

## 3rd Crusade

Cowboy Junkies

King Richard came upon them  
3000 I am told  
Slit their stomachs in search of jewels  
In search of Islams gold.

On the road from Acre  
They're crucifying thieves  
Crows are pecking at their eyes  
While the hypocrites run free

I've been told that you've been bold  
Believing in the shit that you've been sold  
And I hear that you fear the way  
a simple damn dream can disappear

They marched on through the seasons  
The skies lit by burning hills  
They gobbled up the cities  
To the sound of raging bells

When they reached the Holy Land  
They gave their thanks to God  
They hammered on the Temple stones  
And crushed the filthy mob.

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Believing in the shit that you've been sold  
And I hear that you fear the way  
a simple damn dream can disappear

The rich they still get richer  
The poor still spill their blood  
The poppies grow in Kandahar  
And the oil still flows in Saud.