

# Small Faces, Mad John

There was an old man who lived in the greenwood  
nobody knew him or what he had done  
but mothers words say to their children beware of Mad John.

John would sing with the birds in the morning  
laugh with the wind in the cold end of night  
but people from behind their curtains, said he's not quite right.

John had it sussed he was living the life of a tramp  
yes his bed was the cold and the damp but the sun was his friend  
he was free

So here was a wise one who loved all the haters  
he loved them so much that their hate turned to fear  
and shaking from behind their curtains the loved ones would hear.