

MAN WITH GOLDEN HELMET lyrics copyright D.Tek/S. Kambly (Universal / APRA)

MAN WITH GOLDEN HELMET  
DRINKS WATER FROM THE FAUCET

HE STANDS ACROSS THE HALL  
FROM PICTURES ON THE WALL  
OF HIEROGLYPHIC SCRAWL  
AND NO ONE CARES AT ALL  
THAT HE ISN'T WAITING

MAN WITH GOLDEN HELMET  
DRINKS WATER FROM THE FAUCET

HE WALKS ON DOWN THE STREET  
LEATHER COAT  
LEATHER BOOT  
GLOVES OF SHINING LEATHER  
SIDEWALKS AND GUTTERS AND FREEZING WEATHER  
AND EMPTY STREETS  
FULL OF NO ONE

MAN WITH GOLDEN HELMET  
DRINKS WATER FROM THE FAUCET

HE PLAYS WITH TINY CHILDREN  
ON HIS WAY HOME FROM WORK  
HE DOESN'T WEAR A SMIRK  
HE CAN'T REVIVE IT  
HAVING DIFFERENT KINDS OF FUN  
WITH FOURTEEN ANCIENT NUNS  
UNDER CIRCLING SUNS  
WITH HIS WONDERFUL  
COLLECTION OF GUNS

HE'S THE TOP MAN IN THE LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT