Leatherman

Pearl Jam

I heard about a man to whom I may be related. He's leatherman.
Died a long time ago in the 1880's. Leatherman. Leatherman.
Covered with leather but it wasn't tight. Underneath a moon in the woods at night.
Making the rounds ten miles a day. Once a month they'd spot him and here's what they'd say."Here he comes.
He's a man of the land. He's leatherman
Smile on his face. Axe in his pack.
He's leatherman. Leatherman. Leatherman."Comes out of the caves once a day to be fed.
He wasn't known to stay much but, "Thanks for the bread."So, modern day I walk my way with my jacket faded
just like a man of leather whom I may be related.
Rolled cigarette for which he'd ask for a light.
Appear to be an animal. Yet, so polite.
Making the rounds ten miles a day. Once a month they'd spot him and here's what they'd say"Here he comes
he's a man of the land. He's leatherman
Smile on his face. Axe in his hand.
He's leatherman. Leatherman. Leatherman."Leatherman. Leatherman.
Shake his hand. He's leatherman. Bake some bread. He's leatherman.
Shame he's dead. I saw his bed.
It's all that's left of leatherman. Leatherman.
Give me some skin Leatherman.

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