

# James Taylor, The Frozen Man

Last thing I remember is the freezing cold, water reaching up just to swallow me whole.  
Ice in the rigging and howling wind, shock to my body as we tumbled in, mercy from God.  
My brothers and the others are lost at sea, I alone am returned to tell thee.  
Hidden in ice for a century to walk the world again, Lord have mercy on the frozen man.

Next words that were spoken to me, nurse asked me what my name might be.  
She was all in white at the foot of my bed, I said angel of mercy I'm alive or am I dead?  
My name is William James McPhee, I was born in 1843.  
Raised in Liverpool by the sea but that ain't who I am, Lord have mercy on the frozen man.

It took a lot of money to start my heart, to peg my leg and to buy my eye.  
The newspapers call me the state of the art, and the children, when they see me, cry.  
I thought it would be nice just to visit my grave, see what kind of tombstone I might have.  
I saw my wife and my daughter and it seemed so strange,  
both of them dead and gone from extreme old age.  
See here, when I die make sure I'm gone, don't leave 'em nothing to work on.  
You can raise your arm, you can wiggle your hand, not unlike myself,  
and you can wave goodbye to the frozen man.

I know what it means to freeze to death, to lose a little life with every breath.  
To say goodbye to life on earth and come around again,  
Lord have mercy on the frozen man, Lord have mercy on the frozen man.