

The Mighty Mighty Bosstones

"Rascal King"

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Well he was fueled by a lack Drew inspiration from a
need So many problems to crack And mouths to feed
Crooked was the path And brazen was the walk A cocky
swagger, up the ladder And could he ever talk The last
hurrah? Nah! I'd do it again The Rascal King behind the
bars Or the one in front of them The love of God And
constant contradictions With just a smile, wink or nod
What's stranger fact or fiction? And never ceasing to
amaze On a regular basis First hand into his pocket Or
first fist into the faces The last hurrah? Nah! I'd do it
again The Rascal King behind the bars Or the one in
front of them A legendary character When? Only then
Where? Only there A hero or a hooligan? Well, that
part's never clear Pride or shame, it's all the same
Who's innocent or who's to blame? Politics or just a
game? Well in the end they knew his name The last
hurrah? Nah! I'd do it again The Rascal King behind the
bars Or the one in front of them

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