

Primordial

"The Ballad Of Buckethead"

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"who's this guitar-playing sonsa bitch? ", is a question common asked.

On his head a bucket of chicken bones, on his face a plaster mask.

He's the bastard son of a preacher man, on the town he left a stain.

They made him live in a chicken house to try to and hide the shame.

He was born in a coop, raised in a cage. children fear him, critics rage.

He's half alive, he's half dead. folks just call him buckethead.

Farmers would torment him as he snuggled with the hens.

They'd hose him down with water, and steal his little friends.

Now late at night he'd sneak off to the graveyard all alone,

And play a soapbox guitar to the faces made of stone.

Buckethead found his freedom at the age of 17,
When he burned the chicked house down with a quart of gasoline.

He did puppet shows on corners and bought a real guitar,

And with the help of colonel sanders, he's bound to be a star.

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