

## His Word Is Not His Bond

The Waterboys

He lives in a waste  
Void of culture and taste  
His eye on a prize beyond  
His every word  
Is in the right place  
But his word is not his bond

His face his comely  
His heart it bleeds  
Yet it's but a mantle he has donned  
Mark him only  
By his deeds  
For his word is not his bond

I'd love to take him  
Out of his room  
And gently break him  
I'd love to see  
Him dance!

His protege deals  
In confusion and fog  
Of power he is fond

Wheels within wheels  
Like master, like dog  
His word is not his bond

I'm trying to swim  
But I'm caught in the shallows  
And I sense that I've been conned  
Deliver him  
To the gallows!  
His word is not his bond