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 C /B /A G C /B /A G G A bullet from the back of a bush took Medgar Evers blood. C /B D/A G A finger fired the trigger to his name. /C/BG CBAG A handle hid out in the dark G С A hand set the spark C G Two eyes took the aim C G Behind a man s brain С G But he can t be blamed GBCD CB G He s only a pawn in their game. С G G Bm Am A South politician preaches to the poor white man, G C B D You got more than the blacks, don t complain. CBG 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.