

Leslie Fish "The Guardian"

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See him stalking day or night
The islands of the bay
Like some veteran tiger
Come to hunt his chosen pray
He'll never lack a target here
For scum will always rise
And to the man who guards your walls
That comes as no surprise

Chorus

And who will be the guardian
To take your dangers on
Who will guard your sleep at night
When old black (cal?) is gone

For one in ten's a predator
Who treats the rest as prey
So someone's always needed here
To drive those wolves away
We never left the jungle
We just carted it to town
The leopards took on human form
And follow us around

Chorus

Who will dare deny him there
And say it isn't so
Must claim there's no walkway at night
They wouldn't dare to go
That sovereignty or righteousness
Will keep them safe from harm
And if their own front door is shut
The whole wide world is warm

Chorus

Who will say the job is wrong
And shouldn't be at all
Must then take up the gun themselves
To guard each door and wall
Must spend their nights in sentry lines

Their days in bagging heat
It's easier to pay the man
Full time to guard your streets

Chorus

Evolution never stops
We always have to choose
The thug who waits to mug you
Is collecting Darwin's dues
And you can't drive hyenas off
By kneeling down to pray
So who will raise the weapon then
To keep the beasts at bay

Chorus

Run like deer
Or die like sheep
Or take your dangers on
For you must guard your sleep yourselves
When old black (cal?) is gone

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