

Lunatic

Coyne, Kevin

An old man surrounded by his books
Trestle table piled with old newspapers
Fifteen cats scratching at his door
Fifths and messes all across the floor

Chorus: It's alright Mrs. Brown, you know Mrs. Carter
He's a luna-luna-luna-luna-luna-luna-lunatic (2x).

Still used to walk with your spotty dog
Gazing for hours at the flower beds
Under the victorian canopy
Knocking the leaves of the dead trees

You're a luna-luna-luna-luna-luna-luna-lunatic (2x)

The open ward is the place for you
Where someone they will tie your shoes
You'll have visitors one every year
And you don't have to cry, there's a million tears,
everyone cries there

Chorus

And still you walk with your spotty dog
Gazing for hours at the flower beds
Under the victorian canopy
Picking the leaves of the dead trees

Yes, you're a luna-luna-luna-luna-luna-luna-lunatic (4x)

Still used to walk with your spotty dog
Gazing for hours at the flower beds
Under the victorian canopy
Picking the leaves of the dead trees