

Buckethead

Max Q

Got no head
It's a bucket with teeth
It likes to dream
It likes to sleep It knows hot
It knows cool
It know what's what
It's no fool Fill up the bucket with
Whatever you got
Make sure it's something
That the bucket likes a lot Fly on a window
Looking through
It's tiny bucket
Knows just what to do It goes over here
It goes over there
It takes it's tiny bucket
Almost everywhere I'm a bucket head
That's the truth
What I do
Sure shines through And what goes in
Gets mixed around
And overflows
And makes this sound

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