

Mr. Tinker

Harry Nilsson

Mr. Tinker was a tailor
And he had a neon sign above his door
And he cooked his meals and he tried to sleep
In a two room shack directly behind the store

Above his dresser was a picture of his wife who passed awa-aa-ay

And next to that there was a picture of the boy who couldn't stay-aa-ay

Mr. Tinker was a jealous man
And he never smiled to the people who came to the store
And he envied them for the lifes they lived and the fun they had
And the colorful things they wore

It isn't easy for a tailor when there's nothing left to sew
He wishes he could mend his life but then there's no one left to show

Pa-pa-pa-para-pa-pa-pa, poor Mr. Tinker
Pa-pa-pa-para-pa-pa-pa, poor Mr. Tailor

Mr. Tinker was a tailor
And the tailor has a well respected trade
But who needs Mr. Tinker
When all the suits you buy are already made

Pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pa, poor Mr. Tinker
Pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pa, poor Mr. Tailor