

# Bob Dylan, License To Kill

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 grows 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 facing 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 believe 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 ?

Ya may be a noisemaker, spirit maker  
Heartbreaker, backbreaker  
Leave no stone unturned  
May be an actor in a plot  
That might be all that you got  
'Til 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 blocks  
She just sit there as the night grows still  
She say who gonna take away his license to kill ?