

Captain Beefheart, The Dust Blows Forward 'n Th

There's ole Gray with 'er dovewinged hat
There's ole Green with her sewing machine
Where's the bobbin at?
Tote'n old grain in uh printed sack
The dust blows forward 'n dust blows back
And the wind blows black thru the sky
And the smokestack blows up in suns eye
What am I gonna die?
Uh white flake riverboat just flew by
Bubbles popped big
'n uh lipstick Kleenex hug on uh pointed forked twig
Reminds me of the bobby girls
Never was my hobby girls
Hand full uh worms and uh pole fishin'
Cork bobbin' like uh hot red bulb
'n uh bluejay squeaks
His beak open an inch above uh creek
Gone fishin' for uh week
Well I put down my bush
'n I took off my pants 'n felt free
The breeze blowin' up me 'n up the canyon
Far as I could see
It's night now and the moon looks like uh dandelion
It's black now 'n the blackbirds feedin' on rice
'n his red wings look like diamonds 'n lice
I could hear the mice toes scamperin'
Gophers rumblin' in pile crater rock hole
One red bean stuck in the bottom of uh tin bowl
Hot coffee from uh krimpt up can
Me 'n my girl named Bimbo Limbo Spam