

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