

Frownland

Captain Beefheart & The Magic Band

My smile is stuck
I cannot go back to your Frownland
My spirit's made up of the ocean and the sky
And the sun and the moon
And all my eyes can see

I cannot go back to your land of gloom
Where black jagged shadows
Remind me of the coming of your doom
I want my own land

Take my hand and come with me
It's not too late for you, it is not too late for me
To find my homeland

Where a man can stand by another man
Without an ego flying with no man lying
And no one dying by an earthly hand

Let the devil burn and the beggar learn
And the little girls that live in those old worlds
Take my kind hand

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