

Captain Beefheart & His Magic Band

"Man With The Woman Head"

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Are you with me on this people?

The man with the woman head
Polynesian wallpaper made the face stand out,
a mixture of Oriental and early vaudeville jazz poofter,
forming a hard, beetle-like triangular chin much like a
praying mantis.
Smoky razor-cut, low on the ear neck profile.
The face the color of a nicotine-stained hand.
Dark circles collected under the wrinkled, folded eyes,
map-like from too much turquoise eyepaint.
He showed his old tongue through ill-fitting wooden
teeth,
stained from too much opium, chipped from the years.
The feet, brown wrinkles above straw loafers.
A piece of cocoanut in a pink seashell caught the
tongue
and knotted into thin white strings.
Charcoal grey Eisenhower jacket zipped and tucked
into a lotus green ascot.
A coil of ashes collected on the white-on-yellow dacs.
Four slender bones with rings and nails
endured the weight of a hard fast black rubber
cigarette holder.
I could just make out Ace as he carried the tray and
mouthed,
"You cheap son of a bitch"
as a straw fell out of a Coke, cartwheeled into the
gutter.
So this was a drive-in restaurant in Hollywood,
So this was a drive-in restaurant in Hollywood,
So this was a drive-in restaurant in Hollywood.

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