baseball cap and flannel arms dancing with a voodoo doll sweat rolls down the old guitar seeing things the way they are a crooked look lay on his brow beside a wisecrack whiskey mouth tip up the bottle and pour him out

here he is again capman bootman

lay it down horizontal lean slip a finger across the bar whip the high note frantic skip the manic songwriter's pulled-down rhyme then leave'em hanging halfway home surprise is not the same thing twice music is not your boiled rice

here he is again capman bootman

leave the making sense behind zen bazooka buddha joe cornmeal and guitar strings hates to fly to land and lives to sing he's got his cap and boots and coat he's got his box of songs he wrote I wonder if he'll find that note

here he is again capman bootman