

Ballad of Buckethead

Buckethead

Whos this guitar-playing sonsa bitch?, is a
question common asked. On his head a bucket of
chicken bones, on his face a plaster mask. Hes the
bastard son of a preacher man, on the town he left
a stain. They made him live in a chicken house to
try to and hide the shame. He was born in a coop, raised in a cage. children
fear him, critics rage. Hes half alive, hes half
dead. folks just call him buckethead.
Farmers would torment him as he snuggled with the
hens. Theyd hose him down with water, and steal
his little friends. Now late at night hed sneak
off to the graveyard all alone, And play a soapbox
guitar to the faces made of stone.
Buckethead found his freedom at the age of 17,
When he burned the chicked house down with a quart
of gasoline. He did puppet shows on corners and
bought a real guitar, And with the help of colonel
sanders, hes bound to be a star. He was born in a coop, raised in a cage. children
fear him, critics rage. Hes half alive, hes half
dead. folks just call him buckethead.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>