

# King of the Jungle

Bananarama

Lurking, he knows your face  
He waits and bides his time  
Mind clocks your every move  
'Till you step out of line  
Stalking streets by night  
Pushing guns by day  
He knows it isn't right  
But he wants to make his name  
He's working harder  
Gotta make another, make another martyr

Hide your eyes  
They're moving closer  
But you know you're not allowed to look them in the face  
Hide your eyes  
Cos' you're the loser  
Before you even start to run you've lost the race

You'll never know the place  
Until your time has come  
It'll be a sunny day  
Until his work is done  
Doesn't care what pain you feel  
Can't see your mother's tears  
As she counts the cost of the life that's lost  
And twenty wasted years  
He thinks he's smarter  
Gone and made another, made another martyr

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