

Laura Veirs

"Chimney Sweeping Man"

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I'm a, I'm a, I'm a, I'm a chimney sweeping man
You see the black lines
On the backs, on the backs of my hands

I planted all the gardens
I sent off all the hand-typed letters to the empty shells
on high
How I want to make things better, I want to make things
better

Maybe you thought I'd be president
With my Cheshire grin, high I.Q.
And charming baby blues

Well, I'm a lowland forest resident
With lime in the outhouse
And black grime for tattoos

I try to make things better
I try to make things mine
I write a lot of letters to pass the time

I pulled three hundred rocks
From the land to build my house
I walk quiet through the forest like a tiny quiet forest
mouse

'Cause I'm a, I'm a, I'm a, I'm a chimney sweeping man
You see the black lines
In the backs, on the backs of my hands

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You see the black lines
On the backs, on the backs of my hands

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