

# License to Kill

**Bob Dylan**

Man thinks 'cause he rules the earth  
He can do with it as he please  
And if things don't change soon, he will  
Oh, man has invented his doom  
First step was touching the moonNow, there's a woman on my block  
She just sit there as the night grows still  
She say, "Who gonna  
Take away his license to kill?"Now, they take him and they teach him  
And they groom him for life  
And they set him on a path  
Where he's bound to get ill  
Then they bury him with stars  
Sell his body like they do used carsNow, there's a woman on my block  
She just sit there facin' the hill  
She say, "Who gonna  
Take away his license to kill?"Now, he's hell-bent for destruction  
He's afraid and confused and his brain has been  
Mismanaged with great skill  
All he believes are his eyes  
And his eyes, they just tell him liesBut there's a woman on my block  
Sitting there in a cold chill  
She say, "Who gonna  
Take away his license to kill?"Ya may be a noisemaker, spirit maker  
Heartbreaker, backbreaker  
Leave no stone unturnedMay be an actor in a plot  
That might be all that you got  
'Til your error you clearly learnNow he worships at an altar of a stagnant pool  
And when he sees his reflection, he's fulfilled  
Oh, man is opposed to fair play  
He wants it all and he wants it his wayNow, there's a woman on my block  
She just sit there as the night grows still  
She say, "Who gonna  
Take away his license to kill?"

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