

Buckethead

Colonel Claypool's Bucket of Bernie Brains

Got no head
It's a bucket with teeth
It likes to dream
It likes to sleepIt knows hot
It knows cool
It know what's what
It's no foolFill up the bucket with
Whatever you got
Make sure it's something
That the bucket likes a lotFly on a window
Looking through
It's tiny bucket
Knows just what to doIt goes over here
It goes over there
It takes it's tiny bucket
Almost everywhereI'm a bucket head
That's the truth
What I do
Sure shines throughAnd what goes in
Gets mixed around
And overflows
And makes this sound

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