

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