

# The Troubador

## Streetlight Manifesto

This is a morbid story 'bout a fellow that had to die  
He had a beautiful wife but he also had a rovin' eye.

She planted him by the roadside  
She planted him by the roadside  
She planted him by the roadside  
for all the unfaithful husbands to see

Come let me tell you the story  
Of little Willie, the Troubadour  
And just how it happened to pass, my friend  
Little Willie won't sing no more  
(You know why?)

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Willie was handsome as he could be  
He met a gal in society  
Then Willie was cursed with a rovin' eye  
And never let a pretty chick pass by

So he bought himself a Convertible Bird,  
To ride the fine chicks around  
He found out he was being followed  
So he could never let the top down  
(Know what happened to him?)

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If he drove a girl to a drive-in  
He'd have to go after dark  
He knew he always had to hide  
So he'd wind up sitting in the park

She caught him down by the water  
Loving the fisherman's daughter  
She pulled her little pistol from right out of the air  
And shot poor Willie right then and there

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