

# Jokerman

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Standing on the water, casting your bread  
While the eyes of the idol with the iron head are  
glowing  
Distant ships sailing into the mist  
You were born with a snake in both of your fists while  
a hurricane was blowing  
Freedom just around the corner for you  
But with truth so far off, what good will it do.

Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune  
Bird fly high by the light of the moon  
Oh, oh, oh, Jokerman.

So swiftly the sun sets in the sky  
You rise up and say goodbye to no one  
Fools rush in where angels fear to tread  
Both of their futures, so full of dread, you don't show  
one  
Shedding off one more layer of skin  
Keeping one step ahead of the persecutor within.

Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune  
Bird fly high by the light of the moon  
Oh, oh, oh, Jokerman.

You're a man of the mountain, you can walk on the  
clouds  
Manipulator of crowds, you're a dream twister  
You're going to Sodom and Gomorrah  
But what do you care ? Ain't nobody there would want  
marry your sister  
Friend to the martyr, a friend to the woman of shame  
You look into the fiery furnace, see the rich man  
without any name.

Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune  
Bird fly high by the light of the moon  
Oh, oh, oh, Jokerman.

Well, the Book of Leviticus and Deuteronomy  
The law of the jungle and the sea are your only  
teachers  
In the smoke of the twilight on a milk-white steed  
Michelangelo indeed could've carved out your features  
Resting in the fields, far from the turbulent space  
Half asleep near the stars with a small dog licking  
your face.

Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune  
Bird fly high by the light of the moon  
Oh, oh, oh, Jokerman.

Well, the rifleman's stalking the sick and the lame  
Preacher seeks the same, who'll get there first is  
uncertain  
Nightsticks and water cannons, tear gas, padlocks  
Molotov cocktails and rocks behind every curtain

False-hearted judges dying in the webs that they spin  
Only a matter of time 'til the night comes stepping in.

Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune  
Bird fly high by the light of the moon  
Oh, oh, oh, Jokerman.

It's a shadowy world, skies are slippery gray  
A woman just gave birth to a prince today and dressed  
him in scarlet  
He'll put the priest in his pocket, put the blade to  
the heat  
Take the motherless children off the street  
And place them at the feet of a harlot  
Oh, Jokerman, you know what he wants  
Oh, Jokerman, you don't show any response.

Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune  
Bird fly high by the light of the moon  
Oh, oh, oh, Jokerman.