

Kerosene Hat

Cracker

How can I fly with these old doggy wings
While the magpie sings some shiny song
Old corn face row of teeth, she says sweetly to me
In the elevator

Everything seems like a dream
And life's a scream

Here come old Kerosene Hat
With his ear flaps waxed, a courting his girl
Come clattering in here on your old cloven skates
With that devilish spoon

Everything seems like a dream
And life's a scream
When you're submarine

So don't you bother me, death, with your leathery ways
And your old chaise lounge
Wickerman's fence of leathery tires
And the cook's gone mad, started several fires

Everything seems like a dream
When you're submarine

Head like a stream she says softly to me
From the rattling chair
Bring me a steak and my old pair of crows
My medicine lamp

Everything seems like a dream
So life's a scream