

3rd Crusade

Cowboy Junkies

King Richard came upon them
3000 I am told
Slit their stomachs in search of jewels
In search of Islams gold.

On the road from Acre
They're crucifying thieves
Crows are pecking at their eyes
While the hypocrites run free

I've been told that you've been bold
Believing in the shit that you've been sold
And I hear that you fear the way
a simple damn dream can disappear

They marched on through the seasons
The skies lit by burning hills
They gobbled up the cities
To the sound of raging bells

When they reached the Holy Land
They gave their thanks to God
They hammered on the Temple stones
And crushed the filthy mob.

I've been told that you've been bold
Believing in the shit that you've been sold
And I hear that you fear the way
a simple damn dream can disappear

The rich they still get richer
The poor still spill their blood
The poppies grow in Kandahar
And the oil still flows in Saud.