Ballad of Buckethead

Buckethead

Who's that guitar playin' son-of-a bitch?
is a question common asked.
On his head a bucket of chicken bones.
On his face a plastic mask.
He's the bastard son of a preacher-man.
On the town he left a stain.
They made him live in a chicken house
to try and hide the shame.For he was born in a coop
and raised in a cage.
Children fear him.
Critics rage!
He's half alive,
he's half dead.
Folks just call him Buckethead!Farmboys they torment him
as he snuggled with the hens.
They hosed him down with water
and stole his little friends.
And late at night he'd sneak off
to the graveyard all alone,
and play his soapbox guitar
to the faces made of stone.Buckethead found his freedom
at the age of seventeen
when he burnt down that old chicken house
with a quart of gasoline.
He played a few shows on corners
and bought a real guitar.
And with the help of Colonol Sanders
he's bound to be a star.

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