

## **Dylan Bob**

### **"Only a Pawn in Their Game"**

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by Bob Dylan

A bullet from the back of a bush took Medgar Evers'  
blood.  
A finger fired the trigger to his name.  
A handle hid out in the dark  
A hand set the spark  
Two eyes took the aim  
Behind a man's brain  
But he can't be blamed  
He's only a pawn in their game.

A South politician preaches to the poor white man,  
"You got more than the blacks, don't complain.  
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.  
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.

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