

Black Stone Cherry, Junkman

I am your junkman
I live on the outskirts of your town
I pick up pieces of your dirty trash
I'm the king of the lost and found

Can't you see the moon's rising?
Can't you hear the planes are flying?
Did you know they came from my hands
In god we trust well that's my story
Let them have the fame and glory
I'll just watch the hill fires rise
I'm your junkman

I am your junkman
I save the other human race
I was born to wear
These dirty ragged clothes
And save this planet from disgrace

Can't you see the moon's rising?
Can't you hear the planes are flying?
Did you know they came from my hands
In god we trust well that's my story
Let them have the fame and glory
I'll just watch the hill fires rise
I'm your junkman
Ah, here come the junkman

-Solo-

Can't you see the moon's rising?
Can't you hear the planes are flying?
Did you know they came from my hands
In god we trust well that's my story
Let them have the fame and glory
I'll just watch the hill fires rise
I'm your junkman
I'm your junkman