

Van Morrison "Linden Arden Stole The Highlights"

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Linden Arden stole the highlights
With one hand tied behind his back
Loved the morning sun, and whiskey
Ran like water in his veins

Loved to go to church on Sunday
Even though he was a drinking man
When the boys came to San Francisco
They were looking for his life

But he found out where they were drinking
Met them face to face outside
Cleaved their heads off with a hatchet
Lord, he was a drinkin' man

And when someone tried to get above him
He just took the law into his own hands
Linden Arden stole the highlights

And they put his fingers through the glass
He had heard all those stories
Many many times before
And he did not know nor care to ask

And he loved the little children
Like they were his very own
You say, "Someday it may get lonely"
Now he's livin', livin' with a gun

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