

# Keeper Of The Flame

Golden Earring

Mother mother, gotta understand  
That mother mother we've got murder on our hands  
Your sons and your daughters  
Rapin' each other on the steps of a church  
They no longer depend on

The cry of a wolf in a lightnin' storm  
The scream of a hawk, anxious to get airborne  
The fear of a mouse, crawlin' out of a hole  
Just a few of many stories, waitin' to be told

Hungry for good  
No boogie in the scheme  
And baby, the sky will never be the same  
From many miles away I came  
From where the gods smile upon you and play, yeah yeah  
Your job may be no good, it's just a passing thing  
The universe will always change  
And I happen to carry a name  
I am, I am, the keeper of the flame

A message carved into an arm with a shark tooth  
Ever so delicate, ever so smooth  
The truth is only waitin' and it stabs a deeper wound  
Than all the lies you vagabonds have whispered over you

Hey hey hey, look out for the drifter on a train  
Hey hey hey, look out for a showdown in the rain  
With the keeper of the flame

Gather all you hunters, and gather all you prey  
Listen to what the wind and the trees have got to say  
To all you marble statues and you bricks of clay  
Blow you all to kingdom come on your judgment day

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