

Old Man Dub

Brazzaville

Pall Malls
And a racing form
Oh oh oh...

An old man
In a furnished room
Oh oh oh...

Had his eyeglasses
Smashed again
Oh oh oh...

Prowlin' downtown
For some teenage skin
Oh oh oh...

Fingernail dirt
And blackhead cheeks
Oh oh oh...

His faded "Members
Only" speaks
Oh oh oh

The sky says forever
The clouds wander by
The heat of September
Makes him glow

Korean War
Setting sun
Dashing and young
Now he's so alone