

Todd Rundgren "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

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?
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 bums rusher and a big ball crusher
A draft boarder, a food hoarder
A strike breaker and a heavy speed taker

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?

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

Who's that man, who's that man?
Who told him that he could hold your hand?

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Who's that man, who's that man?

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Who's that man, who's that man?
Who's that man?

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