

## Kerosene Hat

Cracker

How can I fly with these old doggy wings  
While the magpie sings some shiny song  
Old corn face row of teeth, she says sweetly to me  
In the elevator

Everything seems like a dream  
And life's a scream

Here come old Kerosene Hat  
With his ear flaps waxed, a courting his girl  
Come clattering in here on your old cloven skates  
With that devilish spoon

Everything seems like a dream  
And life's a scream  
When you're submarine

So don't you bother me, death, with your leathery ways  
And your old chaise lounge  
Wickerman's fence of leathery tires  
And the cook's gone mad, started several fires

Everything seems like a dream  
When you're submarine

Head like a stream she says softly to me  
From the rattling chair  
Bring me a steak and my old pair of crows  
My medicine lamp

Everything seems like a dream  
So life's a scream