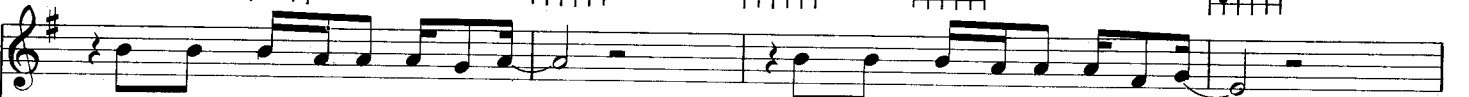
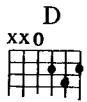
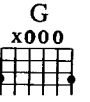
I can't use\_\_ it an - y more...  
I can't shoot\_ them\_\_\_ an - y more...



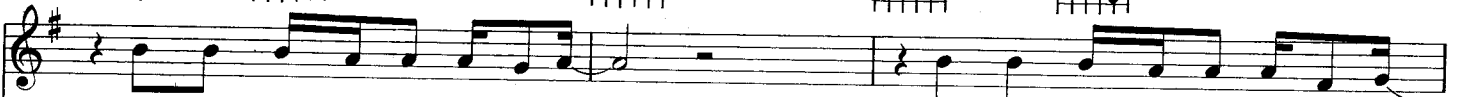
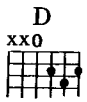
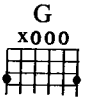
It's get - tin' dark,\_\_\_ too dark\_ for me to see,  
That long black\_\_\_ cloud is\_\_\_ com - in' down,\_\_\_



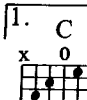
I feel like I'm knock-in' on heav-en's door... }  
I feel like I'm knock-in' on heav-en's door... }



Knock, knock, knock-in' on heav-en's door, — Knock, knock, knock-in' on heav-en's door, —



Knock, knock, knock-in' on heav-en's door, — Knock, knock, knock-in' on heav-en's door, —



Repeat and fade

