

The Poet's Coat

A2B1A1

Original words by Jim Grahame – Tune by Tony and Helen Romeo (2018)

A **Verses 1, 2 & 4**

I've brought it out from the lumb - er - room where it hung on a rust - y hook
 Its folds are frayed and dust - y and stiff as the leaves of an an - cient book
 It has been a treas - ure for ten long years, shod - dy and cheap and mean
 'Twas bought when the po - et's purse was light and the po - et's years were lean.

B **Verse 3 F**

One lone black but - ton hangs by a thread; 'twas of - ten he wore it tight
 To cov - er rents in a worn - out shirt when the wind blew cold in the night
 My mind goes back to a dull grey day (he'd plent - y of them in the past)
 But he was a sick and a brok - en man. It was then that he wore it ___ last.

2. The cuffs are ragged, the collar grimed the elbows are threadbare worn
 The pockets hang with their mouths agape with the edges tattered and torn
 Its colour is known as pepper and salt a ready-made kind of a sac
 And cut to a style that's out of date with a little slit at the back

3. One lone black button hangs by a thread 'twas often he wore it tight
 To cover rents in a worn-out shirt when the wind blew cold in the night
 My mind goes back to a dull grey day he'd plenty of them in the past
 But he was a sick and a broken man – it was then that he wore it last.

4. I will hang it on its rusty hook in the dust of the lumber-room
 Away from the clutch of a careless hand and the restless sweep of the broom
 And there I will repair at times when I tire of men and their ways
 And dream awhile by my old mate's coat that he wore in the olden days