

Mr. Suicide

Brazzaville

What kind of a man
What kind of a son
What kind of a guy
Would just up and run

An ill-fated wind
Turned his good luck around
What kind of a man
Would just leave town

So after the fall
The cold winter sun
It seems his best days
Have come and gone

The lights of the train
The cold whistle blows
The sound of relief
From the life he chose