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 Manâ€™s back on his feet
Takes his megaphone down to the foot of Bay Street
â€˜Cause he knows heâ€™s got a captive
Audience there

Woah,
Megaphone Man doesnâ€™t understand why
He canâ€™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 doesnâ€™t understand why

He canâ€™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 doesnâ€™t sleep too well
In the flashing neon light
From across the street

Megaphone Man

Lyrics Submitted by Georji

Lyrics provided by
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