## Don Johnson Big Band, Nightman

## Intro

Saw a man in the street with his fist in the air Treading along with a quiet limp and a mystery glare This could be fair he insisted in a whisper and stared me down As i passed him, asked him if they missed him and cared

Eyes suspicious, used to being attacked on The smell of liquor in his breath, he had pride in his backbone Said i'm just an old man with his life in a shopping cart This dog is my family and i sleep in the park

But i wasn't always like this, never thought i'd fall this deep All mystique is long gone, i'm in a hole and my call is weak But the people just don't listen to a bum they all mistreat And it's not easy to climb out when the wall is steep

## Chorus

My mind is spoken My mind is broken My mind's been open for too long

## Verse 1

There's a light inside still glowing in the kitchen You walk down the stairs, turn life into fiction That intersection could be the last turn And the way you keep beating your heart on fast burn is

Fatal, unable to find the right label For the sudden disappearance of familiar road maps You got a video-phone-fax and everything you need But can't hide the truth under a table

So you proceed to the street and find yourself alone In the freezing cold, under your feet is The crackling ice that makes time disappear Let your eyelids fall, is blindness a fear?

Quiet as the sheer heavy weight that leaves a long shadow When you're battling back to where you started The cold hot on your heels appeals to the real sense You got little that needs to be guarded

So keep that thought and your wheel in motion All the mirrors are gone, you feel the motion of The past getting closer, infinite on this tape Minute by minute, give it my limit and escape...