Chimney Sweeping Man

Laura Veirs

I'm a, I'm a, I'm a, I'm a chimney sweeping man
You see the black lines
On the backs, on the backs of my handsI planted all the gardens
I sent off all the hand-typed letters to the empty shells on high
How I want to make things better, I want to make things betterMaybe you thought I'd be president
With my Cheshire grin, high I.Q.
And charming baby bluesWell, I'm a lowland forest resident
With lime in the outhouse
And black grime for tattoosI try to make things better
I try to make things mine
I write a lot of letters to pass the timeI pulled three hundred rocks
From the land to build my house
I walk quiet through the forest like a tiny quiet forest mouse'Cause I'm a, I'm a, I'm a, I'm a chimney sweeping man
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