

Man

"SCOTCH CORNER"

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*See them in the road house
Drifting out of sight
And taking voice of happiest days
Wounded through the night

**Some look for silence
Somewhere to hide
Some take the chances
To single sight

This man look like a turtle
That life had worn to bits
His eyes were full of wisdom
For his mind was full of shit

God gave him nothing
Just let it die
The pockets are empty
Something inside

It's good to see a human
Too glad to be afraid
Between the nights efficient
And truck with steady rate

All lips are scarlet
All hair is tied
My love has sorrow
I know she tried

Remember sons of poverty
That turns the frame for friends
That can't be heard by
Anyone at all

Come take us angels
Who care them all
God made us care us
Two hearts of gold

(* , ** repeat)

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