

## 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!)