

## **Captain Beefheart "Old Fart At Play"**

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Pappy with the Khaki sweatband  
Bowed goat potbellied barnyard  
That only he noticed, the old fart was smart  
The old gold cloth Madonna

Dancin' to the fiddle 'n saw  
He ran down behind the knoll  
'N' slipped on his wooden fishhead  
The mouth worked 'n' snapped  
All the bees back to the bungalow

Momma was flatten 'n' lard  
With her red enamel rollin' pin  
When the fishhead broke the window  
Rubber eye erect 'n' precisely detailed  
Airholes from which breath should come  
Is now closely fit with the chatter of the old fart inside

An assortment of observations took place  
Momma licked her lips like a cat  
Pecked the ground like a rooster  
Pivoted like a duck

Her stockings down caught dust 'n' doughballs  
She cracked her mouth glaze, caught one eyelash  
Rubbed her hands on her gorgeous gingham  
Her hands grasped sticky metal intricate latchwork  
Open to the room, uh, smell cold mixed with bologna

Rubber bands crumpled wax paper bonnets  
Fat goose legs 'n' special jellies  
Ignited by the warmth of the room  
The old fart smelled this through his important  
breather holes

Cleverly he dialed from within from the outside we  
observed  
That the nose of the wooden mask  
Where the holes had just been a moment ago

Was now smooth amazingly blended camouflaged in  
With the very intricate rainbow trout replica

The old fart inside was now breathin' freely  
From his perfume bottle atomizer air bulb invention

His excited eyes from within the dark interior glazed  
Watered in appreciation of his thoughtful preparation  
Uh man, it's so heavy

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