

Boatman

The Tiger Lillies

The boatman sits on his boat by the river
Try as he might, he cannot forgive her
As he watches the corpse turning blue
He laughs

The boatman he sits on his boat by the river
Another grey corpse he pulls out before dinner
Another sad life, another sad time
And he laughs

The boatman he sits on his boat by the river
No name and address when he does deliver
The old ones, the worst ones, they tried and they failed
He laughs

And the odor and stench,
they once made him retch
Well now he just sees them as mortal flesh
And he laughs

Yes he laughs
Yes he laughs
Yes he laughs
Yes he laughs
Yes he laughs