

Stray Cats "Broken Man"

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Well, he walked down to the station
With a pistol in his hand
The heat was rising off the desert sand
And it scorched the bairn land

Well, he packed up his bags and he headed west
With a dream in his pocket he would ride
The heat was rising on the desert sand
From the truth he couldn't hide

Broken man, broken man with a pistol in his hand
The heat was rising on the desert sand
And it scorched the bairn land

When he walked out of the factory
With a pay check in his hand
The heat was rising off the city streets
And it scorched his careless hand

As he headed down his lonely streets
In his broken down part of town
He crossed over the dividing line
And swore he'd never be found

Broken man, broken man with a pay check in his hand
The heat was rising off the city streets
And he scorched is calloused hand

Well, he walked down to the station
With a pistol in his hand
The heat was rising off the city streets
And it scorched his careless hand

Well, he walked out of his office
With a briefcase in his hand
His greed has turned to bitterness
Like so many broken plans

He grabbed his coat, left his resignation on the desk
He didn't leave a forwarding address
The heat was rising throughout the land
And through the night he ran

Broken man, broken man with a briefcase in his hand
The heat was rising throughout the land
And through the night he ran

Broken man, broken man with a pistol in his hand
The heat was rising throughout the land
And through the night he ran

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