The Boy With The Gun

David Sylvian

He knows well his wicked ways
A course of bitterness
A grudge held from his childhood days
As if life had loved him lessReading down his list of names
He ticks them one by one
He points the barrel at the sky
Firing shots off at the sunI am the law and I am the king
I am the wisdom, listen to me singHe carves out the victim's names
In the wooden butt of the gun
He leans well back against the tree
He knows his kingdom's comeHe'll breath a sigh self satisfied
The work is in good hands
He shoots the coins into the air
And follows where the money landsI am the law and I am the king
I am the wisdom, listen to me singHe pauses at the city's edge
Of hellfire and of stone
He summons up the devil there
To give him courage of his ownHe'll free the sinners of deceit
They'll hear his name and run
His justice is his own reward
Measured out beneath the sunI am the law and I am the king
I am the wisdom, listen to me singAnd my name's on the gun

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