

Stan Ridgway, Jack Talked (Like A Man On Fire)

CHORUS

Jack talked, Jack talked like
Jack talked like a man on fire
Jack talked, Jack talked like
Jack talked like a man on fire
Jack talked like a man on fire
And his eyes looked like two shiny steel ball berrings
And when he moved the ground beneath him shook and split open
No one got too close to Jack
Jack never got too close anyway
And when he dreamed his ears drolled
Thirty weight engine oil
He took personality tests
And stapled them to his lower lip
no one ever came over to visit with Jack
Jack never visited anybody anyway

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Jack made false contributions
To charity telethons
Jack made prank phone calls
To elected officials
His arms shook and his legs twitched
And his tongue dart out of
His mouth every few seconds
And when it did
It touched the tip of his nose
And when it touched the tip of his nose
He yelled out as loud as he could
"I have artistic sensibility,
I am a damn good risk,
I am the messenger and
Here is the message."

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