Dire Straits, The Man's Too Strong

I'm just and 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 a belief
I have run with the money
And hid like a theif
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 have never 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