

# 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 less  
Reading down his list of names  
He ticks them one by one  
He points the barrel at the sky  
Firing shots off at the sun  
I am the law and I am the king  
I am the wisdom, listen to me sing  
He 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 come  
He'll breath a sigh self satisfied  
The work is in good hands  
He shoots the coins into the air  
And follows where the money lands  
I am the law and I am the king  
I am the wisdom, listen to me sing  
He pauses at the city's edge  
Of hellfire and of stone  
He summons up the devil there  
To give him courage of his own  
He'll free the sinners of deceit  
They'll hear his name and run  
His justice is his own reward  
Measured out beneath the sun  
I am the law and I am the king  
I am the wisdom, listen to me sing  
And my name's on the gun

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