

# The Evil That Men Display

Tankard

I met that guy, that guy late one night  
His face was gleaming in the pale moonlight  
His arms were scarred, a guitar in hand  
I found it hard to keep my stand

I raised my very last beer for defense  
He said "Thank you" in a mocking sense  
And he said: "If I could start anew  
I would play stuff like you!"

It's meant to shock you off  
They try to scare away  
They're really not that tough  
Don't fear the evil that men display!

We played a show, a show far away  
We left the bus for the restrooms urgently  
Some local band had put on their make-up  
The bathroom's floor soaked with blood

They played their show in an infernal way  
Backstage we could hear them say:  
"Don't you buy that new mascara!  
You won't look well, smears like hell"

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They're really not that tough  
Don't fear the evil that men display!

At first it scares you, strikes you with fright  
Then it appears in a different light  
What seemed to be an offensive attack?  
Preventive defense to keep you back

If you see someone scary and frightful  
Believe in half of what you see  
Because the guys who are really nasty  
Know to pretend they are friends

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