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Disc 1 55.13

1. Intro 0.46
2. Duncan And Brady 3.32
3. The Times They Are A-Changin' 5.35
4. It's Alright, Ma (I'm Only Bleeding) 7.23
5. Delia 6.25
6. Tangled Up In Blue 8.31
7. Searching For A Soldier's Grave 2.51
8. Country Pie 2.28
9. Standing In The Doorway 7.19
10. Stuck Inside Of Mobile With
The Memphis Blues Again 7.22

Disc 2 60.45

1. Tell Me That It Isn't True 3.38
2. The Wicked Messenger 3.44 *w. harmonica*
3. Rainy Day Women #12 & 35 4.49
4. Things Have Changed 5.18
5. Like A Rolling Stone 6.52
6. Don't Think Twice, It's All Right 6.02
7. Man Of Peace 3.50
8. Forever Young 5.51
9. Highway 61 Revisited 5.33
10. Blowin' In The Wind 4.40



- DUBLIN, IRELAND
- ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND
- GLASGOW, SCOTLAND
- NEWCASTLE, ENGLAND
- BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND
- SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND
- CARDIFF, WALES
- PORTSMOUTH, ENGLAND
- ROTTERDAM, NETHERLANDS
- HAMBURG, GERMANY
- FRANKFURT, GERMANY
- MUNSTER, GERMANY
- BRUSSELS, BELGIUM
- PARIS, FRANCE
- LONDON, ENGLAND

DELIA

Delia was a gambling girl, gambled all around,
Delia was a gambling girl, she laid her money down.
All the friends I ever had are gone.

Delia's dear ol' mother took a trip out West,
When she returned, little Delia gone to rest.
All the friends I ever had are gone.

Delia's daddy weeped, Delia's mamma moaned,
Wouldn't have been so bad if the poor girl died at home.
All the friends I ever had are gone.

Curtis' looking high, Curtis' looking low,
He shot poor Delia down with a cruel forty-four.
All the friends I ever had are gone.

High up on the housetops, high as I can see,
Looking for them rounders, looking out for me.
All the friends I ever had are gone.

Men in Atlanta, tryin' to pass for white,
Delia's in the graveyard, boys, six feet out of sight.
All the friends I ever had are gone.

Judge says to Curtis, "What's this noise about?"
"All about them rounders, Judge, tryin' to cut me out."
All the friends I ever had are gone.

Curtis said to the judge, "What might be my fine?"
Judge says, "Poor boy, you got ninety-nine."
All the friends I ever had are gone.

Curtis' in the jail house, drinking from an old tin cup,
Delia's in the graveyard, she ain't gettin' up.
All the friends I ever had are gone.

Delia, oh Delia, how can it be?
You loved all them rounders, never did love me.
All the friends I ever had are gone.

Delia, oh Delia, how can it be?
You wanted all them rounders, never had time for me.
All the friends I ever had are gone.

THE WICKED MESSENGER

There was a wicked messenger
From Eli he did come,
With a mind that multiplied
The smallest matter.
When questioned who had sent for him,
He answered with his thumb,
For his tongue it could not speak, but only flatter.

He stayed behind the assembly hall,
It was there he made his bed,
Oftentimes he could be seen returning.
Until one day he just appeared
With a note in his hand which read,
"The soles of my feet, I swear they're burning."

Oh, the leaves began to fallin'
And the seas began to part,
And the people that confronted him were many.
And he was told but these few words,
Which opened up his heart,
"If ye cannot bring good news, then don't bring any."