

Golden Birdies

Captain Beefheart

Those little golden birdies look at them
And the mystic Egypt tossle dangling down
Old sleeper-man shish, don't wake him
Up one hand broom star was an obi-man Revered throughout the bone-knob land
His magic black purse slit creeped open,
Let go flocks of them Shish sookie singabus
Snored like a red merry-go-round horse
And an acid gold bar swirled up and down, Up and down, in back of the singabus
And the panataloon duck white goose neck quacked
Webcore, webcore

Songwriters

Van Vliet, Don Published by

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