

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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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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