

# 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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