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 overcoatHe'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 overcoatHis 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 overcoatDon'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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