

## Brickbats

### Captain Beefheart & The Magic Band

Brickbats fly at my fireplace  
Upside down I see them in the fire  
They squeak and roast there  
Wings leap across the floor  
Fold up the wall shadows  
The window curtain ghost  
Throws my heart and dusts my throat  
My mind caught by the corner  
Gradually decides its safe  
Becomes a bat itself  
Flexes its little claws  
Curse its leather wings  
With loud, hollow pops  
Around the room  
Threatening to dash its brains  
Somehow at the last minute  
Retreats and becomes a natural glue  
And holds fast and slow  
In every other motion  
Making the night more interesting  
Becomes a cold, liquid breeze  
That freezes and thaws  
And pours the surroundings full  
As no breath can be taken  
It drowns and relieves  
To see the black turn into yellow  
And the yellow into black  
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