

Conells, The "Stand Up Man"

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No silence on the streets, dirty feet, you cannot sleep
Your taxi is your home
You want to clean it up, the dirty scum, the filthy bums
You write when you're alone

But you cannot close your eyes and time goes on
And betsy let you down
You thought you had it right

No you wouldn't wait man
Took the trouble in your own hand
You wouldn't believe it when she wouldn't leave it
Stand up man

So the senator needs a ride, didn't you
Didn't you imagine if he died?
The jealous husband met his match, get a gun, darlin'
one
Did you thank him for his cash?

Your shooting days are done, drive a cab, pay the tab
Guess the war is won
No silence on the street, dirty feet, you cannot sleep
Your taxi is your home

But you cannot close your eyes and time goes on
And iris let you down
You thought you had it right

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