

Cowboy Junkies, License To Kill

[Bob Dylan cover]

Man thinks 'cause he rules the earth
He can do with it as he please
And if things don't change soon, he will
Oh, man has invented his doom
First step was touching the moon
Now there's a woman on my block
She just sit there as the night grow still
She say who gonna take away his license to kill

Now, they take him and they teach him
And they groom him for life
And they set him on a path where he's bound to get ill
Then they bury him with stars
Sell his body like they do used cars
Now there's a woman on my block
She just sit there facin' the hill
She say who gonna take away his license to kill

Now, he's hell bent for destruction
He's afraid and confused
And his brain has been mismanaged with great skill
All he believes are his eyes
And his eyes they just tell him lies
But there's a woman on my block
Sitting there in a cold chill

She say who gonna take away his license to kill

May be noisemaker, spirit maker
Heartbreaker, backbreaker
Leave no stone unturned
May be an actor in a plot
That might be all that you got
Till your error you clearly learn

Now he worships at an altar of a stagnant pool
And when he sees his reflection he's fulfilled
Oh, man is opposed to fair play
He wants it all and he wants it his way
Now, there's a woman on my block
She just sit there as the night grow still
She say who gonna take away his license to kill