

Keeper Of The Flame

Golden Earring

Mother mother, gotta understand
That mother mother we've got murder on our hands
Your sons and your daughters
Rapin' each other on the steps of a church
They no longer depend on

The cry of a wolf in a lightnin' storm
The scream of a hawk, anxious to get airborne
The fear of a mouse, crawlin' out of a hole
Just a few of many stories, waitin' to be told

Hungry for good
No boogie in the scheme
And baby, the sky will never be the same
From many miles away I came
From where the gods smile upon you and play, yeah yeah
Your job may be no good, it's just a passing thing
The universe will always change
And I happen to carry a name
I am, I am, the keeper of the flame

A message carved into an arm with a shark tooth
Ever so delicate, ever so smooth
The truth is only waitin' and it stabs a deeper wound
Than all the lies you vagabonds have whispered over you

Hey hey hey, look out for the drifter on a train
Hey hey hey, look out for a showdown in the rain
With the keeper of the flame

Gather all you hunters, and gather all you prey
Listen to what the wind and the trees have got to say
To all you marble statues and you bricks of clay
Blow you all to kingdom come on your judgment day

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