

# Song For Dan Treacy

## Mgmt

He spends his time or maybe half of his time  
Or part of the time wandering  
'Round the creeks and cobble stones  
Of hackney lanes  
With a tear in his eye  
As the children walk by, he's thinking of a song  
Then stops to paint a picture of a frown  
Walking around  
Dan Treacy's smile, leaves you trying  
To decide who's the victim, what's the crime?  
No rest for the mind  
That's seen it all before  
And I don't know where he lives  
But he's a myth of a man  
And Texas Bob the cameraman  
Is off to fix his sit before the show  
Yeah, but where did he go?  
To know when your time's up  
You flip the glass and watch the hours quickening  
In the back of the station  
Fluorescent lights about to quit their flickering  
Well, he speaks his mind  
He says, "What is crime?" Dan Treacy's eyes  
Stop in the middle of the park  
When the underground is dark  
He's a poet, he's a lark  
He starts thinking about a place that no one knows  
And when the creeks run dry, he stays frozen in time  
Strange lights in the sky, start blinking  
I can see the car outside but he's listening  
He's listening, he's listening  
And he's making up his mind  
He made his mind up  
To get things done and overcome  
He made his mind up  
Yeah, he's gonna let it go  
He made his mind up  
In the park and at the station  
He made his mind up

Yeah, he's gonna get it done  
He made his mind up  
Yeah, he's gonna get it done  
He made his mind up  
Yeah, he's gonna let it go  
No matter the time  
When the creeps run by, oh, no  
He's making his mind up  
Yeah, he's gonna get it done  
Yeah, when the creeks run dry  
Yeah, he's gonna listen to his soul  
Yeah, when the creeps walk by  
"Come here, boy, look me in the eye"  
Bow to the heart, back to the beat of Dan Treacy

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