

# The Suspender Man

Steam Powered Giraffe

One moonlight night in the bayou a silhouette  
The air was sweet and the fog was vi-o-let  
The gators were all drinking tea, in a dreamy pantsless glee  
I saw a suspended man, a banjo holstered in his hands.  
He had biggest red suspenders I ever did see, golly gee that's what I've seen  
He flicked the brim of his hat, and this is what he said to me.  
"Mister robut ah am The Suspender Man  
And dis banjo 'as shown me dah promised land.  
Now ah play a song but in return, yoo put dat shiny coin right 'ere in mah urn.  
And ah play yoo sumfin fine. Mah music gonna blow yo mind!"  
So I flicked my coin into his pot, I gotta admit it twasn't a lot  
Two cents and then his fingers wriggled,  
he plucked those strings and belched a giggle.  
He tapped his foot, howled like a hound  
Igniting up the unholy sound.

And I ain't never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never,  
never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never,  
never, never, never, never, never, never, heard anything so great.

Call the vendors.  
Big Suspenders.  
That's what everybody wants to wear.  
They stretch to Nantucket.  
Put them in a bucket  
And send them to the gnome trapped down the well  
(Tug 'em with thumbs is ideal)  
(While rollin' back on your heels)  
(Yeah)

He played the two cent show

And just like that he stopped playing  
My jaw dropped to the floor.  
He cracked his neck and smiled at me,  
And said,  
"Buddy, y'gotta pay for more!"  
But by then a crowd had swarmed the swamp,  
tossin' coin in after coin.  
So he cleared his throat, and his fingers writhed,  
and everyone shouted for Suspender Guy.

Call the vendors  
Big Suspenders  
That's what grandma wants for her birthday  
They're bright red and awesome  
Even worn by opossums  
Nobody wants their pants to fall down  
(Ma and Pappy want 'em too)  
(Even the ghost of your Uncle Stu)  
(Yeah)

He played the two cent show

Fracture dat banjo!

All the children sing and dance  
Those banjo sounds instill a trance  
By 4 AM the press what hot  
Suspender Man on the front page spot  
Suspenders were in and spats were out  
The girls all suffered from fainting bouts  
The banjos flew off the shelves  
Sprouting wings with dreams  
of being played by Suspender Man.

But in the middle of February  
the fog turned a crimson red  
The Suspender Man disappeared,  
everyone was heels over head  
But we found his suspenders and that old banjo  
sittin' right there on his log

And though he's gone,  
that's what he gets  
for selling his soul to the bog

Big Suspenders  
Put them in a blender  
Three bat teeth and a blackened gypsy eye  
Bring it to a boil  
Release your mortal coil  
Out pops a belt to wear for you and me-  
Nobody wants their pants to fall down-  
You could wear a dress and then...you'd have no need  
(The alligators had it right)  
(Wearing pants it sure does bite)  
(Yeah)

He played the two cent show