

The Bootleg Saint

Sam Roberts

Come make your complaint to Bootleg Saint
(He's been gone, keepin' on, keepin' on for your freedom)
Black boots, brown skin, he's chemical roots
He's taking back the city one sinner at a time

He'll sacrifice if you pay the price

He remembers a time when everything was alright
We had water from wine, the streets were alive
Then old Captain Industry, who sold his soul at Wounded Knee
Bought himself a little property, the Saint had found his enemy

He'll sacrifice if you pay the price

The laws might sleep but they never die
Lions for sheep, an eye for an eye
He wears a ring with the brand of a three-legged dog

His rose-colored glasses cut through the fog
The laws might sleep but they never die
Lions for sheep, an eye for an eye

He came down on a storm cloud, hard as the Amazon rain
(Took him on, took him on and on)
And you can pay your respects in the form of a check
He's taking back the city one sinner at a time

He'll sacrifice if you pay the price

The laws might sleep but they never die
Lions for sheep, an eye for an eye
The Bootleg Saint, well, he walks the line
Between an everyman hero and a waste of time