

The Peacock Song

Bif Naked

my mind's an ashtray full of ashes
lick the tears from my eyelashes
oh, whatever will i see that's good
he plays a really mean guitar
she smokes a really big cigar.
i'd love to love ya - if only i could
her love is, oh so, shiny wet -
keeps a bald peacock for a pet.
can you ever understand how i feel?
miss jenifa - my private dancer.
miss nina - to whom i answer.
kari sez we're the only ones who are real.

so, when i dream on sunday mornin'
and my lover right beside me keeps on snorin'
i wonder if my dog's in heaven,
and i wonder when i'll see her again.

psychopharmacology
has never found a friend in me,
but i'll eat sugar cubes all day and night.
those ducklings are never ugly
so, she sells herself by the sea.
i'll bake her a cake - be it wrong or right.
the caterpillar and the spider -
turn the screws a little tighter.
can you ever understand my feel?
gail g. - my inspiration,
miss denise should run the nation.
isabel tortures me with sex appeal:

so, when i dream on sunday mornin'
and my lover right beside me keeps on snorin'
i wonder if my dog's in heaven,
and i wonder when i'll see her again.

(yer really takin' me fer a ride
yer a wise guy, anyway:
i never had a place to hide except my brain!)