

Webb Wilder, The Olde Elephant Man

"The Olde Elephant Man"

He became the toast of old London town
Because a pachyderm slapped his mamma down
Well that's what give him the brand
Of the ole elephant man

Oh, Lord, how could you be so cold
To dump all those blues on one poor soul?
Tell me Lord could you stand
To be the elephant man?

He took a lick from the ugly stick
He made the people of London sick
He had the looks that could fry a toad
Make a train take a gravel road

Well it became the rage of Victorian society
To have a monster come over to your house for a cup of tea
Well thank the Lord above
He didn't look like you and me

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To be the elephant man?
The old elephant man