

# License to Kill

Bob Dylan

Man thinks 'cause he rules the earth he can do with it as he please  
And if things don't change soon, he will  
Oh, man has invented his doom,  
First step was touching the moon Now, there's a woman on my block,  
She just sit there as the night grows still  
She say who gonna take away his license to kill? Now, they take him and they teach him and they groom him for  
life  
And they set him on a path where he's bound to get ill,  
Then they bury him with stars,  
Sell his body like they do used cars Now, there's a woman on my block,  
She just sit there facin' the hill  
She say who gonna take away his license to kill? Now, he's hell-bent for destruction, he's afraid and confused,  
And his brain has been mismanaged with great skill  
All he believes are his eyes  
And his eyes, they just tell him lies But there's a woman on my block,  
Sitting there in a cold chill  
She say who gonna take away his license to kill? Every noisemaker, spirit maker,  
Heartbreaker, backbreaker,  
Leave no stone unturned  
May be an actor in a plot,  
That might be all that you got  
'Til your error you clearly learn Now he worships at an altar of a stagnant pool  
And when he sees his reflection, he's fulfilled  
Oh, man is opposed to fair play,  
He wants it all and he wants it his way Now, there's a woman on my block,  
She just sit there as the night grows still  
She say who gonna take away his license to kill?

Songwriters

BOB DYLAN Published by

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