

Early Roman Kings

Bob Dylan

Song: Early Roman Kings

Artist: Bob Dylan

Album: Tempest (2012)

Style: John Lee Hooker & Bo Diddley Blues.

Tabbed: rikigo

URL: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=s0IQiQcnN58&feature=related>

Tuning: Standard

Chords:

EADGBE

G === 355433

G11 === 333433

C === 81010988

C11 === 888988

Method: Upstroke-Downstroke-Upstroke/Downstroke.

Intro:

| **G-G11-G** | **G-G11-G** |
| **G-G11-G** | **G-G11-G** |

Verse 1:

G-G11-G

Ah the early Roman kings, in their shark skin suits.

G-G11-G **C-C11-C**

Bow ties and buttons, high-top boots.

C-C11-C **G-G11-G**

Drivin the spikes in, blazin the rails.

G-G11-G **C-C11-C**

Nailed in their coffins, in top hats and tails.

C-C11-C **G-G11-G**

Fly away over, fly away, flap your wings.

G-G11-G

Fly by night, like the early Roman kings.

Bridge:

| **G-G11-G** | **G-G11-G** |
| **G-G11-G** | **G-G11-G** |

Verse 2:

G-G11-G

Ah the early Roman kings, were never really born.

G-G11-G **C-C11-C**

Comin down the mountain, distributing the corn.

C-C11-C **G-G11-G**

Speedin through the forest, ah racin down the track.

G-G11-G **C-C11-C**

Ya trying to get away, they drag you back.

C-C11-C

G-G11-G

Tomorrow is Friday, we ll see what it brings.

G-G11-G

Everybody s talkin about the early Roman kings.

Bridge:

| **G-G11-G** | **G-G11-G** |
| **G-G11-G** | **G-G11-G** |

Verse 3

G-G11-G

The peddlers and the meddlers, they buy and they sell.

G-G11-G

C-C11-C

They destroyed your city, they ll destroy you as well.

C-C11-C

G-G11-G

They re lecherous and treacherous, a-hell-bent for leather.

G-G11-G

C-C11-C

Each of em bigger, than all men put together.

C-C11-C

G-G11-G

Sluggers and muggers, wearin fancy gold rings.

G-G11-G

All the women goin crazy, for the early Roman kings.

Bridge:

| **G-G11-G** | **G-G11-G** |
| **G-G11-G** | **G-G11-G** |

Verse 4

G-G11-G

I could dress up you wounds, with a blood-clotted rag.

G-G11-G

C-C11-C

I ain t afraid to make love, to a bitch of a hag.

C-C11-C

G-G11-G

If you see me comin and you re standin there,

G-G11-G

C-C11-C

Wave your handkerchief in the air.

C-C11-C

G-G11-G

I ain t dead yet, my bell still still rings.

G-G11-G

I keep my fingers crossed like the early Roman kings.

Bridge:

| **G-G11-G** | **G-G11-G** |
| **G-G11-G** | **G-G11-G** |

Verse 5:

C-C11-C

I could strip you of life, strip you of bread.

G-G11-G

C-C11-C

Ship you down, to the house of death.

C-C11-C

G-G11-G

One day, you will ask for me.

G-G11-G

C-C11-C

They ll be no-one else, that you ll wanna see.

C-C11-C

G-G11-G

Bring down fiddle, tune up my strings.

G-G11-G

I m gonna brake it wide open, like the early Roman kings.

Bridge:

| **G-G11-G** | **G-G11-G** |

| **G-G11-G** | **G-G11-G** |

Verse 6:

C-C11-C

I was up on Black Mountain, the day Detroit fell.

G-G11-G

C-C11-C

They killed them all off and they sent them to Hell.

C-C11-C

G-G11-G

Ding-dong-daddy, you re comin up short.

G-G11-G

C-C11-C

They ll put you on trial, in a Sicilian Court.

C-C11-C

G-G11-G

I have had my fun, I ve had my flings.

G-G11-G

Goin shake em on down, like the early Roman kings.

Coda:

| **G-G11-G** | **G-G11-G** |

| **G-G11-G** | **G-G11-G** |

(End)