

Coat of Mail

[Harry Manx](#)

There's an honest man I know in the welfare line
Lives upstairs at the Yale
You can call him a good friend of mineHe was taken down by the man at his door
Cloak of desperation, got wrapped around his soulSew him a coat of mail
Make it all alright
Send him the wind to sail
Sew him a coat of mailI stood below your window, some things I understood
Out in the world's a struggle, every man needs a planYou can listen without words, it's not everyone can see
But I recognize your eyes, yeah they once belonged to meYou walk the streets at sunrise, no matter where you
turn
There's questions without answers, they continue to burnIt's a fine, fine thread gonna keep you in this place
Well I see you sound yourself something
cause it's written on your face

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