

Captain Beefheart "Pena"

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Pena, her little head clinking
Like a barrel of red velvet balls
Full past noise
Treats filled her eyes

Turning them yellow like enamel coated tacks
Soft like butter, hard not to pour
Out enjoying the sun
While sitting on a turned on waffle iron

Smoke billowing up from between her legs
Made me vomit beautifully
And crush a chandelier

Fall on my stomach an' view her
From a thousand happened facets
Liquid red salt ran over crystals
I later band aided the area
Sighed, oh well, it was worth it

Pena pleased but sore from sitting
Choose to stub her toe
An' view the white pulps
Horribly large in their red pockets
"I'm tired of playing baby", she explained

An' out of, uh, blue felt box let escape
One yellow butterfly the same size
Its dropping were tiny green phosphorous worms
That moved in tuck an' rolls that clacked
An' whispered in their confinement

Three little burnt scotch taped windows
Several yards away
Mouths open to tongues that vibrated
An' lost saliva
Pena exclaimed, "That's the raspberries"

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