

# Roland The Headless Thompson Gunner

Warren Zevon

Roland was a warrior from the land of the midnight sun  
With a Thompson gun for hire, fighting to be done  
The deal was made in Denmark on a dark and stormy day  
So he set out for Biafra to join the bloody fray  
Through sixty-six and seven they fought the Congo war  
With their fingers on their triggers, knee-deep in gore  
For days and nights they battled the Bantu to their knees  
They killed to earn their living and to help out the Congolese  
Roland the Thompson gunner  
Roland the Thompson gunner  
His comrades fought beside him, Van Owen and the rest  
But of all the Thompson gunners, Roland was the best  
So the C I A decided they wanted Roland dead  
That son-of-a-bitch Van Owen blew off Roland's head  
Roland the headless Thompson gunner, Norway's bravest son  
They can still see his headless body stalking through the night  
In the muzzle flash of Roland's Thompson gun  
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Roland searched the continent for the man who'd done him in  
He found him in Mombasa in a bar-room drinking gin  
Roland aimed his Thompson gun he didn't say a word  
But he blew Van Owen's body from there to Johannesburg  
Roland the headless Thompson gunner  
Roland the headless Thompson gunner  
Roland the headless Thompson gunner  
Talkin' about the man, Roland the headless Thompson gunner  
The eternal Thompson gunner still wandering through the night  
Now it's ten years later but he still keeps up the fight  
In Ireland, in Lebanon, in Palestine and Berkeley  
Patty Hearst heard the burst of Roland's Thompson gun and bought it

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