

# Who Was That Masked Man

Van Morrison

Oh ain't it lonely  
When you're livin' with a gun  
Well you can't slow down and you can't turn 'round  
And you can't trust anyone

You just sit there like a butterfly  
And you're all encased in glass  
You're so fragile you just may break  
And you don't know who to ask

Oh ain't it lonely  
When you're livin' with a gun  
Well you can't slow down and you can't turn 'round  
And you can't trust anyone

You just sit there like a butterfly  
You're well protected by the glass  
You're such a rare collector's item  
When they throw away what's the trash  
You can hang suspended from a star  
Or wish on a toilet roll  
You can just soak up the atmosphere  
Like a fish inside a bowl

When the ghost comes round at midnight  
Well you both can have some fun  
He can drive you mad, he can make you sad  
He can keep you from the sun  
When they take him down, he'll be both safe and sound  
And the hand does fit the glove  
And no matter what they tell you,  
There's good and evil in everyone