

# Who's That Man?

Todd Rundgren

Who's that man, who's that man?  
Who told him that he could hold your hand?  
When I looked him in the eye, he ran  
Who's that man, who's that man? Maryanne, who's that man?  
There's one thing that you should understand  
You know many things that go unsaid  
By the way one earns his daily bread He's a lotus eater, a plow share beater  
A rack jobber and an old grave robber  
A strip miner, a big headliner  
A charge-card diner and he comes from Carolina Who's that man, who's that man?  
Who told him that he could hold your hand?  
When I looked him in the eye, he ran  
Who's that man, who's that man? Maryanne, who's that man?  
Do you think he's doing all that he can?  
Can you tell me after all I've said  
That you'd leave me and take him instead? He's a gun clubber, an eye rubber  
A bums rusher and a big ball crusher  
A draft boarder, a food hoarder  
A strike breaker and a heavy speed taker Who's that man, who's that man?  
Who told him that he could hold your hand?  
When I looked him in the eye, he ran  
Who's that man, who's that man? He's a black brother, an unwed mother  
A flag waver and a rock and roll raver  
A hippie killer, an offshore driller  
The new messiah and a habitual liar Who's that man, who's that man?  
Who told him that he could hold your hand?  
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