

Stray Cats, Broken Man

Well he walked down to the station
With a pistol in his hand
The heat was rising off the desert sand
And it scorched the baren land
Well he packed up his bags and he headed west
With a dream in his pocket he would ride
The heat was rising on the desert sand
From the truth he couldn't hide

Broken man
Broken man with a pistol in his hand
The heat was rising on the desert sand
And it scorched the baren land
When he walked out of the factory
With a pay check in his hand
The heat was rising off the city streets
And it scorched his careless hand
As he headed down his lonely streets
In his broken down part of town
He crossed over the dividing line
And swore he'd never be found
Broken man
Broken man with a pay check in his hand
The heat was rising off the city streets
And he scorched is calloused hand
Well he walked down to the station
With a pistol in his hand
The heat was rising off the city streets
And it scorched his careless hand
Well he walked out of his office
With a briefcase in his hand
His greed has turned to bitterness
Like so many broken plans
He grabbed his coat
Left his resignation on the desk
He didn't leave a forwarding address
The heat was rising throughout the land
And through the night he ran
Broken man
Broken man with a briefcase in his hand
The heat was rising throughout the land
And through the night he ran
Broken man
Broken man with a pistol in his hand
The heat was rising throughout the land
And through the night he ran