

The Madman

The White Buffalo

It's a silent shriek without a sound
He's coming' soon to your small town
He's searching for something he won't find
He's a mad, mad man with a mad, mad mind
Half a fifth of Jack Daniels
He wipes his nose and takes a pull
He ain't young he ain't old
He's a troubled man with a morbid soul
Oh, the mad man cometh
He don't answer to no one
He's no ones papa he's no ones son
He won't sleep till' they're dead
He's got a swazi on the top of his head
Down from the heavens from which he fell
A demon child sent straight from hell
Throws one more shot of bourbon back
He's a mean motherfucker; he's a man in black
Oh, the mad man cometh
Like the ravage of a holy flood
Three lay dead in a pool of blood
Above broken bodies madness stands

Blood on his beard and blood on his hands
Hides in the shadows of the still of the night
You won't see him coming no, no
Done the dead and flees the scene
Out of the corner of your eye you see the mad man running
Oh, the mad man cometh
The pigs are on his heels
Guns are drawn he's in their sights
They think they've got their leads
But he's a friend of the night
They follow the trail of blood
Now they know they've got their mark
But the madman can't be found
Disappears into the dark
It's a silent shriek without a sound
Well he's coming soon to your small town
He's searching for something he won't find
He's a mad, mad man with a mad, mad mind
Like an animal out of his den
You better hide your money better hide your children
You can't keep your fear at bay
Cause the madman roams these streets today
Oh, the madman cometh