

Magnum, Les Mort Dansant

Cannons roared, in the valley they thundered, while the guns lit up the night
Then it rained and both sides wondered who is wrong and who is right?
On the wire like a ragged old scarecrow, bloody hands and broken back
When they fire, see him pirouette solo, jump in time to the rat-a-tat

What a night, though it's one of seven
What a night for the dancing dead
What a night to be called to heaven
What a picture to fill your head

By the wall, in silhouette standing, through a flash of sudden light
Cigarette from his mouth, just hanging, paper square to his heart, pinned tight
Gather round reluctant marksmen, one of them to take his life
With a smile, he gives them pardon, leaves the dark and takes the light

What a night, though it's one of seven
What a night for the dancing dead
What a night to be called to heaven
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They dispatch their precious cargo and knock him back right off his feet
And they pray may no one follow, better still to face the beast
When the field has become a garden and the wall has stood the test
Children play and the dogs run barking, who would think or who would guess?

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