

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