

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

F#11 === 333433

B === 81010988

B11 === 888988

Method: Upstroke-Downstroke-Upstroke/Downstroke.

Intro:

| **F#-F#11-F#** | **F#-F#11-F#** |
| **F#-F#11-F#** | **F#-F#11-F#** |

Verse 1:

F#-F#11-F#

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

F#-F#11-F# **B-B11-B**

Bow ties and buttons, high-top boots.

B-B11-B **F#-F#11-F#**

Drivin the spikes in, blazin the rails.

F#-F#11-F# **B-B11-B**

Nailed in their coffins, in top hats and tails.

B-B11-B **F#-F#11-F#**

Fly away over, fly away, flap your wings.

F#-F#11-F#

Fly by night, like the early Roman kings.

Bridge:

| **F#-F#11-F#** | **F#-F#11-F#** |
| **F#-F#11-F#** | **F#-F#11-F#** |

Verse 2:

F#-F#11-F#

Ah the early Roman kings, were never really born.

F#-F#11-F# **B-B11-B**

Comin down the mountain, distributing the corn.

B-B11-B **F#-F#11-F#**

Speedin through the forest, ah racin down the track.

F#-F#11-F# **B-B11-B**

Ya trying to get away, they drag you back.

B-B11-B

F#-F#11-F#

Tomorrow is Friday, we ll see what it brings.

F#-F#11-F#

Everybody s talkin about the early Roman kings.

Bridge:

| **F#-F#11-F#** | **F#-F#11-F#** |

| **F#-F#11-F#** | **F#-F#11-F#** |

Verse 3

F#-F#11-F#

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

F#-F#11-F#

B-B11-B

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

B-B11-B

F#-F#11-F#

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

F#-F#11-F#

B-B11-B

Each of em bigger, than all men put together.

B-B11-B

F#-F#11-F#

Sluggers and muggers, wearin fancy gold rings.

F#-F#11-F#

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

Bridge:

| **F#-F#11-F#** | **F#-F#11-F#** |

| **F#-F#11-F#** | **F#-F#11-F#** |

Verse 4

F#-F#11-F#

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

F#-F#11-F#

B-B11-B

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

B-B11-B

F#-F#11-F#

If you see me comin and you re standin there,

F#-F#11-F#

B-B11-B

Wave your handkerchief in the air.

B-B11-B

F#-F#11-F#

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

F#-F#11-F#

I keep my fingers crossed like the early Roman kings.

Bridge:

| **F#-F#11-F#** | **F#-F#11-F#** |

| **F#-F#11-F#** | **F#-F#11-F#** |

Verse 5:

B-B11-B

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

F#-F#11-F#

B-B11-B

Ship you down, to the house of death.

B-B11-B

F#-F#11-F#

One day, you will ask for me.

F#-F#11-F#

B-B11-B

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

B-B11-B

F#-F#11-F#

Bring down fiddle, tune up my strings.

F#-F#11-F#

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

Bridge:

| **F#-F#11-F#** | **F#-F#11-F#** |

| **F#-F#11-F#** | **F#-F#11-F#** |

Verse 6:

B-B11-B

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

F#-F#11-F#

B-B11-B

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

B-B11-B

F#-F#11-F#

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

F#-F#11-F#

B-B11-B

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

B-B11-B

F#-F#11-F#

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

F#-F#11-F#

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

Coda:

| **F#-F#11-F#** | **F#-F#11-F#** |

| **F#-F#11-F#** | **F#-F#11-F#** |

(End)