

Frank Black, The Man Who Was Too Loud

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, so 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 king 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, so softly now
'Cause I was the man who was too loud
I was way too loud."

Though he loved rock and roll
Oh, I better not