

## The Madman

## The White Buffalo

It's a silent shriek without a sound  
He's coming' soon to your small town  
He's searching for something he won't find  
He's a mad, mad man with a mad, mad mind  
Half a fifth of Jack Daniels  
He wipes his nose and takes a pull  
He ain't young he ain't old  
He's a troubled man with a morbid soul  
Oh, the mad man cometh  
He don't answer to no one  
He's no ones papa he's no ones son  
He won't sleep till' they're dead  
He's got a swazi on the top of his head  
Down from the heavens from which he fell  
A demon child sent straight from hell  
Throws one more shot of bourbon back  
He's a mean motherfucker; he's a man in black  
Oh, the mad man cometh  
Like the ravage of a holy flood  
Three lay dead in a pool of blood  
Above broken bodies madness stands

Blood on his beard and blood on his hands  
Hides in the shadows of the still of the night  
You won't see him coming no, no  
Done the dead and flees the scene  
Out of the corner of your eye you see the mad man running  
Oh, the mad man cometh  
The pigs are on his heels  
Guns are drawn he's in their sights  
They think they've got their leads  
But he's a friend of the night  
They follow the trail of blood  
Now they know they've got their mark  
But the madman can't be found  
Disappears into the dark  
It's a silent shriek without a sound  
Well he's coming soon to your small town  
He's searching for something he won't find  
He's a mad, mad man with a mad, mad mind  
Like an animal out of his den  
You better hide your money better hide your children  
You can't keep your fear at bay  
Cause the madman roams these streets today  
Oh, the madman cometh