Walter Westinghouse (Live In The Studio)

The Residents

Walter Westinghouse went to town
He found a friend today
His friend was peeling ceiling wax as
He heard Walter sayLove me tender, love me sweet
Love me like I love my feet
Sit me down with Ezra Pound
But don't forget to eatOr cause a country boy to cook
A carrot or a cake
But don't forget the feelings
Of a friend are hard to fakeHe lives a life of April leaves
Respondent to the thought that
Often things you caught or bought
Were not the ones you soughtNow his December is a sender
Singing songs he knows
But all the words are cheese and please
And boy, I hope it snowsHe buys the bacon and the achin'
In his heart is due
To overcoats and Quaker Oats
And if his wife should sueWanda, Wanda where you went and
Tell me what'd you take?
I took the tongue of Philip Jung
And left it in the lakeBut my dear I think I fear
That you had lost your way
'Cause scrambled eggs, 'cause scrambled eggs
Were all he'd let me bakeHe said, "Your trust is like a crust
Too brittle and too thin"
I said, You're full of nigger nuts
And look like Rin Tin TinIs common ground not ever found
But flees from dad to son
Or is it just believing that the
Evening steals the sun?I said, Your snoot is full of poot
And should be in a shoe
And then I said your stupid bed
Is better off than youEat exuding oinks upon
And bleed decrepit broken bones
At caustic spells of hell
Huh, what's that, dear? Huh?Eat exuding oinks upon
And bleed decrepit broken bones
At caustic spells of hellEat exuding oinks upon

And bleed decrepit broken bones
At caustic spells of hellYes, eat exuding oinks upon
And bleed decrepit broken bones
At caustic spells of hellEat exuding oinks upon
And bleed decrepit broken bones
At caustic spells of hellEat exuding oinks upon
And bleed decrepit broken bones
At caustic spells of hellEat exuding oinks upon
And bleed decrepit broken bones
At caustic spells of hellEat exuding oinks upon
And bleed decrepit broken bones
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And bleed decrepit broken bones
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And bleed decrepit broken bones
At caustic spells of hellEat exuding oinks upon
And bleed decrepit broken bones
At caustic spells of hellAnd he sees the threads of worn out treads
And calls his color true and calls his color true
And calls his color true and calls his color true
And calls his color true and calls his color true
And calls his color true and calls his color true

Songwriters
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