

# Bellerin' Plain

## Captain Beefheart

Parapliers the willow dipped  
Rolled roots gnarled like rakers  
This hollow hole don't hold no jokers or fakers  
Don't fall by no jokers or fakers  
Puller down to the stirrin' hay acres  
Parapliers pinches uh levy 'n pulled way through the toe  
Foothills, locomotives walked 'n sugar beets rolled  
Down the tracks  
Sunburn bounce soot off the black smokestacks  
Parapliers pinched up slow down the sky  
Blue 'o' poured the engineer's voice  
Whstlin' down low 'n piped like clacks  
By the ol' scarecrow  
'N pots 'n pans burn the fireman's hands till the  
Kettle leaped fire round the belly 'o'  
The bayou boy bums with sunken gums  
'N pits his strength to the 7th sons down  
Parapliers rumbled like uh straight iron gun  
Like uh red hot iron through the egg white 'o'  
Sunnyland drum, horn blow  
Sun like uh bubble pop yellow, down she go  
Mah cowcatcher whistled like uh steel flash scream  
Hose sucked out for water 'n the wheeldriver  
Sparkled like an Indian flint  
'N the fireman 'n the brakeman bent 'n waved his long red underwear arm  
All aboard  
The lantern flared 'n the caboose waved uh green gone on

Songwriters

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