

## Marseilles

L.A. Guns

He was selling postcards from a paper stand  
A whiskey bottle in his withered hand  
He put a finger on a photo from an old magazine  
And saw himself in the shadow of his dream

They found him with his head inside a tin-pot crown  
Told him his feet stank and took him downtown  
Called him agitator, spy and thief  
Shut him up in solitary third degree  
Take a long line, reel him in

He tried to appeal to the king of might  
He said "I'm just exercising my sacred right"  
The king he said "You ain't got no rights  
You're a madman, a traitor, get outta my sight"  
Take along line, reel him in

They put him aboard a well wound whirlwind  
Pulled out his teeth and rold him to grin  
He gave them a smile, pulled out a bottle of wine  
And said "I never existed, you've been wasting your time"  
Take a long line, reel him in