

# The Man In the Van

## Robin Williamson

by Robin Williamson

His mother told me everything  
She had every reason to lie  
Down there in the laundromant  
Like his life was tumbling dry  
Born to be a fighter  
With nothing to attack  
They put sugar in his coffee  
And a t-shirt on his back  
And they signed it with a pen  
Now they've got him in ambulance  
And he'll never fight again

Chorus:  
Nothing in his pockets and  
Nothing in his hand

That man in the van

Out there in the desert  
With the dinosaur blues  
With a suitcase full of earvax  
and pencils in his shoes

The streets were full of marionettes  
And their eyes like blood  
It was raining crucifixes  
To the tune of Billy Buud  
Going to Los Cruces  
To breathe that magic air

They've got a few shocks for him  
When he gets there

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