

Captain Beefheart & His Magic Band

"Muffin Man"

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The Muffin Man is seated at the table in the laboratory of the Utility Muffin Research Kitchen... Reaching for an oversized chrome spoon he gathers an intimate quantity of dried muffin remnants and brushing his scapular aside proceeds to dump these inside of his shirt... He turns to us and speaks:

""Some people like cupcakes better. I for one care less for them!""

Arrogantly twisting the sterile canvas snoot of a fully charged icing anointment utensil he poots forths a quarter-ounce green rosette (oh ah yuk yuk... let's try that again...!) He poots forth a quarter-ounce green rosette near the summit of a dense but radiant muffin of his own design. Later he says:

""Some people... Some people like cupcakes exclusively, while I myself say there is naught nor ought there be nothing so exalted on the face of God's grey earth as that prince of foods... The muffin!""

Girl you though he was a man
But he was a muffin
He hung around till you found
That he didn't know nuthin'

Girl you thought he was a man
But he only was a-puffin'
No cries is heard in the night
As a result of him stuffin'

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