Who Was That Masked Man

Van Morrison

Oh, ain't it lonely
When you're living with a gun
When you can't slow down and you can't turn 'round
And you can't trust anyoneYou just sit there like a butterfly
And you're all encased in glass
You're so fragile you just may break
And you don't know who to askOh, ain't it lonely
When you're living with a gun
Well, you can't slow down and you can't turn 'round
And you can't trust anyoneYou just sit there like a butterfly
You're well protected by the glass
You're such a rare collector's item
When they throw away what's trashYou can hang suspended from a star
Or wish on a toilet roll
You can just soak up the atmosphere
Like a fish inside a bowlWhen the ghost comes round at midnight
Well, you both can have some fun
He can drive you mad, he can make you sad
He can keep you from the sunWhen they take him down
He'll be both safe and sound
And the hand does fit the glove
And no matter what they tell you
There's good and evil in everyone

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