

## THE PLASTIC WOODSMAN

*Am* *D7*  
Go into the woods, there, you'll find you some trees  
*Am* *E*  
That harbour the Plastic Woodsman  
*Am* *D7*  
He's thin and he's stretched and he's crossed and his knees  
*Am* *E*  
Are angled as if to implore you:

*F7* *Am*  
"Break off my candy, come into my house  
*E* *Am*  
It's all shiny and new and it's curvy,  
*E* *Am*  
The tune that you hear is playing for you;  
*Dm* *E*  
Yes, it streams through the trees just for you."

You can lay down your stones, you can lay down your crumbs,  
You can follow the road to the Woodsman,  
Present all your arms or just throw out the bones  
That carpet the lair of the Woodsman.

"That dry flesh you swallow, that blood you imbibe,  
Is all fuel for the fire in my trees and the time  
That you pass is all for me, Yes it washes all into me."

### Chorus

*Am*  
Blood, Earth, Fire, Plastic  
*E*  
Love, Strength, Desire Everlasting,  
*Am* *E*  
Old Pete standing tall at the gates of the factory.  
*F* *C* *E*  
And the mist peels open for you and the woods gather 'round.

Deep in the garden you'll find you some weeds,  
Curled 'round the lid of the Woodsman,  
Deep in his bowels, the rumble of bees, buzzing the cracks for an opening;  
The honey drips, green, from its shelves in the gloom,  
Around you the needle keeps skipping;  
It's skipping across the old tune, yes it's skipping the tune just for you.

{Chorus}