

Eliza Gilkyson "Jokerman"

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Standin' on the waters, castin' your bread
While the eyes of the idol with the iron head are glowin'
Distant ships sailin' into the mist
You were born with a snake in both of your fists
While a hurricane was blowing

Freedom just around the corner for you
But with the truth so far off, what good will it do?

Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune
Bird fly high by the light of the moon
Ohh, ohh, jokerman

So swiftly the sun sets in the sky
You rise up and say goodbye to no one
Fools rush in where angels fear to tread
Both of their futures, so full of dread
You don't show one

Sheddin' off one more layer of skin
Keepin' one step ahead of the persecutor within

Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune
Bird fly high by the light of the moon
Ohh, ohh, jokerman

You're a man of the mountains
You can walk on the clouds
Manipulator of crowds
You're a dream twister

You're goin' to Sodom and Gomorrah
But what do you care?
Ain't nobody there
Would want to marry your sister?
Friend to the martyr

A friend to the woman of shame
You look into the fiery furnace
See the rich man without any name

Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune

Bird fly high by the light of the moon
Ohh, ohh, jokerman

Well, the Book of Leviticus and Deuteronomy
The law of the jungle and the sea are your only
teachers
In the smoke of the twilight on a milk-white steed
Michelangelo indeed could've carved out your features

Resting in the fields, far from the turbulent space
Half asleep near the stars
With a small dog licking your face

Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune
Bird fly high by the light of the moon
Ohh, ohh, jokerman

Well, the rifleman's stalkin' the sick and the lame
Preacher man seeks the same
Who'll get there first is uncertain
Nightsticks and water cannons, tear gas, padlocks
Molotov cocktails and rocks behind every curtain

False hearted judges
Dying in the webs that they spin
Only a matter of time
'Til night comes steppin' in

Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune
Bird fly high by the light of the moon
Ohh, ohh, jokerman

It's a shadowy world, skies are slippery gray
A woman just gave birth to a prince today
And dressed him in scarlet
He'll put the priest in his pocket

Put the blade to the heat
Take the motherless children off the street
And place them at the feet of a harlot

Oh, jokerman, you know what he wants
Oh, jokerman, you don't show any response

Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune
Bird fly high by the light of the moon
Ohh, ohh, jokerman

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