

# Captain Beefheart, Old Fart At Play

Pappy with the Khaki sweatband  
Bowed goat potbellied barnyard  
The old fart was smart  
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The old gold cloth madonna  
Dancin' t' the fiddle 'n saw  
He ran down behind the knoll  
'n slipped on his wooden fishhead  
The mouth worked 'n snapped all the bees

Back t' the bungalow  
Momma was flatten'n lard  
With her red enamel rollin' pen  
When the fishhead broke the window  
Rubber eye erect 'n precisely detailed  
Airholes from which breath should come  
Is now closely fit  
With the chatter of the old fart inside

An assortment of observations took place  
Mommies licked 'er lips like uh cat  
Pecked the ground like uh rooster  
Pivoted like uh duck  
Her stockings down caught dust 'n doughballs  
She cracked er mouth glaze caught one eyelash  
Rubbed 'er hands on 'er gorgeous gingham

Her hand grasped sticky metal intricate latchwork-  
Open t' the room uh smell cold mixed with bologna  
Rubber bands crumpled wax paper bonnets  
Fat goose legs 'n special jellies  
Ignited by the warmth of the room  
The old fart smelled this thru his important breather holes  
Cleverly he dialed from within from the outside we observed  
That the nose of the wooden mask  
Where the holes had just been uh moment ago  
Was now smooth amazingly blended camouflaged in  
With the very intricate rainbow trout replica

The old fart inside was now breathin' freely from his perfume  
bottle atomizer air bulb invention His excited eyes from within  
the dark interior glazed Watered in appreciation of his  
thoughtful preparation