

Man, Scotch Corner

See them in the road house drifting out of sight
In broken bars and cafes they wander through the night
Some look for silence, somewhere to hide
Some take their chances, choose suicide

This man looked like a turtle that life had blown to bits
His eyes were full of wisdom but his mouth was full of shit
God gave him nothing, just let it ride
The pockets are empty, something has died

It's good to see a human too mad to be afraid
Between the night starvation and the truck girls getting laid
Her lips are scarlet, her hair is dyed
I love her sorrow, I know she tried

A man that stands there something and burns the flame both ends
That can't be hurt by anyone at all
God gave us angels, we kill them all
God made us killers, with too far to fall

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