

# Early Roman Kings

## Bob Dylan

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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