

# Coat of Mail

**Harry Manx**

There's an honest man I know in the welfare line  
Lives upstairs at the Yale  
You can call him a good friend of mine He was taken down by the man at his door  
Cloak of desperation, got wrapped around his soul Sew him a coat of mail  
Make it all alright  
Send him the wind to sail  
Sew him a coat of mail I stood below your window, some things I understood  
Out in the world's a struggle, every man needs a plan You can listen without words, it's not everyone can see  
But I recognize your eyes, yeah they once belonged to me You walk the streets at sunrise, no matter where you  
turn  
There's questions without answers, they continue to burn It's a fine, fine thread gonna keep you in this place  
Well I see you sound yourself something  
cause it's written on your face

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