

Leatherman

Pearl Jam

I read about a man to whom I may be related
Leatherman
Died a long time ago, in the 1880s
Leatherman, Leatherman

Covered with leather but it wasn't tight
Underneath the moon in the woods at night

Making the rounds, ten miles a day
Once a month they spot him
Here's what they say:

"Here he comes, he's a man of the land
He's Leatherman
Smile on his face
Axe in his pack
He's Leatherman, Leatherman, Leatherman."

Comes out of the caves once a day to be fed
He wasn't known to say much
But, "Thanks for the bread."

So modern day I walk my way, my jacket faded
Just like a man of leather to whom I may be related

Rolled a cigarette for which he asked for a light
Appeared to be an animal, yet so polite

Making the rounds, ten miles a day
Once a month they spot him
Here's what they say:

"Here he comes, he's a man of the land
He's Leatherman
Smile on his face
Axe in his pack
He's Leatherman, Leatherman, Leatherman
He's Leatherman, Leatherman."

Shakes his head, 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
Leatherman
Give me some skin, Leatherman.