

# Linden Arden Stole the Highlights

[Van Morrison](#)

Linden Arden stole the highlights  
With one hand tied behind his back  
Loved the morning sun, and whiskey  
Ran like water in his veinsLoved to go to church on Sunday  
Even though he was a drinking man  
When the boys came to San Francisco  
They were looking for his lifeBut he found out where they were drinking  
Met them face to face outside  
Cleaved their heads off with a hatchet  
Lord, he was a drinkin' manAnd when someone tried to get above him  
He just took the law into his own hands  
Linden Arden stole the highlightsAnd they put his fingers through the glass  
He had heard all those stories  
Many many times before  
And he did not know nor care to askAnd he loved the little children  
Like they were his very own  
You say, "Someday it may get lonely"  
Now he's livin', livin' with a gun

Lyrics provided by

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