

Flash And The Pan, The Man Who Knew The Answer

There's a sign down back of main street
Says: Dreams are not for sale
Took a life to find that out
Lost behind a veil
Born in line of duty
Awakened with a frown
Found it hard to readjust
Closed the old church down

Read a book of fables, of wizards and of gnomes
Reaped the autumn harvest, the seeds already sown
Didn't have a number, didn't have a name
The man that knew the answer, he couldn't play the game

Well he drank the cool clear water
And he breathed the old sunrise
Laughed away the mornings
Didn't hear the sighs
Joined the Manhattan party
Found himself at home
Climbed upon the ladder
Left for lands unknown

Then one autumn evening, as the day was on its last
Came out of the sunset, the legend from the past
Their heads were turned in wonder, in anger and in shame
From the man that knew the answer, that couldn't play the game