Take a Long Line

The Angels

He was selling postcards from a paper stand
a whiskey bottle in his withered hand
he put a finger on a photo from an old magazine
and saw himself in the shadow of his dream

They found him with his head inside a tin-pot crown
told him his feet stank and took him downtown
called him agitator, spy and thief
shut him up in solitary third degree
take a long line, reel him in

He tried to appeal to the king of might
he said "I'm just exercising my sacred right"
the king he said "You ain't got no rights
you're a madman, a traitor, get outta my sight"
take along line, reel him in

They put him aboard a well wound whirlwind
pulled out his teeth and told him to grin
he gave them a smile, pulled out a bottle of wine
and said "I never existed, you've been wasting your time"
take a long line, reel him in

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/