

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...