

Blood Sweat & Tears; "Naked man"

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Newman)

Old lady lost in the city in the middle of a cold, cold
night
It was fourteen below
And the wind starts to blow
There wasn't a boy scout in sight
Pull down the shades cause he's coming, turn out the
lights cause he's here
Running down the street
Through the snow and the sleet
On the coldest night of the year

Beware, beware, beware of the naked man

Old lady head up toward broad stree, shuffling uptown
against the wind
She'd started to cry,
Wiped a tear
From her eye
Looked back to see where she had been

Old lady stand on the corner with a purse in her hand
She does not know
But in a minute or so
She will be robbed by a naked man

Beware, beware, beware of the naked man

Old lady lean against a lamppost, staring down at the
ground on which she stand
She look up and screamed
In the lamplight's beam
There stood the famous naked man

He say, they found out about my sister, they kicked me
out of the navy,
They would have strung me up if they could.
I tried to explain that we were both of us lazy
And were doing the best we could.

Well he faked to the left and he faked to the right
And the purse was snatched from her hand
Someone stop me, he cried,
As he faded from sight,
Won't nobody help a naked man? Oh Lord
Won't nobody help a naked man?

Beware, beware, beware of the naked man

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