

Jam Pearl

"Masters Of War"

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Bob Dylan - "30th Anniversary Tribute")

Come you masters of war, you that build all the guns

You that build the death place, you that build all the
guns

You that hide behind walls, you that hide behind desks

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

You that never done nothing, but to build and destroy

You play with my world, like its your little toy

You put a drug in my head, then you hide from my eyes

And you turn and run following the fast foolish lie

Like Judas of old, you lie and deceive

A world war can 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 mansion, while young people's blood

Flows out their bodies and is buried in the mud

You've thrown the worst fear, that could ever be hurled

The fear to bring children, into this world

For threatenin' 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?

Oh, 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 will come soon

I'll follow your casket, in the pale afternoon

And I'll watch as your lowered, into your deathbed

And I'll stand on your grave till I'm sure that your dead

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