

# Soft Boys, Vyrna Knowl Is A Headbanger

She bangs a bowl  
She bangs a bat  
She bangs a ball and builds her cat  
She bangs her head  
Against the wall  
She bangs her head and slides her fat  
She catches Handel in her flat  
Her man is right  
In greasy silk  
A split tomato in his mind  
A crumpled heart  
Sags to the sea  
Tomato heart escaping gas  
She has her man in rubber skin  
Of all the people that I know  
The ones I like I love the best  
The fishes in the sewer pipes  
The highway man is yellow stripes  
At least I'm not a coathanger  
Vyrna Knowl you're a headbanger  
B-b-b-b-b-b-bang  
She tangs her fag  
She taints her cyst  
She fludles gun around her rug  
She twists her fang  
She tugs her foot  
She muffles hamsters in a squat  
Her hair's on his marshmallow pout  
His head is rich  
Enough to burst  
Fresh ale and flies on melon halves were like enstrung  
Around her calves  
You wind up living somewhere cheap  
And die upon a compost heap  
Well all the people I don't know  
The ones I do I hate the most  
The twisted father of mankind  
'S enough to drive a poor boy blind  
At least I'm not a coathanger  
Vyrna Knowl you're a headbanger  
Bang  
She bangs it once and that's no lies  
She bangs it twice and both her eyes  
Come dangle out on yo-yo strings  
Her head bore branches on a sheath  
And Vyrna bubbles on the heath  
"My heart is full of soap," she sighs  
A tounge of stalk  
And tender leaves  
And then she'll eat  
Her skull it \_\_\_\_ and splits  
And like an egg  
It dribbles down your inside leg  
Don't get me wrong I'm quite okay  
She tounge a cat  
She tounge a cake  
She throws transistors in a lake  
She throws her head  
Far through the door  
I wonder what she does that for  
I wonder what she think I gots  
Yeah, listen Vyrna  
(Shutdown)  
There ain't nothing in here but your own sweet mind

(Shutdown)  
If it bothers you we can turn it off  
(Shutdown)  
With your silly red shoes and your grecian urn  
(Shutdown)  
And your feet potted out of a veiled cocoon  
(Shutdown)  
Like an overweight butterfly on a thin red scone  
A rotting statue on a feathery dawn  
Invented you one summer's morn  
At least I'm not a coathanger  
Vyrna Kowl you're a headbanger