

The Real McKenzies

"The Skeleton And The Tailor"

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there once was a wee laddie-o who lived not so very
long ago
who had a brother with a heart of gold, they soon grew
into men
the younger one had never walked, because of this he
never had
the brighter view and attitude, cursed to live in a
wheelie chair

days went by, the story goes, they got the gift for
making clothes
shirts and britches, coats and smocks, bluses, kilts and
hats and socks
one day after closing shop his brother wheeled him for
a drop
down to the pub where the locals drink, speaking in low
tones

tailor, tailor, all alone in the tavern sewing clothes
tailor, tailor, don't believe in things that walk at night

well he sat there sipping, mendin' clothes
listening to those who'd never spent the night
beside the stone and graves on haunted hill
he said "Roll me up, we'll make a bet, i'll spend the
night all by myself
to prove there ain't no ghosts that haunt the stones on
graveyard hill"

tailor, tailor, all alone in the graveyard sewing clothes
tailor, tailor, don't believe in things that walk at night
believe in things that haunt the moonlight

well he sat there in the moonlight, he sat there mendin'
clothes
he was shocked to see a big skeleton standing in the
graveyard 10 feet tall
he tried to kill the tailor, but he glanced him smashing
stones
he took his flight for his life and walked around for
evermore

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