

Old Fart At Play

Captain Beefheart

Pappy with the Khaki sweatband
Bowed goat potbellied barnyard
That only he noticed, the old fart was smart
The old gold cloth MadonnaDancin' to the fiddle 'n saw
He ran down behind the knoll
'N' slipped on his wooden fishhead
The mouth worked 'n' snapped
All the bees back to the bungalowMomma was flatten 'n' lard
With her red enamel rollin' pin
When the fishhead broke the window
Rubber eye erect 'n' precisely detailed
Airholes from which breath should come
Is now closely fit with the chatter of the old fart insideAn assortment of observations took place
Momma licked her lips like a cat
Pecked the ground like a rooster
Pivoted like a duckHer stockings down caught dust 'n' doughballs
She cracked her mouth glaze, caught one eyelash
Rubbed her hands on her gorgeous gingham
Her hands grasped sticky metal intricate latchwork
Open to the room, uh, smell cold mixed with bolognaRubber bands crumpled wax paper bonnets
Fat goose legs 'n' special jellies
Ignited by the warmth of the room
The old fart smelled this through his important breather holesCleverly he dialed from within from the outside
we observed
That the nose of the wooden mask
Where the holes had just been a moment agoWas now smooth amazingly blended camouflaged in
With the very intricate rainbow trout replica
The old fart inside was now breathin' freely
From his perfume bottle atomizer air bulb inventionHis excited eyes from within the dark interior glazed
Watered in appreciation of his thoughtful cleveration
Uh man, it's so heavy

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