Captain Beefheart, Bellerin' Plain

Parapliers the willow dipped Rolled roots gnarled like rakers

This hollow hole don't hold no jokers or fakers

Don't fall by no jokers or fakers

Puller down to the stirrin' hav acres

Parapliers pinches uh levy 'n pulled way thru the toe

Foothills, locomotives walked 'n sugar beets rolled

Down the tracks

Sunburn bounce soot off the black smokestacks

Parapliers pinched up slow down the sky

Blue 'o' poured the engineer's voice

Whstlin' down low 'n piped like clacks

By the ol' scarecrow

'n pots 'n pans burn the fireman's hands till the

Kettle leaped fire round the belly 'o'

The bayou boy bums with sunken gums

'n pits his strength to the 7th sons down

Parapliers rumbled like uh straight iron gun

Like uh red hot iron thru the egg white 'o'

Sunnyland drum, horn blow

Sun like uh bubble pop yellow, down she go

Mah cowcatcher whistled like uh steel flash scream

Hose sucked out for water 'n the wheeldriver

Sparkled like an Indian flint

'n the fireman 'n the brakeman bent 'n waved his long red underwear arm

All aboard

The lantern flared 'n the caboose waved uh green gone on