

Pearl Jam, Leatherman

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 wasn't 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.