The Man In the Van

Robin Williamson

by Robin WilliamsonHis 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 againChorus:
Nothing in his pockets and
Nothing in his hand
That man in the vanOut 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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