

# Naked Man

Randy Newman

Old lady lost in the city  
In the middle of a cold, cold night  
It was fourteen below and the wind start to blow  
There wasn't a boy scout in sight

Pull down the shades 'cause he's comin'  
Turn out the lights 'cause he's here  
Runnin' hard down the street through the snow and the sleet  
On the coldest night of the year

Beware, beware, beware of the naked man

Old lady head up toward Broad Street  
Shufflin' uptown against the wind  
She had started to cry, wiped a tear from her eye  
And looked back to see where she had been

Old lady stand on the corner  
With a purse in her hand  
She does not know but in a minute or so  
She will be robbed by a naked man

Old lady lean against a lamppost  
Starin' down at the ground on which she stand  
She look up and scream for the lamplight's beam  
There stood the famous naked man

He say, "They found out about my sister and kicked me out of the navy  
They would have strung me up if they could  
I tried to explain that we were both of us lazy  
And were doing the best we could"

He faked to the left and he faked to the right  
And he snatched the purse from her hand  
"Someone stop me," he cried, as he faded from sight  
"Won't nobody help a naked man?"  
"Won't nobody help a naked man?"

Beware, beware, beware of the naked man