

Frank Black And The Catholics, The Man Who Was

Though he loved to rock and roll
All these many years
He cared about the old people's
And little children's ears
Though he was a guitar man
He reflected and he vowed
Never will I ever be
No ne'er, ne'er again
The man who was too loud
Johnny's not a poor man
No, he never gets him down
Now that he is free he is not proud
He don't need the power
Just to make a sound
He is not the man that he used to be
Oh, no, the man who was too loud
I will play softly
I will play softly
I will play softly now
'Cause I was the man who was too loud
It's not because he don't respect
The popular music style
You know I saw him open up
For the kind of the surf guitar
Do not think he does not like
The cheering of the crowd
No, he is glad that they came to see
The man who used to be
The man who was too loud
Johnny is a rich man
Yeah, he still gets around
He is glad to be the car who meowed
He don't need the power
Just to get his sound
He is not the man that he used to be
Oh no, the man who was too loud
I will play softly
I will play softly
I will play softly now
'Cause I was the man who was too loud