THE BAD GUYS WEAR BIG HATS

I do not like the men with the uniform of gunsel,
The big hats, the cool-sidewise look, the slow appraisal,
The non spoken words 'I am death, not now, later.'
And later it is, the face-downward victim with eight slugs.
Then, the gunsel goes to a bar and drinks,
Goes to the best restaurant the area affords and eats,
And still there is the same side look, the death catalogue
Of people and places.
One went insane once blabbering that God thought He was a gunsel.

I have never liked them, these men of violent doom
And I like them less now
That they have marked me for execution.
I have fled three thousand miles and there are many more to flee,
And I shall run farther still, God giving me breath.
I do not blame the fuzz who go by the book
And who can give me the promise you give a child,
That all is well, do not be afraid, I am here...
The miles are many and the road is long and sometimes dark
And often lonely and when I awake in the night
The sound is perhaps some animal looking for food;
But I am gone again under the peaceful stars of love
That light my nightmare world of flight.
I think I would not be bitter tonight
But that it is Christmas Eve
And a woman and child wonder much if I live
And where I am,
And if I am lonely...well, I'll tell you...