

Sweet Sweet Bulbs

Captain Beefheart & The Magic Band

Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet bulbs grow in my lady's garden
Warm, warm, warm, warm, warm sun fingers wave in my lady's garden

Flowers dance, their faces brave
Come talk freely in the garden of my lady

Her hominy smile, her hominy snatch
Only a crow would peck and a chicken would scratch
Her lips turned up to kiss

I see you Phoebe baby in your bonnet
With the sunset written on it

In the shadow of a tree
Curled around your knee in color
And just behind you was the sea of negativity
Tinkling like mercury in the wind

Her feet kept by the ground, her toes bare brown
Her carriage she abandoned like a hand-me-down
She walked back into nature, a queen uncrowned
She had just recognized herself to be an heir to the throne

Her garden gate swings lightly without weight
Open to most anyone that needs a little freedom
For God's sake

Oh come as many as you can
In dark or light, you're free to grow as flowers
Share her throne and use her toothbrush
And spend some interesting hours