

The Troubadour

Streetlight Manifesto

This is a morbid story about a fella that had to die,
he had a beautiful wife but he also had a roving eye.

She planted him by the roadside,
She planted him by the roadside,
She planted him by the roadside,
for all the unfaithful husbands to see.

Come let me tell you the story,
of little Willie the Troubadour
And just how it happened to pass my friends,
little Willie won't see no more.

You know why?
She planted him by the roadside,
She planted him by the roadside,
She planted him by the roadside,
for all the unfaithful husbands to see.

Willie was handsome as he could be,
he met a girl in society
Thin Willie was cursed with a rovin' eye,
and never let a pretty chick pass by.

So he bought himself a convertible bird,
to ride the fine chicks around
He found out he was being followed,
so he could never let the top down.

You know what happened to him?
She planted him by the roadside,
She planted him by the roadside,
She planted him by the roadside,
for all the unfaithful husbands to see.

If he drove a girl to a drive-in,
he'd have to go after dark
He knew he'd always have to hide,
so he'd wind up sitting in the park.

She caught him down by the water,
lovin' the fisherman's daughter
she pulled a little pistol from right out of the air,
and shot poor Willie right then and there.

She planted him by the roadside,
She planted him by the roadside,
She planted him by the roadside,
for all the unfaithful husbands to see.