

# Disposable Heroes

**Metallica**

Master of Puppets (1986)

Words & Music by James Hetfield, Lars Ulrich and Kirk Hammett

Standard tuning

Moderate ♩ = 205

S-Gt

intro

+ go lead

intro #2

+ go lead #2

♩ = 188

verse

*f*  
Bod-ies fill the fields I see, hun-gry he- roes end.

No one to play sol- dier now, no one to pre- tend.

Run-ning blind, through kill- ing fields, bred to kill them all.

pre-chorus



Vic-tim of what said should be, a ser-vant till I fall. Sol-dier boy,



made of clay, now an emp-ty shell. *mp f* Twen-ty- one,



on-ly son, but he served us well. *mp f* Bred to kill,

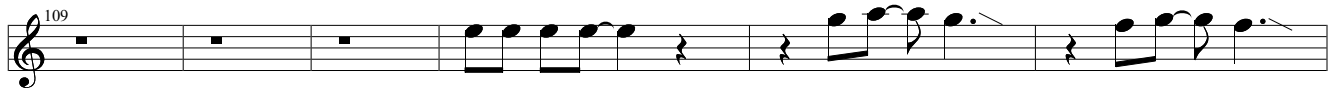


not to care, do just as we say. Fin-ished here,



greet-ings death, he's yours to take a-way.

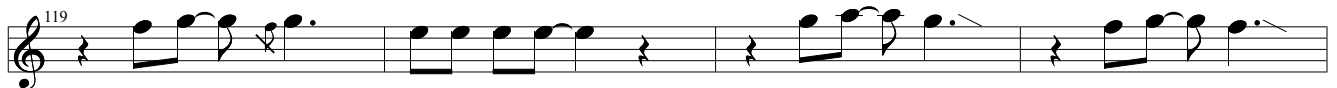
chorus



Back to the front. You will do what I say,

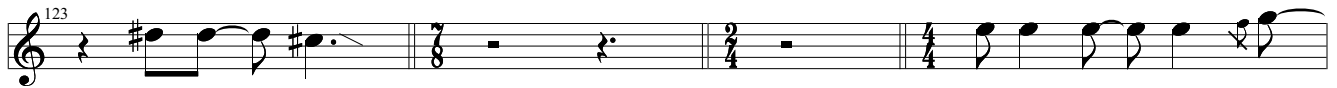


when I say. Back to the front. You will die when I say,



you must die. Back to the front. You cow-ard, you ser-vant,

verse #2



*mf* you blind *f* *mf* man. *f* Bark-ing of ma-chine



gun fire does noth-ing to me now. Sound-ing of the clock



that ticks, get used to it some-how. More a man, more stripes

135 you wear, glo- ry seek- er trends. Bod- ies fill the fields

**pre-chorus**

139 I see, the slaughter nev- er ends. Sol- dier boy, made of clay,

144 now an emp- ty shell. *mp f* Twen- ty- one, on- ly son,

148 but he served us well. *mp f* Bred to kill, not to care,

152 do just as we say. Fin- ished here, greet- ings death, he's

154 yours to take a- way.

**chorus**

162

171 Back to the front. You will do what I say, when I say.

175 Back to the front. You will die when I say, you must die.

179 Back to the front. You cow- ard, you ser- vant, *mf* you blind *f* *mf* man.

**interlude**

183

**bridge**

190 *f* Why am I dy- ing? Kill,

197  
have no fear. Lie, live off ly- ing. Hell, hell is here.

**guitar solo**

202

212

223

234

**interlude**

245

**bridge**

256  
Why am I dy- ing? Kill, have no fear. Lie,

263  
live off ly- ing. Hell, hell is here. I was born for

**pre-verse**

268  
dy- ing.

**verse #3**

278  
Life planned out be- fore my brith, noth- ing could I say.

283  
Had no chance to see my- self, mould- ed day by day.

287  
Look- ing back, I re- al- ize, noth- ing have I done.

**pre-chorus**

291  
Left to die with on- ly friends, a- lone I clench my gun. Sol- dier boy,

296



made of clay, now an empty shell. *mp f* Twenty-one,

300



only son, but he served us well. *mp f* Bred to kill,

304



not to care, do just as we say. Finished here,

308



greetings death, he's yours to take away.

**chorus**

313

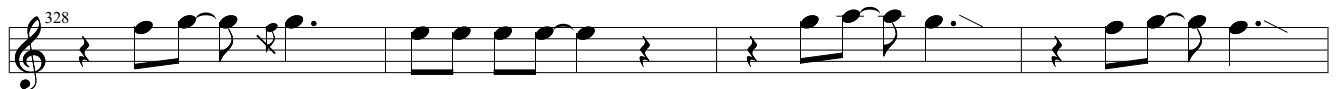


321



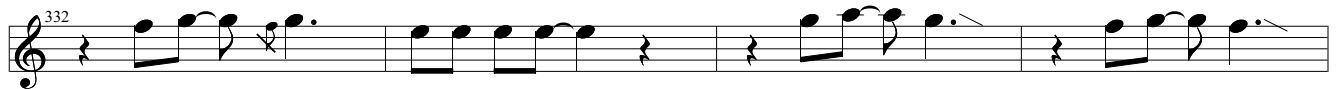
Back to the front. You will do what I say,

328



when I say. Back to the front. You will die when I say,

332



you must die. Back to the front. You coward, you servant,

**chorus #2**

336



you blind man. Back to the front! Back to the front.

343



Back to the front. Back to the front.

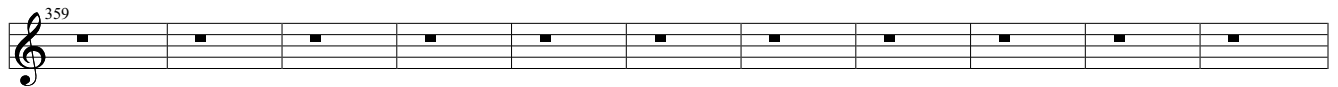
**outro**

351



Back to the front!!!

359



**outro #2**

370

