

Kerosene Hat

Cracker

How can I fly with these old doggy wings
While the magpie sings some shiny song?
Old corn face, row of teeth
She says sweetly to me in the elevator Everything seems like a dream
And life's a scream Here come old Kerosene Hat
With his ear flaps waxed, a-courting his girl
Come clattering in here on your old cloven skates
With that devilish spoon Everything seems like a dream
And life's a scream
When you're submarine So don't you bother me, death
With your leathery ways and your old chaise lounge
Wickerman's fence of leathery tyres
And the cook's gone bad, started several fires Everything seems like a dream
When you're submarine Head like a stream, she says softly to me
From the rattling chair
"Bring me a steak and my old pair of crows
My medicine lamp" Everything seems like a dream
So life's a scream

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