

Mark King

"The Man's Too Strong"

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I'm just an ageing 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 legalised robbery
Called it belief
I have run with the money
And hid like a thief
I have re-written history
With my 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 have tried to be meek
And I have tried to be mild
But I spat like a woman
And sulked like a child
I have lived 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 they all did hear him say
'You always were 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 them 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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