

# Wickerman

The Lathums

Woodsman checks his blade for intricacies  
And the next one will be paid by the men in high seats  
But the flicker of the clipper as the wicker man shouts  
There's a flame in you man and it will never be put out

As you stand there tall with your chest puffed out  
The ones that you love, they are frozen with the doubt  
Of the impossibility of the task ahead  
Close your eyes son, you might lose your head

The master and the jester  
The artist and the brute  
The witch, the wizard, the wicker man  
The bastard and there's you  
And the rumours of the ruthless list  
Disperse around the room  
'Cause everybody here wants to whistle to your tune (Ay!)

So keep your hand sharp but your tongue even sharper  
You'll have to muster up all of the wits about you  
To keep yourself safe in the world we live in today  
We have been the masters of our own destruction

So he stands there tall does the wicker man  
He'd love to stay and chat but he's got other plans  
An appointment with a man who thinks that he's in charge  
The wicker man exclaims, "Who do you think you are?"

The master and the jester  
The artist and the brute  
The witch, the wizard, the wicker man  
The bastard and there's you  
And the rumours of the ruthless list  
Send shivers through the room  
'Cause everybody in it wants to whistle to your tune

Na-na-na-na-na-na, na-na-na-na-na  
Na-na-na-na-na-na, na-na-na-na-na  
Na-na-na-na-na-na, na-na-na-na-na  
Na-na-na-na-na-na, na-na-na-na-na

Na-na-na-na-na-na, na-na-na-na-na  
Na-na-na-na-na-na, na-na-na-na-na  
Na-na-na-na-na-na, na-na-na-na-na  
Na-na-na-na-na-na, na-na-na-na-na

The master and the jester  
And the artist and the brute  
And the witch and the wizard  
And the wicker man's a-boot  
But still you're stood there with your chest puffed out  
But they can feel you're frozen with your doubt

Na-na-na-na-na-na, na-na-na-na-na  
Na-na-na-na-na-na, na-na-na-na-na