

Trader Horne "The Mutant"

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He is a the faker that sits by the river
Holding winged insects in front of his eyes
Face of the aged but feared they would wither
Living their lives, just fearing to die

Cardboard and leather and synthetic fiber
Don't cover his body or flutter his mind
The earth is like Heaven and the water like cider
He walks on the ground and he flies in the sky

Monk in the glass house was breaking his fingers
Doing his penance for someone to see
The head in the alley was licking his papers
And thinking, ?He's thinking he's better than me?

He is but wisdom who looks on the youngster
Thriving, surviving, contriving but free
And if in his wanderings, he should pass your doorstep
Strike up your matches, there's so much to see

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