

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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