

The Peacock Song

Bif Naked

My mind's an ashtray full of ashes
Lick the tears from my eyelashes
Oh, whatever will I see that's good
He plays a really mean guitar
She smokes a really big cigar
I'd love to love ya, if only I could
Her love is oh so shiny wet
Keeps a bald peacock for a pet
Can you ever understand how I feel?
Miss Jenifa, my private dancer
Miss Nina, to whom I answer
Kari Sez we're the only ones who are real
So, when I dream on a Sunday mornin'
And my lover right beside me keeps on snorin'
I wonder if my dog's in Heaven
And I wonder when I'll see her, her again
Psycho pharmacology
Has never found a friend in me
But I'll eat sugar cubes all day and night
Those ducklings are never ugly
So she sells herself by the sea
I'll bake her a cake, be it wrong or right
The caterpillar and the spider
Turn my screws a little tighter
Can you ever understand my feel?
Gail G, my inspiration
Miss Denise should run one nation
Isabel tortures me with sex appeal
So, when I dream on a Sunday mornin'
And my lover right beside me keeps on snorin'
I wonder if my dog's in Heaven
And I wonder when I'll see her, her again
You're really takin' me for a ride
You're a wise guy, anyway
I never had a place to hide except my brain
I dream on a Sunday mornin'
And my lover right beside me keeps on snorin'
I wonder if my dog's in Heaven
And I wonder when I'll see her again
Yeah I wonder when I'll see her again

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