

Is the story of the depravity of the beat generation true?

Daisy and Lily, lazy and silly  
Walk by the shore of the warm, grassy sea  
Talking once more neath a swan-bosomed tree  
Rose castles fourelles, those bustles where swells  
Each foam bell of ermine they roam and determine  
What fashions have been and what fashions will be  
What tartan leaves born what crinolines worn

Yeah  
Queer, Queer  
Queer, Queer

By green (thefis) pelisses or farlahine blue  
Like the thin plaided leaves that castle crags grew  
Or velours d'afrande on the water gods' land  
Her hair seemed gold trees on the honey cell sand  
When the thickest gold spangles on  
Deep water seen were like twanging guitar  
And like cold mandoline and the nymphs of great caves  
With hair like gold waves of Venus wore (Farta) fine

Yeah  
Queer, Queer  
Queer, Queer

Wild fire passion and impossible temper  
The nymph tagliongrisi the ondine wear  
Plaided Victoria and thin clementine  
Like the crinolined waterfalls nymphs wear beneath shawls  
Elegant parasols floating are seen  
The amazons wear balzarine blue

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