

Legend

New Model Army

Your mother, she was a wise woman
Gave you what she could before her heart was broken
By living in a nation made of guarded doors
Built by stolen people on a stolen land
So you bought a ticket to the far city
Go, seek your fortune like they all say
And the first devil came dressed in uniform
And after that you could choose the easiest way

So there you were, the one willing to go all the way
With your desperation and your actor's skill
And the rage of generations bound in chains
You could summon it all at will
The worse you became the more you were rewarded
Because everybody loves to raise a Cain
You were the brand that you created
Got tattooed with your name

And oh, the legend made, and all the prices paid
And all the time you served
The second lot of bullets you couldn't swerve
And your loco style, to go with your beautiful smile
Not a lesson learned, even with all the money burned

It's easier to find God in a jail cell
Than it is on the streets where you're king
With all the wannabe heroes, distorted mirrors
And the snake oil poisons that the tricksters bring
In the last picture in the car after the Tyson fight
With the big devil there beside you at the wheel
He put up the bail and now he owns you
And there's no way out, no breaking the deal
The bodyguards to stop you getting close to
All the people that you say that you wanted to save
But there are others waiting for you
In the hot desert night, they're ready...

And oh, the legend made, and all the prices paid
And all the time you served
The second lot of bullets you couldn't swerve
And your loco style to go with your beautiful smile
Not a lesson learned even with all the money burned

And the music still blares out of the boom-box cars
Oh the legend made and all the prices paid