

Music Man

Warrant

I've got a memory walking down the Street
Momma pull me and said
Hey son, you stay close to me. Yes Ma'am

Now it's not polite to stare at the man over there
With his dusty old clothes and his long long black hair. No mom
ma

Everybody thought he was crazy or lazy
Never had a dime or a plan

I remember in the neighborhood
Hearin' about him when I was just a little boy
Just a shriverled old man bleedin' from his hands
Frowning all the time 'cause he never could find no joy

Everybody thought he was lazy or crazy
Never had a dime or a plan
Just an old soul axe slingin' blues singin' music man,
Yeah, that's right, music man

Tellin' tall tales of ridin' the rails
Just broke as a joke with a beat up old guitar to play
See he'd sit outside of the old drug store
Playin' songs full of pain and beggin' for a little spare change

Everybody thought he was lazy or crazy
Never had a dime or a plan
Just an old soul axe slingin' blues singin' music man,
Yeah yeah, music man

Church folk said he made a deal with the devil
And his chickens had all come home
That's why he didn't have a pot to piss in
No woman no friends and he spent his life alone
Oh, spent his life alone

Everybody thought he was crazy or lazy
Never had a dime or a plan
Jammin' all night by the Street corner light
Just doin' the best he can
Just an old soul axe slingin' blues singin' music man,
Oh yeah, just a music man, alright,
Some music man, doin' the best he can
Music man