

# Broken Man

Stray Cats

Well he walked down to the station  
With a pistol in his hand  
The heat was rising off the desert sand  
And it scorched the baren land

Well he packed up his bags and he headed west  
With a dream in his pocket he would ride  
The heat was rising on the desert sand  
From the truth he couldn't hide

Broken man  
Broken man with a pistol in his hand  
The heat was rising on the desert sand  
And it scorched the baren land

When he walked out of the factory  
With a pay check in his hand  
The heat was rising off the city streets  
And it scorched his careless hand

As he headed down his lonely streets  
In his broken down part of town  
He crossed over the dividing line  
And swore he'd never be found

Broken man  
Broken man with a pay check in his hand  
The heat was rising off the city streets  
And he scorched is calloused hand

Well he walked down to the station  
With a pistol in his hand  
The heat was rising off the city streets  
And it scorched his careless hand

Well he walked out of his office  
With a briefcase in his hand  
His greed has turned to bitterness  
Like so many broken plans

He grabbed his coat  
Left his resignation on the desk  
He didn't leave a forwarding address  
The heat was rising throughout the land  
And through the night he ran

Broken man  
Broken man with a briefcase in his hand  
The heat was rising throughout the land  
And through the night he ran

Broken man  
Broken man with a pistol in his hand  
The heat was rising throughout the land  
And through the night he ran