

Captain Beefheart "Pachuco Cadaver"

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When she wears her bolero
Then she begin to dance
All the pachucos start with holdin' hands

When she drives her Chevy
Sissy's don't dare to glance
Yellow jackets 'n' red debbles
Buzzin' 'round her hair hive ho

She wears her past like a present
Takes her fancy in the past
Her sedan skims along the floorboard
Her two pipes hummin' carbon cum

Got her wheel out of a B-29 Bomber
Brodey knob amber
Spanish fringe 'n' talcum tazzles
Forever amber

She looks like an old squaw Indian
She 99 she won't go down
Avocado green, alfalfa yellow
Adorn her to the ground

Tattoos 'n' tarnished utenzles
A snow white bag full o' tunes
Drives a cartune, drives a cartune around
Broma' seltzer blue umbrella
Keeps her up off the ground

Round red sombreros
Wrap her high tap horsey shoes
When she unfolds her umbrella
Pachucos got the blues

Her lovin' makes me so happy
If I smiled I'd crack my chin
Her eyes are so peaceful
Thinks it's heaven she been

Her skin is as smooth as the daisies
In the center where the sun shines in

Smiles as sweet as honey
Her teeth as clean as the combs where the bees go in

When she walks, flowers surround her
Let their nectar come in to the air around her
She loves her love sticks out like stars
Her lovin' sticks out like stars

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