Roland was a warrior from the land of the midnight sun With his 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 Bi-af-ra to join the bloody fray ...

```
/ Bm D - G / - D - A / 1st / G D A Bm - /
```

Through '66 and 7, 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 ......

Roland the Thompson gunner .........

/ G D Em Bm / G D Em Bm - /
```

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 ...
(Time time time for another week of war)
Norway's bravest son ...
(Time stands still for Roland til he evens up the score)

D A G - / D - A - /

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** ...

/ BmA DA G Bm / D A Bm - / DA - G - /

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
Roland the headless Thompson gunner
Roland the headless Thompson gunner, talking about the man
Roland the headless Thompson gunner

The e-ternal Thompson gunner, still wand'ring through the night

Now it's ten years later, but he still keeps up the fight

```
/ Bm D - G / - D - A /
```

In Ireland, in Lebanon, in Palestine and Berkeley ...

Patty Hearst heard the burst of Roland's Thompson gun

And bought it ...

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/ Bm D - G - / - - - A / Bm - /
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