

# Tesla, Edison's Medicine

You're guilty of crime in the first degree,  
Second and third as well.  
My jury finds you'll be serving your time  
When you go straight to hell.

'Cause he was Lord of the Lightning,  
Though "socially fright'ning",  
But never out to sell.

Their nickels and pence  
Meant more than did sense,  
And not the sensible thing.

Nor did the man outta time, man outta time.  
Thought you was crazy. You was one of a kind.  
Man outta time, man outta time.  
All along, world was wrong. You was right.

All that he saw, all he conceived,  
They just could not believe.  
Steinmetz and Twain were friends that remained,  
Along with number three.  
He was electromagnetic, completely kinetic,  
"New Wizard of the West."  
But they swindled and whined that he wasn't our kind,  
And said Edison knew best.

He was the man outta time, man outta time.  
Thought you was crazy. You was one of a kind.  
Man outta time, man outta time.  
Said you was outta your mind!

You took a shot and it did you in.  
Edison's medicine.  
You played your cards, but you couldn't win.  
Edison's medicine.

I spent twelve years of hard time,  
More like the best years of my life.  
Never heard or read a single word  
About "the man" and his "wicked mind."  
They'll sell you on Marconi.  
Familiar, but a phony.  
Story goes they sold their souls  
And swore that you'd never know...

About the man outta time, man outta time.  
Thought you was crazy. You was one of a kind.  
Man outta time, man outta time.  
Swore you was outta your mind!

You took a shot and it did you in.  
Edison's medicine.  
You played your cards, but you couldn't win.  
Edison's medicine.