

Iron John

Vernon, Nan

Mercy lives in a shop that sells the gold
Every morning she puts her hard hat on
To work a long day
That will shift through the night

Working on a heart of gold
Following a vein
Chipping through a cast iron lung
To free that heart of gold

Iron John
Iron John
Iron John
He's so strong

Iron John
He's so strong

Father's tears were never shown
They hid in her imagination
Like a punch drunk fighter
But she kept the score
Mother may she have some more
It helps her to remember

Iron John
Iron John
Iron John
He's so strong

Iron John
Iron John
He's so strong

Fathom
The anchor drops
And the chain follows
Ringing through the widening
Deep deeper deepening
As it passes through the forthless of oblivion
Passed no trespassing signs
Through barbed wire
And sleeping piles of dead cars
Floating stray thoughts
Pump and puff
Their pace making dirge
We know you you're the voyeur