

Buckethead, The Ballad Of Buckethead

Whos this guitar-playing sonsa bitch?, is a question common asked.
On his head a bucket of chicken bones, on his face a plaster mask.
Hes the bastard son of a preacher man, on the town he left a stain.
They made him live in a chicken house to try to and hide the shame.
He was born in a coop, raised in a cage. children fear him, critics rage.
Hes half alive, hes half dead. folks just call him buckethead.
Farmers would torment him as he snuggled with the hens.
Theyd hose him down with water, and steal his little friends.
Now late at night hed sneak off to the graveyard all alone,
And play a soapbox guitar to the faces made of stone.
Buckethead found his freedom at the age of 17,
When he burned the chicked house down with a quart of gasoline.
He did puppet shows on corners and bought a real guitar,
And with the help of colonel sanders, hes bound to be a star.
He was born in a coop, raised in a cage. children fear him, critics rage.
Hes half alive, hes half dead. folks just call him buckethead.