

# The Man With the Cabbage Head

Mick Harvey

I am the man with the cabbage head  
Half guy but vegetable from the neck  
For the beautiful eyes of Marilou  
I took to the pawn shop jew

My typewriter and my wheels on spec  
I was in the dumps without a sous  
At the end a nervous wreck  
From the day that I got back

With her I lost the kit and caboo-  
-Dle, my job with the tabloid news  
The scandals that kept me in beefsteak  
I was finished, a failure, check

And mate in the eyes of Marilou  
And she treated me like a hack  
And rendered me half cuckoo  
Oh no, how could you know the truth

She had to have discoteques  
And dine at the Kangourou  
Club so I kept signing cheques  
Without funds in the bank I had screw loose

In the end I turned her head into  
A watermelon, in French "Pasteque"  
But wait - I'm not gonna spill out to you  
Everything like that unchecked

What? Me? Still love her? I'm no fool  
Who and where am I? As good as new  
By the white foam & seaweed, on a deck-  
-Chair, at the beach in Malibu