

# 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 uptoown 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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