

# The Tailor

## Blitzen Trapper

I'm a long way from my home  
I was born on the raging sea  
And when I first struck land,  
With my head in hand  
I built a house out of an old oak tree  
And raised a family out of earth and electricity  
I was king of my domain  
But my fortitude had proved in vain  
And when the locusts came  
Like a summer rain  
Devouring everything that I held dear  
And all I'd worked for simply disappeared  
So I crept away  
For I had debts to pay  
And joined the army as a privateer  
Yeah, it was then, the wind it whispered  
But I would not hear So we sailed out across the land  
Through an ocean made of sinking sand  
And though I lost my men,  
I was born again  
As a tailor in an unknown land  
With a needle and some thread in hand  
Mending suits and slacks,  
Stitching up the cracks  
In the backs of my neighbors heads  
And soon the word, yeah, of my work, it spread through the town So before the king I stood  
I said, I come from the raging sea  
And if the truth be told,  
I am not so old  
As you may first have taken me to be  
For numbers never could apply to me  
For I'm as old as time,  
And maybe half as blind  
What some of you might call infinity  
I am the tailor of the earth and electricity.

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