

Jam Pearl

"Leatherman"

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I know about a man to whom I may be related, he's
leatherman.

Died a long time ago in the 1880's...leatherman,
leatherman.

Covered with leather, but it was tight.

Underneath the moon in the woods at night...

Makin' the rounds ten miles a day,

Once a month they'd spot him, here's what they'd say...

"Here he comes, he's a man of the land.

He's leatherman. Smile on his face, an axe in his pack.

He's leatherman."

Comes out of the caves once a day to be fed.

Wasn't known to say but "Thanks for the bread."

So modern day I walk my way, my jacket faded,

Just like a man of leather whom I may be related.

Rolled a cigarette, but when he asked for a light,

I thought he'd be an animal, but so polite.

Makin' the rounds ten miles a day.

Once a month they'd spot him and here's what they'd
say...

"Here he comes, he's a man of the land, he's
leatherman.

Smile on his face, an axe in his hand.

He's leatherman."

Shake his hand he's leatherman.

Bake some bread he's leatherman.

Shame he's dead. I saw his bed,

It's all that's left of leatherman.

Give me some skin, leatherman

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