

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
In the muzzle flash of Roland's Thompson gun
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
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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