

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