

Chimney Sweeping Man

Laura Veirs

I'm a chimney sweeping man
You see the black lines
On the backs of my hands
I planted all the gardens
I sent off all the hand-typed letters
To the empty shells on high
How i want to make things better

Maybe you thought i'd be president
With my cheshire grin, high iq
And charming baby blues
Well i'm a lowland forest resident
With lime in the outhouse
And black grime for tattoos

I try to make things better
I try to make things mine
I write a lot of letters
To pass the time

I pulled three hundred rocks
From the land to build my house
I walk quiet through the forest
Like a tiny quiet forest mouse

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You see the black lines
On the backs of my hands