

The Man with No Name

The Specials

Out in the heat and the dust, well survival is tough
When he puts out his hand, yeah he's an angry young man

You say he don't feel no pain 'cos he's the man with no name
And the streets are his bed every night

And the boots on his feet, they walk a long lonely street
To the Heartbreak Hotel, out on highway to hell

You say he don't feel no pain 'cos he's the man with no name
And yet the streets are his bed every night

Oh why should we care?
It's another world out there
But could you change your point of view
It could be me, it could be you

Under bushes in the park, and shop doorways after dark
And all the losers and the lost, just surviving in Jack Frost

You say they don't feel no pain, all them people without no name
And yet the streets are their bed every night

Say she don't feel no pain, when she's out there on the game
Yeah she walks along this street every night

I say you don't feel no pain 'cos you're the man with no name
And I wonder how you can sleep at night