

Corb Lund

"A Leader On Losing Control"

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music and lyrics by Corb Lund

I tried my best to stop them, yes, I tried to make them
wait

And I appealed to their decency show mercy on this
day

I issued them strong orders on pain of death and
disarray

But in the end they would not listen and raised their
lances anyway

Men of no account they were, their breeding crude and
low

With not a trace of wisdom, Grace or virtue in their
souls

Yet trained them long and hard I did to bend them to
the crown

To act as tools of justice, follow edict handed down

You see these were not militia men, a-fighting for their
homes

Nor fathers, sons nor husbands, sire, but foreigners on
loan

Mercenary killers, career soldiers to a man

Lashing out with vengeance one cannot accept or
understand

I could not instill the discipline 'twas duty to inspire

And they responded in the end to instincts of the
basest kind

Now on my knee before you here, I drop my eyes in
shame

Albeit little consolation take my head for I'm to blame

O, so spoke the leader on losing control

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