

## Mr. Suicide

Brazzaville

What kind of a man  
What kind of a son  
What kind of a guy  
Would just up and run

An ill-fated wind  
Turned his good luck around  
What kind of a man  
Would just leave town

So after the fall  
The cold winter sun  
It seems his best days  
Have come and gone

The lights of the train  
The cold whistle blows  
The sound of relief  
From the life he chose