

Bad Bones

Steeleye Span

I want your money
I'm gonna be rich
I'll tear the clothes off your back
Leave you without a stitch

Kidnap your children
Sleep with your wife
I'll stop at nothing
To get me a better life

Cause I'm bad to the bone
Steal your watch, or pick your pocket
If you're leaving home
Slam the door be sure to lock it
Bad to the core
Fleet of foot, and light of finger
If you call the law
I'll string you up, and then I'll skin ya'

I've got no stomach
For working hard
My dice are weighted
I cheat at cards

You try to shock me
I'll shoot you down
I'd sell my mother
For half a crown

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I'll romance with a lady of this town
But when she awakes, she'll find that I floun
With her money, her jewellery, her silver, her gold
By six o'clock this evening, it will all be sold

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(Spoken)

So here I stand before you, prepared to meet my fate
Declared the public enemy, the very devil incarnate
Now this should be my reckoning, but it is not to be
They underestimated my power of threats, and bribery
The verdict will be innocent, my tale will be believed
The jury have the choice to leave here rich , or ? Dulled
The judge is in my pocket, so are the police
I've every angled covered, and every palm greased
Here comes the verdict, not guilty!
See I live to see another day of vice, and villainy
Cause I'm

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