

# Naked Man

## Blood, Sweat & Tears

Newman)Old lady lost in the city in the middle of a cold, cold night  
It was fourteen below  
And the wind starts to blow  
There wasn't a boy scout in sight  
Pull down the shades cause he's coming, turn out the lights cause he's here  
Running down the street  
Through the snow and the sleet  
On the coldest night of the yearBeware, beware, beware of the naked manOld lady head up toward broad stree,  
shuffling uptown against the wind  
She'd started to cry,  
Wiped a tear  
From her eye  
Looked back to see where she had beenOld lady stand on the corner with a purse in her hand  
She does not know  
But in a minute or so  
She will be robbed by a naked manBeware, beware, beware of the naked manOld lady lean against a lamppost,  
staring down at the ground on which she stand  
She look up and screamed  
In the lamplight's beam  
There stood the famous naked manHe say, they found out about my sister, they kicked me out of the navy,  
They would have strung me up if they could.  
I tried to explain that we were both of us lazy  
And were doing the best we could.Well he faked to the left and he faked to the right  
And the purse was snatched from her hand  
Someone stop me, he cried,  
As he faded from sight,  
Won't nobody help a naked man? Oh Lord  
Won't nobody help a naked man?Beware, beware, beware of the naked man

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