

# Oysterhead, Polka Dot Rose

He always liked to paint with his sunglasses on  
Cause acrylics tend to burn on his eyes  
And nothing brought him closer to the canvas  
Then the warmth of Eleanor's thighs  
He never had much of a devious nature  
But was hardly a modern day saint  
If you asked the little boy what he'd be when he grew up  
Said I'd rather be a fireman then paint  
Keep on painting  
She always liked to dance with no shoes on  
Cause the gravel felt good on her toes  
And Mr. Merriweather left his wife and his kids  
In search of a polka dot rose  
They never thought much of his mongrelesque stature  
Or the scent that could make a buzzard faint  
If you asked the little boy what he'd be when he grew up  
He'd say  
Keep on painting