

Bob Dylan - Masters of War

Tom: Eb

(acordes na forma do tom C)

Capostrate na 3ª casa

Na música original ele usa o capo na 3ª casa e a 6ª corda está afinada em F

Então ficaria assim:

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G|-----
D|-----
A#|-----
F|-----
C|-----
F|-----
```

Com o capo na 3ª casa faça as mesmas posições das notas a seguir:

Dm G Dm

Dm Dm G Dm

Come you masters of war

Dm Dm G Dm

You that build the big guns

Dm Dm G Dm

You that build the death planes

Dm C Dm G Dm

You that build all the bombs

Dm Dm G Dm

You that hide behind walls

Dm C Dm G Dm

You that hide behind desks

C Dm G Dm

I just want you to know I can see through your masks

E a música continua com as mesmas notas pelo resto dos versos:

You that never have done nothin' 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

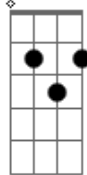
How much do I know to talk out of turn
You might say that I'm young, you might say I'm unlearned
But there's one thing I know, though I'm younger than you
Even Jesus would never forgive what you do

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.

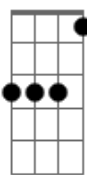
Acordes

G



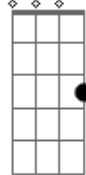
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Eb



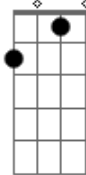
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C



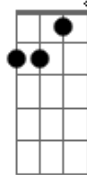
© ukulele-chords.com

F



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Dm



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