

Masters of War
 Words and music Bob Dylan
 Album: Biograph (1985) and

Capo 3rd fret
 Dropped D tuning (DAdgbe')

Intro

Dm Cadd2 Dm Cadd2

Dm
 Come you masters of war
 You that build the big guns
 You that build the death planes
 Cadd2 Dm
 You that build all the bombs
 You that hide behind walls
 You that hide behind desks
 Cadd2
 I just want you to know
 Dm
 I can see through your masks

You that never done nothin'
 But build to destroy
 You play with my world
 Like it's your little toy
 You put a gun in my hand
 And you hide from my eyes
 And you turn and run farther
 When the fast bullets fly

Like Judas of old
 You lie and deceive
 A world war can be won
 You want me to believe
 But I see through your eyes
 And I see through your brain
 Like I see through the water
 That runs down my drain

You fasten the triggers
 For the others to fire
 Then you set back and watch
 When the death count gets higher
 You hide in your mansion
 As young people's blood
 Flows out of their bodies
 And is buried in the mud

You've thrown the worst fear
 That can ever be hurled
 Fear to bring children
 Into the world
 For threatening my baby
 Unborn and unnamed

 Dm/f
 You ain't worth the blood
 Cadd2 Dm
 That runs in your veins

How much do I know

To talk out of turn
You might say that I'm young
You might say I'm unlearned
But there's one thing I know
Though I'm younger than you

Cadd2

Even Jesus would never

G/b Dm

Forgive what you do

Let me ask you one question
Is your money that good
Will it buy you forgiveness
Do you think that it could
I think you will find
When your death takes its toll
All the money you made
Will never buy back your soul

And I hope that you die
And your death'll come soon
I will follow your casket
In the pale afternoon
And I'll watch while you're lowered
Down to your deathbed

Dm/f

And I'll stand o'er your grave

Cadd2 Dm

'Til I'm sure that you're dead