

Rundgren Todd

""who's That Man?""

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Who's that man, who's that man?
Who told him that he could hold your hand?
When I looked him in the eye he ran
Who's that man, who's that man?

Maryanne, who's that man?
There's one thing that you should understand
You know many things that go unsaid
By the way one earns his daily bread.

He's a lotus-eater, a plow-share beater,
A rack-jobber and an old grave robber,
A strip miner, a big headliner,
A charge-card diner and he comes from Carolina.

Maryanne, who's that man?
Do you think he's doing all that he can?
Can you tell me after all I've said
That you'd leave me and take him instead?

He's a gun-clubber, an eye-rubber
A bum's rusher and a big ball-crusher
A draft-boarder, a food-hoarder
A strike-breaker and a heavy speed-taker.

He's a black brother, an unwed mother
A flag-waver and a rock and roll raver
A hippie killer, an offshore driller
The new messiah and a habitual liar.

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