

Captain Beefheart & His Magic Band

"Sam With The Showing Scalp Flat Top"

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Sam with the showing scalp flat top,
particular about the point it made.
Why, when I was knee-high to a grasshopper,
this black juice came out on a hard shelled chin.
And that called that 'tobacco juice'.
I used to fiddle with my back feet music for a black
onyx.
My entire room absorbed every echo..

The music was.. thud like. The music was.. thud like.
I usually played such things as rough-neck and thug.
Opaque melodies that would bug most people.
Music from the other side of the fence.
A black swan figurine lay on all color lily pads.
On a little conglomeration table of pressed black felt.
With same color shadows, and seamed(?) knobbed
knees, and what-nots.
The long hallway rolled out into oddball odd.
Beside the fly-pecked black doorway,
that looked closed on the tar-lattice street.
Up a wrought iron fire escape.
Rolled out a tiny wooden platform with
dark, hard, dark rubber wheels.
Roll, skreek! Roll, skreek! Roll, skreek!
Sam with the showing scalp flat top,
particular about the point it made.

Sam was a BASKET CASE!

A hardened dark ivory clip held.. saleable everyday
pencils.
I wish I had a pair 'o bongos!
Bongo Fury! Bongo Fury!
Oowwww! Bongo Fury!
(boogie!)
Bongo Fury! Bongo Fury!

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