

Captain Beefheart "Upon The My-O-My"

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The decks were stacked
The wind blew low
The wind blew high
The stakes were low
The stakes were high

Upon the My-O-My
Hands low, hands high
Ho-ho-ho, hi-hi-hi
Hands low, hands high
Upon the My-O-My

How was I to know she was so shy?
Upon the My-O-My
Across the light, across the night
You can hear the Captain's cry

Hands low, hands high
Upon the My-O-My
Got to make her roll, got to make her fly
Upon the My-O-My

Now tell me, good Captain
How does it feel
To be driven away from your own steering wheel?
Upon the My-O-My

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