

Polka Dot Rose

Oysterhead

He always liked to paint with his sunglasses on
Cause acrylics tend to burn on his eyes
And nothing brought him closer to the canvas
Then the warmth of Eleanor's thighs
He never had much of a devious nature
But was hardly a modern day saint
If you asked the little boy what he'd be when he grew up
Said I'd rather be a fireman then paint
Keep on painting
She always liked to dance with no shoes on
Cause the gravel felt good on her toes
And Mr. Merriweather left his wife and his kids
In search of a polka dot rose
They never thought much of his mongrelesque stature
Or the scent that could make a buzzard faint
If you asked the little boy what he'd be when he grew up
He'd say
Keep on painting