

A Man Misunderstood

Skyscraper Stan

It was down in a corner cafe, that we first were introduced.
By a mutual acquaintance, who was known to be bad news.
I said to him good evening, he gave to me his name.
I asked him what it is was he did, he asked of me the same.
Then he whispered, as he shook my hand,
I'm a man misunderstood you understand.

We stepped out into the courtyard where he offered me a smoke.
I'll admit I was impressed at how he eloquently spoke.
He said he knew someone who knew someone, who had some cards to play.
If the proper time and place were chosen, money might be made.
It's then I realised, he had a plan.
That man misunderstood you understand.

Well the night was like a blanket, and the moon was like a bone.
In the feble light it seemed just like his face was cut from stone.
I couldn't hide my curiosity, I needed to know.
Exactly what he planned to do and how I was involved.
He said "Follow me. Keep up if you can."
I'm a man misunderstood you understand.

We went walking over bluestone, behind the busy streets.
Where the city slick as, stumbled to a syncopated beat.
A thick unyielding temple that shook them like a doll,
And sent them reeling through the evening looking for someone to hold,
Until the morning. When they'd wake and wash their hands.
Of the man misunderstood you understand.

He said this world of ours is wayward. It's a dirty rotten mess.
Oh but you and I are different, yes, we're better than the rest.
He told me if we took the high road, we'd rise above it all.
Looking back I'd say his flattery was all that made me fall,
Fore giving everything, everything I had.
To that man misunderstood you understand.

We wasted no time waiting. We had reason to believe,
The people needing saving and their savior was me.
So we hit the road that evening, headed north along the Hume.
Towards a bigger town than ours, where people lived amongst the tombs,
Built by progress. And baron land.

Me and that man misunderstood you understand.

We walked that city preaching, on deaf ears and blanket eyes.
He told me not to worry, that our star was on the rise.
Still I couldn't help but notice, he was looking less than well.
And though that thought set off alarm bells I still managed to dispell it,
From my mind. And take my stand.
Beside that man misunderstood you understand.

But then the days had turned to months, and the weeks had turned to years.
All the rhetoric he spoke so well could not allay my fears.
But maybe after taking from me all that I had given, this man was just as lost as I and if I could escape him,
I'd celebrate every difference I had.
To that man misunderstood you understand.

Yes I have made mind up, and in a hotel bar that evening,
Over one last glass of Carlton draught I told him I was leaving.
He said that I was foolish, we were closer now than brothers.
We started in the shouting then we turned upon each other.
And he fell there, by my own hand.
That man misunderstood you understand.

Well it's been years now since the day I left that man misunderstood.
Believing he and his philosophy were never any good.
I walked alone amongst the bones of my own misspent life.
Until I began to wonder if the man might have been right,
And I was wrong. On the day I ran.
From the man misunderstood you understand.

So this evening when I saw ya, it seemed like a twist of fate.
And I thought perhaps with ample luck I might just set this straight.
You had that hungry burning arrogance. That youthful glow of health.
That reminded me confrontingly of my much younger self.
So I told you, as I shook your hand.
I'm a man misunderstood you understand.
I'm a man misunderstood you understand.
I'm a man misunderstood you understand.

Lyrics Submitted by Jack Ryan

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