

Captain Beefheart & His Magic Band

"Hey Garland, I dig your tweed coat"

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Hey Garland, I dig your tweed coat. I'll trade you a domino this size, mothball-scented. The woman silk nude tie painting his chest. One celluloid stay exposed through his nibbled collar. Feet speckled the sidewalk. Faces gurgled through windows. Passing cars gum rubber streaks. Neon plants swim like green seaweed to a deep rhythm of blues. Red thyroid sunsets, flame in speckled chemistry. Pipes run off dark tubes. Erase into marks that pour the dye of darkness. Crystal comes together as silent as ink.

"I don't think I could let it go. I got it at the religious scene"

Teeth let go, tobacco juice, an oiled balloon, brown eye in an egg white, black tar bubbles and stripes. A straw hat squeaked on the brim of a feather. Newsprint thumbed through nicotine fingers, a dark olive was turned on. Its small pulp speaker burst into a scream. One large tomato was immediately peeled skin red. It bled into a red "O" and smacked behind accepted fangs. Quick eyebrows danced cutely above a mole. The bridge held a large gold pair of spectacles. The front was smooth. It slightly gathered and wrinkled at the holes. A dark wooden moustache deposited below above Chinese red varnished lips that dented slightly into the evening.

"It's gotten quite cold. I've decided I can't sell you my coat."

Honking, the wind puffed into the clumps above the lattice rows. And out looked Panatella, naked and not ashamed, without no clothes. Wiggle Pig went snout-first into a tree. The rubber turkey was gobbled up by the night's dark rubber mouth. A white phosphorous raindrop dropped in the sky. Hot silhouettes in a convertible gave this applause. And several white porcelain trays were rolled in by bumblebees. Their wings arranged with pictures out of the past. And the rainbow baboon gobbled fifteen fish eyes with each

spoon. Pockets was caught at window level.
Approaching the fractured glass, dripping in light, he
spoke: "I've just looked at myself, and from here to
here it ain't far enough, but from here to here it's too
short." "And circles don't fly, they float," Pena
exclaimed and went on to say, "Sun sure did shine this
year. Who'd you look like underneath?"

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