

## Roland the Headless Thompson Gunner

Warren Zevon

Roland was a warrior from the Land of the Midnight Sun  
With a Thompson gun for hire, fighting to be done  
The deal was made in Denmark on a dark and stormy day  
So he set out for Biafra to join the bloody fray

Through sixty-six and seven they fought the Congo war  
With their fingers on their triggers, knee-deep in gore  
For days and nights they battled the Bantu to their knees  
They killed to earn their living and to help out the Congolese

Roland the Thompson gunner...

His comrades fought beside him - Van Owen and the rest  
But of all the Thompson gunners, Roland was the best  
So the CIA decided they wanted Roland dead  
That son-of-a-bitch Van Owen blew off Roland's head

Roland the headless Thompson gunner  
Norway's bravest son  
Time, time, time  
For another peaceful war  
But time stands still for Roland  
'Til he evens up the score  
They can still see his headless body stalking through the night  
In the muzzle flash of Roland's Thompson gun  
In the muzzle flash of Roland's Thompson gun

Roland searched the continent for the man who'd done him in  
He found him in Mombassa in a barroom drinking gin  
Roland aimed his Thompson gun - he didn't say a word  
But he blew Van Owen's body from there to Johannesburg

Roland the headless Thompson gunner...  
The eternal Thompson gunner  
still wandering through the night  
Now it's ten years later but he still keeps up the fight  
In Ireland, in Lebanon, in Palestine and Berkeley  
Patty Hearst heard the burst of Roland's Thompson gun and bought  
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