

Zounds, Great White Hunter

I am the Great White Hunter
And you know I've come to search
Just to further human knowledge
All for science and research

And if by chance I bring back
What I am looking for
They'll be someone somewhere waiting
With their fingers round a purse

I am the missionary christian
I'm taking violence to the blacks
Oh I am threatening western culture
And I'm collecting all the tax

I'm taking whiskey to the natives
A tribal comes bourgeoisie
Of course a market's just a market
I'm working for the bourgeoisie

But don't associate me with that no more
And maybe that's a color but I am sure
I'm not like that and I never will
Condone the things they do and the reasons that they kill

Well I will murder baby seals
And I'll sell their skins for gold
I'll murder injun's in the jungle
Just to make way for a road

And I will fight the rebel armies
All for profit, not for cause
I'll sell arms to rival armies
And make profit from their wars

But don't associate me with that no more
And maybe that's a color but I am sure
I'm not like that and I never will
Condone the things they do and the reasons that they kill

Oh well! I am the Great White Hunter
Oh yes! I am the great exploiter
Oh yes! I am the great destroyer
Oh yes! I am the Great White Hunter

But don't associate me with that no more
And maybe that's a color but I am sure
I'm not like that and I never will
Condone the things they do and the reasons that they kill