

Meat Puppets, Climbing

Got no head
It's a bucket with teeth
It likes to dream
It likes to sleep
It knows hot
It knows cool
It know what's what
It's no fool
Fill up the bucket with
Whatever you got
Make sure it's something
That the bucket likes a lot
Fly on a window
Looking through
Its tiny bucket
Knows just what to do
It goes over here
It goes over there
It takes its tiny bucket
Almost everywhere
I'm a buckethead
That's the truth
What I do
Sure shines through
And what goes in
Gets mixed around
And overflows
And makes this sound
