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Bob Dylan "Early Roman Kings"

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All the early Roman kings In their sharkskin suits Bow ties and buttons High top boots Drivin' the spikes in Blazin' the rails Nailin' their coffins In top hats and tails Fly away, little bird Fly away, flap your wings Fly by night Like the early Roman kings All the early roman kings In the early early morn Coming down the mountain Distributing the corn Speeding through the forest Racing down the track You try to get away They drag you back Tomorrow is Friday We'll see what it brings Everybody's talking Bout the early roman kings They're peddlers and they're meddlers They buy and they sell They destroyed your city They'll destroy you as well They're lecherous and treacherous Hell-bent for leather Each of 'em bigger Than all men put together Sluggers and muggers Wearing fancy gold rings All the women goin' crazy For the early Roman kings I can dress up your wounds With a blood-clotted rag I ain't afraid to make love To a bitch or a hag If you see me comin' And you're standing there

Wave your handkerchief In the air I ain't dead yet My bell still rings I keep my fingers crossed Like the early roman kings I can strip you of life Strip you of breath Ship you down To the house of death One day You will ask for me There'll be no one else That you'll wanna see Bring down my fiddle Tune up my strings I'm gonna break it wide open Like the early roman kings I was up on black mountain The day Detroit fell They killed 'em all off And they sent 'em to hell Ding dong daddy You're coming up short Gonna put you on trial In a Sicilian court I've had my fun I've had my flings Gonna shake em all down Like the early roman kings

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