

# Sam Roberts, The Bootleg Saint

Come make your complaint to the Bootleg Saint  
He's been gone, keepin' on, keepin' on for your freedom  
Black boots, brown skin he has chemical roots  
He's taking back the city one sinner at a time

He'll sacrifice if you pay the price

He remembers a time when everything was alright  
We had water from wine, the streets were alive  
Then old Captain Industry who sold his soul at Wounded Knee  
Bought himself a little property  
The Saint had found his enemy

He'll sacrifice if you pay the price

The laws might sleep, but they never die  
Lions for sheep - an eye for an eye

He wears a ring with the brand of a three-legged dog  
His rose-coloured glasses cut through the fog

The laws might sleep but they never die  
Lions for sheep, an eye for an eye

He came down on a storm cloud hard as the Amazon rain  
Took him on, took him on and on  
And you can pay your respects in the form of a cheque  
He's taking back the city one sinner at a time  
He'll sacrifice if you pay the price

The laws might sleep but they never die  
Lions for sheep, an eye for an eye  
The Bootleg Saint, well he walks the line  
Between an everyman hero and a waste of time