

# Megaphone Man

Nathan Caswell

Megaphone Man had a Megaphone Van  
It was blue and white, it barely ran  
On the dash a Jesus head  
Would oscillate

Dogs would bark and babies cry  
Whenever the Megaphone Van drove by  
Blasting songs 1 through 8  
From the interstate

But the van was lost in a fiery crash  
The Jesus head was reduced to ash  
And the Megaphone Man spent a weekend  
In intensive care

Now the Megaphone Man's back on his feet  
Takes his megaphone down to the foot of Bay Street  
'Cause he knows he's got a captive  
Audience there

Woah,  
Megaphone Man doesn't understand why  
He can't catch a bus to the Promised Land  
Every time he tries  
He ends up at the mall

The people at the bus stop roll their eyes  
When the Megaphone Man shows up and tries  
To preach the holy book and  
Save their souls

His megaphone voice has a chalkboard tone  
And the megaphone screech grates to the bone  
And he soon finds himself  
Alone with the telephone poles

[Non-lexical vocable interlude]

Woah,  
Megaphone Man doesn't understand why

He can't catch a bus to the Promised Land  
Every time he tries  
He ends up at the mall

The Megaphone Man goes home to bed  
With a headache ache and his aching head  
And he wonders to himself if  
The landlord has fixed the heat

His tiny room is as hot as hell  
The Megaphone Man doesn't sleep too well  
In the flashing neon light  
From across the street

Megaphone Man

Lyrics Submitted by Georgi

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