

All Those Roads

Words and Music by Steven Brandick © 2006

After Sunset

He was a back street walker,
a man who loved the midnight sun.
He'd try doing the things
they say cannot be done.
He walked a wire high above town,
sometime artist, sometimes clown.
If you wanted him he'd be around
after sunset

A cat named Oscar
hung around his kitchen door.
He had a love named Lucy
who always kept him wanting more.
She was a high strung mama no doubt
a former princess of the south
and you could catch her dishing it out
after sunset

CHORUS

After sunset
as the colors washed from the sky,
they would just be getting up,
getting out and getting high.
After sunset
when the lights come on,
he'd start grooving.
They would not stop before the dawn

They took their meals
in a place they called the ptomaine shack.
Beans and chile with a
glass of quinine back.
It was a gourmet diners delight
as long as the bugs didn't bite
or the cooks get into a fight
after sunset.

After dinner they'd
take a walk down through the park.
A band played oom-pah and
peasants danced in the dark.
Everybody had lots of fun
from the grandma's to the little one.
Even soldiers twirled their guns
after sunset.