

Birdman

Ralph McTell

You can kill me if you can
But the last thing you need's another dead man
Writing with black ink on your page
And I swear that death won't kill my rage

For it'll take more to hold my tongue
Than your prison and your knives and your clubs and your guns
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Than your prison and your knives and your clubs and your guns

I will not do what you say's wise
And I don't want no peace prize
I'm a birdman but there's no cage
That's strong enough to hold my rage

For it'll take more to hold my tongue
Than your prison and your knives and your clubs and your guns

Now, John Henry told his captain
That a man ain't nothing but a man
But before I let this machine grind me down
I'll die with my hammer
I'll die with my hammer
I'll die with my hammer in my hand

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Than your prison and your knives and your clubs and your guns

Those bells do ring, ding dong ding
And I don't fear no guard
When freedom come maybe with a gun
Outside in the prison yard

Now, the birdman told his jailor
A man ain't nothing but a man
But before I let your system grind me down
I'll die with my gun
I'll die with my gun
I'll die with my gun in my hand

I'm a birdman, oh watch me fly
I'm a birdman, death, death
She can't hold me