

# 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 hands I 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 better Maybe you thought I'd be president  
With my Cheshire grin, high I.Q.  
And charming baby blues Well, I'm a lowland forest resident  
With lime in the outhouse  
And black grime for tattoos I try to make things better  
I try to make things mine  
I write a lot of letters to pass the time I 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  
You see the black lines  
In the backs, on the backs of my hands I'm a, I'm a, I'm a, I'm a chimney sweeping man  
You see the black lines  
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On the backs, on the backs of my hands

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