

License to Kill (Bob Dylan)

Cowboy Junkies

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 moon. Now, 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 cars. Now, 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 lies. But 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, back breaker,
Leave no stone unturned.
May be an actor in a plot,
That might be all that you got
'Til your error you clearly learn. Now 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 way. Now, 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?

Songwriters

Bob Dylan Published by

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