

# The Mighty Mighty Bosstones, The Rascal King

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 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 and 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

And it's the  
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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 and who's to blame?  
Politics or just a game?  
Well in the end they knew his name

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