

Dickies, Donut Man

on the corner of 5th and main
by an old riverbed and a railroad train
there's a shop near the track
the owner works in the back
he's got a hole in his shirt, a hole in his shoe
he walks around without a whole lot to do
he's got no car, he's got no clothes
does what he does
and that's all he knows

coz he's a donut man
he's doin' what he can
he's happy every day
he's got nothin' to lose
he's found his way
he's a donut man
he's doin' what he can
he's happy every day
he's got nothin' to lose
he's found his way

for at least ten years and a day
he's been going in and out of his way
to give what he's got
the lord knows he gives a lot
with his fortune made and money down
the gifts he gives are all over town
on his face a beautiful smile
he's sending out all the while

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his children grew up and he grew old
his hands got shakey and his shop got sold
now many lies and the story's been told
there ain't nothing left but a donut hole

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