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
F === 355433
F11 === 333433
Bb === 81010988
Bb11 === 888988

Method: Upstroke-Downstroke-Upstroke/Downstroke.

Intro:
| **F-F11-F** | **F-F11-F** |
| **F-F11-F** | **F-F11-F** |

Verse 1:
F-F11-F
Ah the early Roman kings, in their shark skin suits.
F-F11-F **Bb-Bb11-Bb**
Bow ties and buttons, high-top boots.
Bb-Bb11-Bb **F-F11-F**
Drivin the spikes in, blazin the rails.
F-F11-F **Bb-Bb11-Bb**
Nailed in their coffins, in top hats and tails.
Bb-Bb11-Bb **F-F11-F**
Fly away over, fly away, flap your wings.
F-F11-F
Fly by night, like the early Roman kings.

Bridge:
| **F-F11-F** | **F-F11-F** |
| **F-F11-F** | **F-F11-F** |

Verse 2:
F-F11-F
Ah the early Roman kings, were never really born.
F-F11-F **Bb-Bb11-Bb**
Comin down the mountain, distributing the corn.
Bb-Bb11-Bb **F-F11-F**
Speedin through the forest, ah racin down the track.
F-F11-F **Bb-Bb11-Bb**

Ya trying to get away, they drag you back.
Bb-Bb11-Bb **F-F11-F**
Tomorrow is Friday, we ll see what it brings.
F-F11-F
Everybody s talkin about the early Roman kings.

Bridge:
| **F-F11-F** | **F-F11-F** |
| **F-F11-F** | **F-F11-F** |

Verse 3
F-F11-F
The peddlers and the meddlers, they buy and they sell.
F-F11-F **Bb-Bb11-Bb**
They destroyed your city, they ll destroy you as well.
Bb-Bb11-Bb **F-F11-F**
They re lecherous and treacherous, a-hell-bent for leather.
F-F11-F **Bb-Bb11-Bb**
Each of em bigger, than all men put together.
Bb-Bb11-Bb **F-F11-F**
Sluggers and muggers, wearin fancy gold rings.
F-F11-F
All the women goin crazy, for the early Roman kings.

Bridge:
| **F-F11-F** | **F-F11-F** |
| **F-F11-F** | **F-F11-F** |

Verse 4
F-F11-F
I could dress up you wounds, with a blood-clotted rag.
F-F11-F **Bb-Bb11-Bb**
I ain t afraid to make love, to a bitch of a hag.
Bb-Bb11-Bb **F-F11-F**
If you see me comin and you re standin there,
F-F11-F **Bb-Bb11-Bb**
Wave your handkerchief in the air.
Bb-Bb11-Bb **F-F11-F**
I ain t dead yet, my bell still still rings.
F-F11-F
I keep my fingers crossed like the early Roman kings.

Bridge:
| **F-F11-F** | **F-F11-F** |
| **F-F11-F** | **F-F11-F** |

Verse 5:
Bb-Bb11-Bb
I could strip you of life, strip you of bread.
F-F11-F **Bb-Bb11-Bb**
Ship you down, to the house of death.
Bb-Bb11-Bb **F-F11-F**
One day, you will ask for me.

F-F11-F **Bb-Bb11-Bb**
They ll be no-one else, that you ll wanna see.
Bb-Bb11-Bb **F-F11-F**
Bring down fiddle, tune up my strings.
F-F11-F
I m gonna brake it wide open, like the early Roman kings.

Bridge:
| **F-F11-F** | **F-F11-F** |
| **F-F11-F** | **F-F11-F** |

Verse 6:
Bb-Bb11-Bb
I was up on Black Mountain, the day Detroit fell.
F-F11-F **Bb-Bb11-Bb**
They killed them all off and they sent them to Hell.
Bb-Bb11-Bb **F-F11-F**
Ding-dong-daddy, you re comin up short.
F-F11-F **Bb-Bb11-Bb**
They ll put you on trial, in a Sicilian Court.
Bb-Bb11-Bb **F-F11-F**
I have had my fun, I ve had my flings.
F-F11-F
Goin shake em on down, like the early Roman kings.

Coda:
| **F-F11-F** | **F-F11-F** |
| **F-F11-F** | **F-F11-F** |

(End)