

Walter Westinghouse

The Residents

Walter Westinghouse went to town
He found a friend today
His friend was peeling ceiling wax as
He heard Walter say

Love me tender, love me sweet
Love me like I love my feet
Sit me down with Ezra Pound
But don't forget to eat

Or cause a country boy to cook
A carrot or a cake
But don't forget the feelings
Of a friend are hard to fake

He lives a life of April leaves
Respondent to the thought that
Often things you caught or bought
Were not the ones you sought

Now his December is a sender
Singing songs he knows
But all the words are cheese and please
And boy, I hope it snows

He buys the bacon and the achin'
In his heart is due
To overcoats and Quaker Oats
And if his wife should sue

Wanda, Wanda where you went and
Tell me what'd you take?
I took the tongue of Philip Jung
And left it in the lake

But my dear I think I fear
That you had lost your way
'Cause scrambled eggs, 'cause scrambled eggs
Were all he'd let me bake

He said, "Your trust is like a crust
Too brittle and too thin"
I said, "You're full of nigger nuts
And look like Rin Tin Tin?"

Is common ground not ever found
But flees from dad to son
Or is it just believing that the
Evening steals the sun?

I said, "Your snoot is full of poot
And should be in a shoe?
And then I said your stupid bed
Is better off than you

Eat exuding oinks upon
And bleed decrepit broken bones

At caustic spells of hell
Huh, what's that, dear? Huh?

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And bleed decrepit broken bones
At caustic spells of hell

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And bleed decrepit broken bones
At caustic spells of hell

Yes, eat exuding oinks upon
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And he sees the threads of worn out treads
And calls his color true and calls his color true
And calls his color true and calls his color true
And calls his color true and calls his color true
And calls his color true and calls his color true