

Only A Pawn In Their Game
Bob Dylan

hide this tab

Common Riff:

```
CBA  G
.      |
|-0-----|-3--
|-1-----|-0--
|-0-----|-0--
|-2-0-0-|-0--
|-3-2-0-|-2--
|-----|-3--
```

Verses 3,4 and 5 are played as the second verse.

Bm: x04430

G C /B /A G C /B /A G
A bullet from the back of a bush took Medgar Evers blood.

G C /B D/A
A finger fired the trigger to his name.

/C /B G C B A G
A handle hid out in the dark

C G
A hand set the spark

C G
Two eyes took the aim

C G
Behind a man s brain

C G
But he can t be blamed

G B C D C B G
He s only a pawn in their game.

G Bm Am C G
A South politician preaches to the poor white man,

G C B D
You got more than the blacks, don t complain.

C B G C B A G C G
You re better than them, you been born with white skin, they explain.

And the Negro s name

Is used it is plain

For the politician s gain

As he rises to fame

And the poor white remains

On the caboose of the train

But it ain t him to blame

He s only a pawn in their game.

The deputy sheriffs, the soldiers, the governors get paid,
And the marshals and cops get the same,
But the poor white man s used in the hands of them all like a tool.
He s taught in his school
From the start by the rule
That the laws are with him
To protect his white skin
To keep up his hate
So he never thinks straight
 Bout the shape that he s in
But it ain t him to blame
He s only a pawn in their game.

From the poverty shacks, he looks from the cracks to the tracks,
And the hoof beats pound in his brain.
And he s taught how to walk in a pack
Shoot in the back
With his fist in a clinch
To hang and to lynch
To hide neath the hood
To kill with no pain
Like a dog on a chain
He ain t got no name
But it ain t him to blame
He s only a pawn in their game.

Today, Medgar Evers was buried from the bullet he caught.
They lowered him down as a king.
C B G C G C
But when the shadowy sun sets on the one
That fired the gun
He ll see by his grave
On the stone that remains
Carved next to his name
His epitaph plain:
Only a pawn in their game.