

## **Dire Straits**

# **"The Man's Too Strong"**

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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

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