

Jolie Holland

"Mad Tom Of Bedlam"

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For to see Mad Tom of Bedlam,
Ten thousand miles I've travelled
Mad Maudlin goes on dirty toes
For to save her shoes from gravel

It's well that we sing bonney boys
Bonney mad boys
Bedlam boys are bonney
For they all go bare, and they live in the air
And they want no drink nor money

I went down to Satan's Kitchen
For to break my fast one morning
And there I got souls piping hot
All on the spit a-turning

It's well that we sing bonney boys
Bonney mad boys
Bedlam boys are bonney
For they all go bare, and they live in the air
And they want no drink nor money

A spirit howled as lightning
Did on that journey guide me
The sun did shake and the pale moon quake
Whenever they did spy me

And it's well that we sing bonney boys
Bonney mad boys
Bedlam boys are bonney
For they all go bare, and they live in the air
And they want no drink nor money

My staff has murdered giants
And my pack a long knife carries
For to slice mince pies from children's thighs,

From which to feed the faeries

It's well that we sing bonney boys
Bonney mad boys
Bedlam boys are bonney

For they all go bare, and they live in the air
And they want no drink nor money

Tonight I'll go a-murdering
The man in the moon to a powder
His dog I'll shake and his staff I'll break
And I'll howl a wee bit louder

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