# Good Captain Clack

## Procol Harum

Still scowling black
good Captain Clack
must eat his humble pie
His bed is made
the colours fade
his eyes once wet are dry
The naked muse
who sits and chews
tobacco off a tree

removes his shoes
gives way to booze
and searches endlessly
See the naked jumberlack
sip his aphrodisiac
Cotton-picking farmers three
Though I lost my weather vane
and of sense I have one grain
I'm content sipping lemon tea

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/