

# Wooden Overcoat

**John Wesley Harding**

There's a man in a pitch black hat  
And his underwear's made of mud  
He jumps like a pouncing cat  
And he lands with a sickening thud  
His head is surrounded by ravens  
The plague has progressed to his heart  
Best that you meet him clean shaven  
Cos his razor is not kept sharp  
And he's wearing a wooden overcoat  
He's known in the underworld  
He lives in the undergrowth  
And he's knowingly undersold  
Though he's never been under oath  
His devil's are arrayed in armies  
And his angels will fix the fight  
He'll shape you like origami  
And throw you away at night  
And he's wearing a wooden overcoat  
His house is a damp museum  
And all of his servants worms  
Mating in mausoleums  
Licking the floor for germs  
And his cabinet's full of wonders  
There's specimens everywhere  
He's negative six feet under  
And has to submerge for air  
And he's wearing a wooden overcoat  
Don't ever act too humble  
Don't eat away thy heart  
He's tearing apart each dungeon  
His tail's an evil dart  
And he's wearing a wooden overcoat

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