

Mad Tom Of Bedlam

Jolie Holland

To see mad tom of bedlam,
Ten thousand miles I've travelled
Mad maudlin goes on dirty toes
To save her shoes from gravel

So well that we sing bonnie boys, bonnie mad boys
Bedlam boys are bonnie
For they all go bare, and they live in the air
And they want no drink nor money

I went down to satan's kitchen
For to break my fast one morning
And there I got souls piping hot
All on the spit a-turning

So well that we sing sing bonnie boys, bonnie mad boys
Bedlam boys are bonnie
For they all go bare, and they live in the air
And they want no drink nor money

A spirit hot as lightening
Did on that journey guide me
The sun did shake and the pale moon quake
Wherever they did spy me

Yet it's well that we sing bonnie boys, bonnie mad boys
Bedlam boys are bonnie
For they all go bare, and they live in the air
And they want no drink nor money

My staff has murdered giants
And my pack a long knife carries
For the slice mince pies from children's thighs,
From which to feed the faeries

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Bedlam boys are bonnie
For they all go bare, and they live in the air
And they want no drink nor money

Tonight I'll go a murdering
The man in the moon to a powder
His dog I'll shake and his staff I'll break
And I'll howl a wee bit louder

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