

State Radio

"The Legacy Of Margaret Brown"

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Dear man, you must be mad
Good man, how many drinks have you had?

Don't you know?
Your family's worried sick over you
In any event we have no time to spare
The canvas of your age has a tear
And a needle without a thread does not a life mend
Mamma's worked yourself into a terrible fret
Keep saying "You can see him"
And we say "Not quite yet."
Oh, not quite yet

All quiet on the streets we hear the footsteps echo
Kids run up the stairs and look down from below
But the streetlight flickers
Mamma gets sicker
She says she's goin' to the place where no one twice
goes
So I had to come and arrest you from your sleep
You see you got too many promises to keep
And what's more they be dying of starvation
With all the food on this world there still be famine in
this here nation
You know you love them but they really don't know
How can they see where the poison go?

'Cause its far far better thing than I've ever done
For you to become the father to your only son
Look long at the father before you
Sits with his hands on his knees 'cause he don't know
what to do
In his old tweed coat and his dress shoes
Furrowed brow and the eyes of the confused
Tries desperately to explain his
Subsequent recluse
In the remainder of his days
I know he old but mind you
How the years go by in a second or two
Won't be long to your kids are lookin' at you
Just as you are now...

Just as you are now

Turn around my good man turn around
Turn around my good man Margaret Brown.
Turn around my good man turn around
Turn around for dear Margaret Brown.
Turn around my good man turn around
Turn around make your way down.
Turn around my good man turn around
Turn around for dear dear Margaret Brown.

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