

Covette

"Simon Keeper"

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Jesus was a carpenter he died nailed to a wooden cross.
Irony oh irony upon me it is never lost.

Gather 'round now people, I'm here to tell a tale
About a man who walks among you, a man you each know well.
My name is Simon Keeper I had a wife and three grown kids,
A job in the towers cooking the books for the shills that grease the skids.

Irony oh irony, you are a bitter fruit to eat.
Stripped of all your beauty your flesh is none too sweet.

Now I ain't the most honest man that ever worked a skim.
I was caught with my hand in the cookie jar and brother that was it.
Fifty-four and a big black mark upon my resume,
I found selling off what you don't own might earn you the time of day.

Next it was a letter from my darling one,
"what's yours is mine, what's mine is mine",
Sealed with a hug and kiss.
One by one my children closed their lives to me.
Lesson learned on Daddy's knee,
"give no quarter to the weak".

Irony oh irony, you are the polar seed of truth,
You grow upon the open plain the faithful you uproot.

Kicked around 'bout a year living hand to mouth,
Then one day tryin' to bum a light I felt my will give out.
Sat right down on the corner, started prayin' a little too loud.
Left my troubles far behind
When I saw them emptying their pockets out.

Irony oh irony, you are a treacherous son of a bitch,

Pretending not to care about the heights you'll never reach.

Now I won't start in preaching 'bout reaping what you sow,
This is the story of a half-hearted man,
Half honest as they go.
But sit on down and rest a spell I've got another tale to tell.
About a lost young man in a far away land whose life is just too easy to sell.

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