

# Flash And The Pan, The Man Who Knew The Answer

There's a sign down back of main street  
Says: Dreams are not for sale  
Took a life to find that out  
Lost behind a veil  
Born in line of duty  
Awakened with a frown  
Found it hard to readjust  
Closed the old church down

Read a book of fables, of wizards and of gnomes  
Reaped the autumn harvest, the seeds already sown  
Didn't have a number, didn't have a name  
The man that knew the answer, he couldn't play the game

Well he drank the cool clear water  
And he breathed the old sunrise  
Laughed away the mornings  
Didn't hear the sighs  
Joined the Manhattan party  
Found himself at home  
Climbed upon the ladder  
Left for lands unknown

Then one autumn evening, as the day was on its last  
Came out of the sunset, the legend from the past  
Their heads were turned in wonder, in anger and in shame  
From the man that knew the answer, that couldn't play the game