

The mans too strong

Dire Straits

I am just an aging drummer boy
And in the wars I used to play
And I've called the tune to many a torture session
Now they say I am a war criminal
And I'm fading away
Father, please hear my confession I have legalized robbery
And called it relief
I have run with the money
I have hid like a thief
Rewritten histories with armies and my crooks
Invented memories
I did burn all the books
And I can still hear his laughter
And I can still hear his song
The man's too big
The man's too strong Well, I've tried to be meek
I have tried to be mild
But I spat like a woman
And I sulked like a child
Hid behind walls that have made me alone
Striven for peace
Which I never have known
And I can still hear his laughter
And I can still hear his song
The man's too big
The man's too strong Well, the sun rose on the courtyard
And we all did hear him say
"You always was a Judas,
But I got you anyway.
You may have got your silver
But I swear upon my life
Your sister gave me diamonds
And I gave 'em to your wife."
Oh father, please help me
For I have done wrong
The man's too big
The man's too strong

Songwriters

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