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.