

bob dylan - Masters Of War

~From: jgladman[at]uoguelph.ca (Julie R Gladman)
 corrected lyrics: "Benjamin L. Weiss" <weis0010[at]gold.tc.umn.edu>

This is my approximation of how this song is played:

Masters of War -- Bob Dylan

Am Am7 Am

Am Am Am7 Am

Come you masters of war

Am Am Am7 Am

You that build the big guns

Am Am Am7 Am

You that build the death planes

Am Am Am7 Am

You that build all the bombs

Am Am Am7 Am

You that hide behind walls

Am Am Am7 Am

You that hide behind desks

Am C G F Am Am7 Am

I just want you to know I can see through your masks

And the song just continues in that vein for the rest of the verses:

You that never have done nothin' but build to destroy
 You play with my world like it's your little toy
 You put a gun in my hand then you hide from my eyes
 Then you turn and run farther when the fast bullets fly

Like Judas of old you lie and deceive
 A world war can't be won, and you want me to believe
 But I see through your eyes and I see through your brain
 Like I see through the water that runs down my drain

You that fasten all the triggers for the others to fire
 Then you sit back and watch while the death count gets higher
 You hide in your mansions while the young people's blood
 Flows out of their bodies and gets buried in the mud

You've thrown the worst fear that can ever be hurled
 Fear to bring children into the world
 For threatening my baby, unborn and unnamed
 You ain't worth the blood that runs in your veins

How much do I know to talk out of turn
 You might say that I'm young, you might say I'm unlearned
 But there's one thing I know, though I'm younger than you
 Even Jesus would never forgive what you do

Let me ask you one question: is your money that good?

Will it buy you forgiveness? Do you think that it could?
I think you will find when your death takes its toll
All the money you made won't ever buy back your soul

And I hope that you die and your death will come soon
I'll follow your casket through the pale afternoon
And I'll watch while you're lowered into your death bed
Then I'll stand over your grave till I'm sure that you're
dead

Corrections to lyrics or chords would be most welcome.

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*"Do you ever get the feeling that the story's too damn real
and*

*in the present tense? Or that everybody's on the stage
and it*

*seems like you're the only person sitting in the
audience?"*

* -Ian Anderson

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* Something to think about,

*

* Julie Gladman [jgladman\[at\]uoguelph.ca](mailto:jgladman[at]uoguelph.ca)

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Date: Tue, 9 Apr 96 21:24:06 PDT
From: [np95fc\[at\]mail.telepac.pt](mailto:np95fc[at]mail.telepac.pt) (Dolo)
Subject: TAB: Masters of War by Bob Dylan

Masters of War

I tried playing the version on Harmony Central.
This is my own representation from that.
Still, it's very simplified.

Key:

P - pull off from previous note

H - hammer

on

^ - upstroke

" - downstroke

The cords are generally the same all through the song, they
are:

```
      "   "   "   ^   "   ^   "+H       "   "   ^   "   ^   "+H
-----|-----
----1-|-1--1--0--0--0--1-----1--1--0--0--0--1----
----2-|-2--2--2--2--2--2-----2--2--2--2--2--2----  etc.etc.
----2-|-2--2--2--2--2--2-----2--2--2--2--2--2----
-----|-----
-----|-----
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^Play this only ^On this one,
Hammer on the first fret on the
once at the second string.
beginning

Open in WordPad.