

## **The Mad Conductor "Mr. Cacciatore"**

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All his life was channel 13  
Loaded guns in his face  
Couldn't handle the scene  
Of a one horse town  
In southeast South Dakota  
The pressure of putting cracks in his powell-peralta  
A Communist block had imprisoned his youth  
He grew out up of touch with the rhythm and blues  
I guess his restlessness was handed down  
A stranger in a strange land  
Head in the clouds

When you're rockin' in the day time soakin' up the  
sunshine  
Till the moon light defines the horizon in the west  
Luminous and dainty, the stars are just so crazy  
It's a sad story about Mr. Cacciatore

(Yeah)  
(Uh huh)  
(Uh huh)  
(Uh huh)

Well they said that every child had a pretty good shot  
And in Guatemala drunken men are closer to God  
Perhaps it's true  
The former spared him the flu  
But the latter sent him spinnin'  
With his monkey tone grinnin'  
Rung out in a lot  
Rockin' funky old Lennon

Summoned like a fool  
Till they found him in the pool  
When he was drunk at home swimming  
Pumping John Lennon on the stereo  
Sinking in the bathtub with him

And Mr. Cacciatore saw the whole thing happen  
In an immigrant neighborhood in middle Manhattan

When you're rockin' in the day time soakin' up the

sunshine  
Till the moon light defines the horizon in the west  
Luminous and dainty, the stars are just so crazy  
It's a sad story about Mr. Cacciatore

I hope I find you  
I hope I find you someday  
Cause ever since you went away  
Things just haven't been the same

You said they'd find you  
You said they'd come and take you away  
They call you crazy but no one can explain  
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