

## Harry Manx "Coat Of Mail"

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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, it'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  
it's because it's written on your  
face

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