

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?
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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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