Camarillo Brillo

Bonnen

She had that
Camarillo brillo
Flamin' out along her head,
I mean her Mendocino bean-o
By where some bugs had made it red
She ruled the Toads of the Short Forest
And every newt in Idaho
And every cricket who had chorused
By the bush in Buffalo
She said she was
A Magic Mama
And she could throw a mean Tarot
And carried on without a comma
That she was someone I should know
She had a snake for a pet
And an amulet
And she was breeding a dwarf
But she wasn't done yet
She had gray-green skin
A doll with a pin
I told her she was awright
But I couldn't come in
(I couldn't come in right then . . .)
And so she wandered
Trough the door-way
Just like a shadow from the tomb
She said her stereo was four-way
An' I'd just love it in her room
Well, I was born
To have adventure
So I just followed up the steps
Right past her fuming incense stencher
To where she hung her castanets

She stripped away
Her rancid poncho
An' laid out naked by the door
We did it till we were un-concho
An' it was useless any more

She had a snake for a pet
And an amulet
And she was breeding a dwarf
But she wasn't done yet
She had gray-green skin
A doll with a pin
I told her she was awright
But I couldn't come in
(actually, I was very busy then)
And so she wandered
Through the door-way
Just like a shadow from the tomb
She said her stereo was four-way
An' I'd just love it in her room
Well, I was born
To have adventure
So I just followed up the steps
Right past her fuming incense stencher
To where she hung her castanets
She said she was
A Magic Mama
And she could throw a mean Tarot
And carried on without a comma
That she was someone I should know
(Is that a real poncho . . . I mean
Is that a Mexican poncho or is that a Sears poncho?
Hmmm . . . no foolin' . . .)

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