The Jester

Sum 41

A jester of sorts, you stayed holding your court
Over minions of Capitol Hill
In a bath full of blood, I'm alone, standing still
Under God you can fire at will
Oh when the Devil?s angels come
To take your life and lead you to the flames beneath
Your headstone reads, "Here lies the dead who was
Hung by his head beneath us, laying in their graves
Damnation free-for-all"
A prodigal son can?t do what he?s done
A figurehead of capital crime
With the light shining down as you fall to your knees
To repent would be nothing but lies
One, two, three, four!

Oh when the Devil?s angels come
To take your life and lead you to the flames beneath
Your headstone reads, "Here lies the dead who was
Hung by his head beneath us, laying in their graves
Damnation free-for-all"
Dead beat, six feet, dead underground
An eye for an eye, only leaves us all blind
Going once, twice and there goes your life!
Oh when the Devil?s angels come
To take your life and lead you to the flames beneath
Your headstone reads, "Here lies the dead who was
Hung by his head beneath us, laying in their graves
Damnation free-for-all"

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