

Captain Beefheart

"Hey Garland I Dig Your Tweed Coat"

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Hey Garland, I dig your tweed coat.
I'll trade you a domino this size,
mothball-scented. The woman silk nude tie painting
his chest. One celluloid stay exposed through his
nibbled
collar. Feet speckled the sidewalk.
Faces gurgled through windows.
Passing cars gum rubber streaks.
Neon plants swim like green seaweed to a deep rhythm
of blues. Red thyroid sunsets,
flame in speckled chemistry.
Pipes run off dark tubes. Erase into marks that pour
the dye of darkness. Crystal comes together as silent
as ink.

"I don't think I could let it go. I got it at the religious
scene"

Teeth let go, tobacco juice,
an oiled balloon, brown eye in an egg white,
black tar bubbles and stripes.
A straw hat squeaked on the brim of a feather.
Newsprint thumbed through nicotine fingers,
a dark olive was turned on.
Its small pulp speaker burst into a scream.
One large tomato was immediately peeled skin red.
It bled into a red "O" and smacked behind accepted
fangs. Quick eyebrows danced cutely above a mole.
The bridge held a large gold pair of spectacles.
The front was smooth. It slightly gathered and wrinkled
at the holes. A dark wooden moustache deposited
below
above Chinese red varnished lips that dented slightly
into the evening.

"It's gotten quite cold. I've decided I can't sell you my
coat."

Honking, the wind puffed into the clumps above the
lattice rows. And out looked Panatella,
naked and not ashamed, without no clothes.

Wiggle Pig went snout-first into a tree.
The rubber turkey was gobbled up by the night's dark
rubber mouth. A white phosphorous raindrop dropped
in the sky. Hot silhouettes in a convertible gave this
applause. And several white porcelain trays were rolled
in by bumblebees. Their wings arranged with pictures
out of the past. And the rainbow baboon gobbled
fifteen
fish eyes with each spoon.
Pockets was caught at window level.
Approaching the fractured glass,
dripping in light, he spoke: "I've just looked at myself,
and from here to here it ain't far enough,
but from here to here it's too short.
" "And circles don't fly, they float,
" Pena exclaimed and went on to say,
"Sun sure did shine this year. Who'd you look like
underneath?"

Steve Robey sent this to Justin, along with this amusing
story:

'During college (1987-1991),
my friend Rob and I would go up to drunk partygoers
and recite this entire piece in their ears
(one in the left, one in the right).
Turned many an otherwise conservative,
mainstream drunk into a very confused, conservative,
mainstream drunk.....

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