

If they world hopes to shake me
It coulda done a whole lot worse
Being chauffeured by a dead man's
No better off than driving a golden hearse
Covered in diamond rings and pearls and things
too exquisite for the eye
But if the world hopes to shake me
It better do more than try

If ever evil comes to claim my soul
it' had better not check my birth.
Being placed here in this crowded world's
put words in my mouth and my left foot in earth.
I whisper, "I'm gonna break my chains, I'm gonna break your chains;
we're gonna break their chains too!"
If ever Evil comes to claim my soul,
three faces wage war better than two—
or I alone!

Eighteen men came to claim my name
yet I'm the only one standing still.
Mark my words; mark my hands;
a little ink's all that stands
twixt a number on my arm and a star on my chest.
Still what I am is who I am
and I don't need no other man
tellin' me how I *ought* to be.
I'm the best—I'm a boast—I'm a mess—
I'm the most dedicated I've ever been.

If the world hopes to save me...