

Les Claypool, Mushroom Men

You may see horses try to fly
A dog with periwinkle eyes
But peppered earth with chunks of sky
Now there's a sight worth seein'

With sod gets moist with dewy flow
The fungus spores, they start to show
And if you're sharp and in the know
You may spy a different bein'

I lean my head on window pane
And stare out cat-eyed through the rain
And though the dim's an awful strain
I think I seen a mushroom man

I think I seen a mushroom man

Boletes, Boletes I'm looking for Boletes
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Boletes, Boletes I'm looking for Boletes
Don't touch the Amanitas

Look out for Amanitas

Be it seven sons or seven trout
They came to see with throbbing doubt
The fungi as they pranced about
The ma-ma-ma-ma-mushroom men

Now when mares eat oats and does eat oats
And jackalopes eat bacon
It's time to get your glasses checked
Cuz surely you're mistaken