

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