

Captain Beefheart

"Bellerin' Plain"

Visit "[Bellerin' Plain](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Parapliers the willow dipped
Rolled roots gnarled like rakers
This hollow hole don't hold no jokers or fakers
Don't fall by no jokers or fakers
Puller down to the stirrin' hay acres
Parapliers pinches uh levy 'n pulled way thru the toe
Foothills, locomotives walked 'n sugar beets rolled
Down the tracks
Sunburn bounce soot off the black smokestacks
Parapliers pinched up slow down the sky
Blue 'o' poured the engineer's voice
Whstlin' down low 'n piped like clacks
By the ol' scarecrow
'n pots 'n pans burn the fireman's hands till the
Kettle leaped fire round the belly 'o'
The bayou boy bums with sunken gums
'n pits his strength to the 7th sons down
Parapliers rumbled like uh straight iron gun
Like uh red hot iron thru the egg white 'o'
Sunnyland drum, horn blow
Sun like uh bubble pop yellow, down she go
Mah cowcatcher whistled like uh steel flash scream
Hose sucked out for water 'n the wheeldriver
Sparkled like an Indian flint
'n the fireman 'n the brakeman bent 'n waved his long
red underwear arm
All aboard
The lantern flared 'n the caboose waved uh green gone
on

Visit [Captain Beefheart](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.