

# Tim Curry, Alan

There's a man  
Hanging by his pants-seat  
While the moon  
Is hanging over 4th street  
People stop and look at him  
They think they understand  
They know that you're loaded  
And you're crazy  
And they think you're stupid

You can trust me  
I'm your best friend  
Now's the time to leave  
Before he breaks your nose  
Rips your clothes  
Makes you bleed  
It's okay  
I've got money for a taxi  
Yeah  
The people in the crowd  
They're just a bunch of creeps  
Just the same  
You shouldn't blame  
Your problems on the Greeks  
Cuz it looks like you need stitches  
And that lip won't heal for weeks  
Hey don't fall asleep  
Your nose bleed on my lap  
Hey lean against the window  
Hey nevermind  
Come back  
Alan... Alan... Alan... Alan

Sorry Mr. Kessler  
Searched his pockets  
No key there  
Yeah somebody hit him  
Help me drag him up the stair  
Kessler takes a look at us  
He thinks he understands  
He knows that we're loaded  
And we're crazy  
And he thinks you're stupid

I prop you at your typewriter  
A broomstick up your shirt  
I lay your hands across the keys  
Ah shit I'm suck a jerk  
You've got to be a fighter  
The problem with the world is  
They don't know

That you're a writer  
Alan... Alan... Alan... Alan

You get next  
To me