

# Frownland

## Captain Beefheart

My smile is stuck  
I cannot go back t' yer frownland  
My spirit's made up of the ocean  
And the sky 'n the sun 'n the moon  
'N all my eye can see  
I cannot go back to yer land of gloom  
Where black jagged shadows  
Remind me of the comin' of yer doom  
I want my own land  
Take my hand 'n come with me  
It's not too late for you  
It is not too late for me  
To find my homeland  
Where man can stand by another man  
Without an ego flyin'  
With no man lyin'  
'N no one dyin' by an earthly hand  
Let the devils burn 'n the beggar learn  
'N the little girls that live in those old worlds  
Take my kind hand  
My smile is stuck  
I cannot go back t' yer frownland  
I cannot go back t' yer frownland

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