It's on

He was selling postcards from a paper stand a whiskey bottle in his withered hand he put a finger on a photo from an old magazine and saw himself in the shadow of his dream They found him with his head inside a tin-pot crown told him his feet stank and took him downtown called him agitator, spy and thief shut him up in solitary third degree take a long line (3x)reel him in He tried to appeal to the king of might he said "I'm just excercising my sacred right" the king he said "You ain't got no rights you're a madman, a traitor, get outta my sight" take along line (3x)reel him in

They found him with his head inside a tin-pot crown told him his feet stank and took him downtown called him agitator, spy and thief shut him up in solitary third degree They put him aboard a well wound whirlwind pulled out his teeth and rold him to grin he gave them a smile, pulled out a bottle of wine and said "I never existed, you've been wasting your time" take a long line (3x)reel him in take a long line (3x)reel him in take a long line take a long line take a long long long line reel him in