

## **Tom Russell "Criminology"**

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I had a gun pointed at my head on several occasions,  
Yeah Nadine I was scared.  
Something about a black man with a machine gun  
make you wish you said your prayers,  
It was Nigeria, the year was 1969  
I was teaching criminology,  
playing a little guitar on the side.

In Apache Pass, Prince Rupert, Injun Jack puts a gun to  
my head  
He said "how do you like it now gentlemen?  
How's your blue eyed boy Mr Dead?  
It was Canada this time, the year was 1971  
I was performing at the club Zanzibar  
In the neon world of knives and guns

Oh excuse me if I'm boring you dear listener,  
accept my humble apology.  
You may think I'm just a folk singer, no, I'm a  
master in the art of criminology.

When Picasso died, the Indians cried in a Prince  
George motel room.  
We were drunker than a thousand white men playing  
lumber camp saloon.  
It was Canada again, the year was 1973  
There were grizzly bears walking down main street  
What an amazing sight to see.

well the devil rides a cubist horse, the devil he's  
got angles  
but God is an expressionist, he got the devil strangled  
down in purgatorian limbo in hell  
Ahh them southern rip joints just like that  
God's waiting room is full of painters and poets  
and old black jazz saints in pork pie hats

Oh excuse me if I'm boring you dear listener,  
accept my humble apology.  
You may think I'm some jive folk singer, no, I'm  
a master in the art of criminology.

Break

So I got off a plane in Nigeria, it was 1969. Arrested by  
Ton Ton Macoute.

Taking photos was a war zone crime, they were going  
to hack me up with machetes  
a US ambassador come home paid my bribe  
So I played guitar with Victor Uwaifo  
and taught a little criminology on the side

Yeah thatâ€™s my story and Iâ€™m sticking to it  
No regrets, no surrender, no apology  
I know a little bit about a lot of things  
Iâ€™m a master in the art of criminology  
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