Take A Long Line

The Angels

He was selling postcards from a paper stand Whiskey bottle in his withered hand He put a finger on a photo from an old magazine And saw himself in the shadow of his dream

They found him with his head inside a tin-pot crown Told him his feet stank and took him downtown Called him agitator, spy and thief Shut him up in solitary third degree

Take a long line Take a long line Take a long line Reel him in

He tried to appeal to the king of might Said "I'm just exercising my sacred right" The king he said "You ain't got no rights You're a madman, a traitor, get outta my sight"

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They put him aboard a well wound whirlwind Pulled out his teeth and told him to grin He gave them a smile, pulled out a bottle of wine And said "I never existed, you've been wasting your time"

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