

Connells, The

"Stand Up Man"

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No silence on the streets, dirty feet, you cannot sleep

Your taxi is your home

You want to clean it up, the dirty scum, the filthy bums

You write when you're alone

But you cannot close your eyes and time goes on

And Betsy let you down

You thought you had it right

No you wouldn't wait man

Took the trouble in your own hand

You wouldn't believe it when she wouldn't leave it

Stand up man

So the senator needs a ride, didn't you

Didn't you imagine if he died?

The jealous husband met his match, get a gun, darlin'
one

Did you thank him for his cash?

Your shooting days are done, drive a cab, pay the tab

Guess the war is won

No silence on the street, dirty feet, you cannot sleep

Your taxi is your home

But you cannot close your eyes and time goes on

And Iris let you down

You thought you had it right

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