

The Skeleton and The Tailor

The Real McKenzies

there once was a wee laddie-o who lived not so very long ago
who had a brother with a heart of gold, they soon grew into men
the younger had never walked, because of this he never had
the brighter view and attitude, curse to live in a wheelie chair
days went by, the story goes, they got the gift for making clothes
shirts and britches, coats and socks, bluses, kilts and hats and socks
one day after closing shop his brother wheeled him for a drop
down at the pub when the locals drink, speaking in low tones
tailor, tailor, all alone in the tavern sewing clothes
tailor, tailor, don't believe in things that walk at night
well he sat there sipping, mended clothes
listening to those who'd never spent the night
beside the stone and graves on haunted hill
he said "Roll me up, we'll make a bet, i'll spend the night all
by myself
to prove there ain't no ghosts that haunt the stones on graveyard hill"
tailor, tailor, all alone in the tavern sewing clothes
tailor, tailor, don't believe in things that walk at night
believe in things that haunt the moonlight
well he sat there in the moonlight, he sat there mending clothes
he was shocked to see a big skeleton standing in the graveyard
10 feet tall
he tried to kill the tailor, but he glanced him smashing stones
he took his flight for his life and walked around for evermore
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