

**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

**A** === 355433

**A11** === 333433

**D** === 81010988

**D11** === 888988

Method: Upstroke-Downstroke-Upstroke/Downstroke.

Intro:

| **A-A11-A** | **A-A11-A** |  
| **A-A11-A** | **A-A11-A** |

Verse 1:

**A-A11-A**

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

**A-A11-A** **D-D11-D**

Bow ties and buttons, high-top boots.

**D-D11-D** **A-A11-A**

Drivin the spikes in, blazin the rails.

**A-A11-A** **D-D11-D**

Nailed in their coffins, in top hats and tails.

**D-D11-D** **A-A11-A**

Fly away over, fly away, flap your wings.

**A-A11-A**

Fly by night, like the early Roman kings.

Bridge:

| **A-A11-A** | **A-A11-A** |  
| **A-A11-A** | **A-A11-A** |

Verse 2:

**A-A11-A**

Ah the early Roman kings, were never really born.

**A-A11-A** **D-D11-D**

Comin down the mountain, distributing the corn.

**D-D11-D** **A-A11-A**

Speedin through the forest, ah racin down the track.

**A-A11-A** **D-D11-D**

Ya trying to get away, they drag you back.

**D-D11-D**

**A-A11-A**

Tomorrow is Friday, we ll see what it brings.

**A-A11-A**

Everybody s talkin about the early Roman kings.

Bridge:

| **A-A11-A** | **A-A11-A** |  
| **A-A11-A** | **A-A11-A** |

Verse 3

**A-A11-A**

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

**A-A11-A**

**D-D11-D**

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

**D-D11-D**

**A-A11-A**

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

**A-A11-A**

**D-D11-D**

Each of em bigger, than all men put together.

**D-D11-D**

**A-A11-A**

Sluggers and muggers, wearin fancy gold rings.

**A-A11-A**

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

Bridge:

| **A-A11-A** | **A-A11-A** |  
| **A-A11-A** | **A-A11-A** |

Verse 4

**A-A11-A**

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

**A-A11-A**

**D-D11-D**

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

**D-D11-D**

**A-A11-A**

If you see me comin and you re standin there,

**A-A11-A**

**D-D11-D**

Wave your handkerchief in the air.

**D-D11-D**

**A-A11-A**

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

**A-A11-A**

I keep my fingers crossed like the early Roman kings.

Bridge:

| **A-A11-A** | **A-A11-A** |  
| **A-A11-A** | **A-A11-A** |

Verse 5:

**D-D11-D**

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

**A-A11-A**

**D-D11-D**

Ship you down, to the house of death.

**D-D11-D**

**A-A11-A**

One day, you will ask for me.

**A-A11-A**

**D-D11-D**

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

**D-D11-D**

**A-A11-A**

Bring down fiddle, tune up my strings.

**A-A11-A**

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

Bridge:

| **A-A11-A** | **A-A11-A** |

| **A-A11-A** | **A-A11-A** |

Verse 6:

**D-D11-D**

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

**A-A11-A**

**D-D11-D**

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

**D-D11-D**

**A-A11-A**

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

**A-A11-A**

**D-D11-D**

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

**D-D11-D**

**A-A11-A**

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

**A-A11-A**

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

Coda:

| **A-A11-A** | **A-A11-A** |

| **A-A11-A** | **A-A11-A** |

(End)