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 hearSo 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 townSo 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 Im 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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