

Undertaker Strut

Ed Harcourt

Down in the valley where the river flows
There's a man with a long black coat
Rain that is falling and clouds that are black
On the coffin that tries to float

Children they cry
When they look eye to eye
Stay in your home
When the undertaker roams
Your town

The Funeral director is a busy man
He must do the job on time
Tape measures, nails and a clawhammer beckon him
To bind the wood that binds

Children they cry
When they look eye to eye
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When the undertaker roams
Your town

Blind as a bat
Chain up the soul
Don't chew the fat
Just hide in a hole

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