

## Mr. Germain

Drapht

Hey, can you tell me where Jacques-lmo's is, please?  
Yeah  
Alright cool, thanks

What a beautiful energy this place has  
The other day a homeless man told me  
Hey, stand tall - hold your head high  
I was just walking down the street, minding my business  
Appears like a wizard, kinda smells like a dead guy  
For a second I felt he knew my inner-self  
Better than myself, some red around his mouth  
It is wine - wine - a French blend before your time  
Hey - it was like he read my mind  
Hi, my name is Mr. Germain, what a beautiful day  
I said, It's night?  
He said, You need to get out of your head  
Yeah, he was right, I am stressed, I am stressed  
I started feeling like death  
He said, You wouldn't know Death if it sat with you on a bench  
Then started tapping a packet of cigarettes  
I said, that stuff will kill you  
Then calmly, he interjects and says  
Not if you've already been forgotten  
And then the next thing, I seemed to had lost him

They call me baby in New Orleans  
You ain't safe up on these streets, baby  
These streets ain't sweet, baby  
Cause they will take your rings, your clothes  
Your hat, your soul  
Now riding through Hollygrove  
This is beautiful New Orleans, baby  
(New Orleans, baby!)

You can hear it in the thunder  
If you listen when the sun goes down  
You can hear it in the thunder  
Can be vicious when the sun goes down

(Give me one second, young man, give me one second)

Walking down mystery to get to a streetcar hearing  
Greetings, Mr Reid, shouldn't you really be asleep now?  
Police car screams around the corner, Ya, he says  
There's been a scene, another bleeding lamb up to the slaughter  
But I warned you not to walk along this street after nighttime  
(Why?) "Might get shocked like a key tied up to a kite line  
(Huh?) What? You wonder what dying's like?  
(No) Wonder what the light's like?  
(No) Like Stevie's eyesight?  
(No) Might just be feel the bite like being on the other side of Tyson  
Then he switches and says  
What a time to be alive, Paul  
Not the type of thing you take for granted  
Paul, that's how you vanish, Sleepwalking living life in your pyjamas  
Damn, its such a waste of that bluh-bluh-Bloody life that you were given  
He stutteringly finishes

Policeman doubles round the block (Ha ha ha)  
I turn back around to say goodbye, and then he's gone.

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