Warren Zevon "Roland the Headless Thompson Gunner"

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Roland was a warrior from the land of the midnight sun With a Thompson gun for hire, fighting to be done The deal was made in Denmark on a dark and stormy day

So he set out for Biafra to join the bloody fray

Through sixty-six and seven they fought the Congo war With their fingers on their triggers, knee-deep in gore For days and nights they battled the Bantu to their knees

They killed to earn their living and to help out the Congolese

Roland the Thompson gunner Roland the Thompson gunner

His comrades fought beside him, Van Owen and the rest

But of all the Thompson gunners, Roland was the best So the C I A decided they wanted Roland dead That son-of-a-bitch Van Owen blew off Roland's head

Roland the headless Thompson gunner, Norway's bravest son

They can still see his headless body stalking through the night

In the muzzle flash of Roland's Thompson gun In the muzzle flash of Roland's Thompson gun

Roland searched the continent for the man who'd done him in

He found him in Mombasa in a bar-room drinking gin Roland aimed his Thompson gun he didn't say a word But he blew Van Owen's body from there to Johannesburg

Roland the headless Thompson gunner Roland the headless Thompson gunner Roland the headless Thompson gunner Talkin' about the man, Roland the headless Thompson gunner The eternal Thompson gunner still wandering through the night
Now it's ten years later but he still keeps up the fight
In Ireland, in Lebanon, in Palestine and Berkeley
Patty Hearst heard the burst of Roland's Thompson gun and bought it

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