

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

Lyrics provided by
<https://damlyrics.com/>