

# The Libertine

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The motorway won't take a horse  
The wanderer has found a course to follow  
The traveller unpacked his bags for the last time  
The troubadour cut off his hand and now he wants mine

Oh no, not me.

The circus girl fell off her horse and now shes paralysed  
The hitchhiker was bound and gagged, raped on the roadside  
The libertine is locked in jail  
The pirate sunk and broke his sail

But I still have to go  
I've got to go, so here i go  
I'm going to run the risk of being free

The magicians secrets all revealed  
And the preachers lies are all concealed  
And all our heroes lack any conviction  
They shout through the bars of cliche and addiction

So i've got to go  
I've got to go, so here i go  
I'm going to run the risk of being free

And in this drought of truth and invention  
Whoever shouts the loudest gets the most attention  
So we pass the mic and they've got nothing to say except:  
"Bow down, bow down, bow down to your god"  
Then we hit the floor  
And make ourselves and idol to bow before,

Well i can't  
And i wont  
Bow down  
Anymore.

No more