

Captain Beefheart

"81 Poop Hatch"

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My eyes are burnt and bleeding and all that looks like
a monkey on a silver bar
big poop hatch with a cotton hatch
hatch holes that the light shows in and the light shows out
and the little red fence
and the wire and the wood
and the barbs and the berries
and the tires and the bottles and the caruponrims
and the heat swims on its fenders and the dust collects
and the rust of autumn surrenders into gold
trumpet poop on the ground with peanuts its bell was
blocking an ant's vision
and the mice played in its air holes and valves
a ladybug crawled off its mouthpiece standing out red
and blacked its wings and blew off to a flower
its hum heard just above the ground
black dots were hung in what turned out to be an olive
tree that originally held a tree house full of a building
with one small window
birds and broken glass and tiny bits of newspaper
"My sun is free from the window," said the god the
green dabbers
rice wires mouse tins and milk muffins
cereal and stone
matches and masks and mace and clubs
and splintered shaft light intrigues a cricket on a dust
jeweled penlet
cobwebs collect down plaster run into a hole and find
collected glass that drinks the reflection of midday
afternoon midway between telegraph lines
a silver wing
a cloud
a rumbling of a cloud
a crowd of various violins strum from next door
through
my wall into my ear obviously artificial
neighbors laugh through sandwiches
Harlem babies
their stomachs explode into
roars
their eyes shiny with starvation

spreckled hula dance on my phonograph
my door rattles windy
sand wears my rug shoe and taps on the unheard
finish
of an hourglass I cannot hear
a typical musician's nest of thoughts filter through dust
speakers
"Why don't you go home? Oh Blobby,
are you great," exclaims two lips in some jumbled rock
roll tune and wears a spot I cannot scratch
the surface of a friend
this high book a friend laid on me
on the couch relaxing in the corner behind a still
life pond with plenty of bugs and lily pads slurred
in mud banks and boulders tin cans and raisins warped
by thought
strain on the spoon like a wheat check
"check Bif
cotton popping out of his sleeve
poop hatch open
"big poop hatch with a cotton
hatch
"hatch holes
"got to pick up the horns
but the head won't move until it walks

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