

**Masters Of War - Bob Dylan**

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Am Am7 Am Am7 Am  
 Come you masters of war; you that build the big guns.  
 You that build the death planes; you that build all the bombs.  
 You that hide behind walls; you that hide behind desks.  
 Am C G F Am Am7 Am  
 I just want you to know I can see through your masks.

You that never have done nothing but build to destroy.  
 You play with my world like it's your little toy.  
 You put a gun in my hand then you hide from my eyes.  
 Then you turn and run farther when the fast bullets fly.

Like Judas of old you lie and deceive.  
 A world war can't be won, and 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 that fasten all the triggers for the others to fire.  
 Then you sit back and watch while the death count gets higher.  
 You hide in your mansions while the young people's blood.  
 Flows out of their bodies and gets 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.  
 You ain't worth the blood 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.  
 Even Jesus would never 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 won't ever buy back your soul.

And I hope that you die and your death will come soon.  
 I'll follow your casket through the pale afternoon.  
 And I'll watch while you're lowered into your death bed.  
 Then I'll stand over your grave till I'm sure that you're dead.