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 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, backbreaker
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?"

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