

Criminology

Tom Russell

I had a gun pointed at my head on several occasions, Yeah Nadine I was scared.
Something about a black man with a machine gun make you wish you said your prayers,
It was Nigeria, the year was 1969
I was teaching criminology,
playing a little guitar on the side. In Apache Pass, Prince Rupert, Injun Jack puts a gun to my head
He said how do you like it now gentlemen? Hows your blue eyed boy Mr Dead?
It was Canada this time, the year was 1971
I was performing at the club Zanzibar
In the neon world of knives and guns Oh excuse me if Im boring you dear listener, accept my humble apology.
You may think Im just a folk singer, no, Im a master in the art of criminology. When Picasso died, the Indians
cried in a Prince George motel room.
We were drunker than a thousand white men playing lumber camp saloon.
It was Canada again, the year was 1973
There were grizzly bears walking down main street
What an amazing sight to see. well the devil rides a cubist horse, the devil hes got angles
but God is an expressionist, he got the devil strangled down in purgatorian limbo in hell
Ahh them southern rip joints just like that
Gods waiting room is full of painters and poets
and old black jazz saints in pork pie hats Oh excuse me if Im boring you dear listener, accept my humble
apology.
You may think Im some jive folk singer, no, Im a master in the art of criminology. Break So I got off a plane in
Nigeria, it was 1969. Arrested by Ton Ton Macoute.
Taking photos was a war zone crime, they were going to hack me up with machetes
a US ambassador come home paid my bribe
So I played guitar with Victor Uwaifo
and taught a little criminology on the side Yeah thats my story and Im sticking to it
No regrets, no surrender, no apology
I know a little bit about a lot of things
Im a master in the art of criminology
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