

Man of straw (live)

Sad Lovers and Giants

Like confession whispered slowly
Hate's a word that's spoken softly
Horror fills his pretty scrapbook
A massacre won't change his outlook
Oh man of straw Sheltered in his cut out life style
If time were small he'd be a sundial
Hope wrung dry with values static
'save me', he cries, 'from these fanatics'
Standing lonely trusting no one
In disarray with collar undone
Kicked again he counts his blessings
But with no brain he's always guessing
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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