

Is the story of the depravity of the beat generation true?

Daisy and Lily, lazy and silly
Walk by the shore of the warm, grassy sea
Talking once more neath a swan-bosomed tree
Rose castles fourelles, those bustles where swells
Each foam bell of ermine they roam and determine
What fashions have been and what fashions will be
What tartan leaves born what crinolines worn

Yeah
Queer, Queer
Queer, Queer

By green (thefis) pelisses or farlahine blue
Like the thin plaided leaves that castle crags grew
Or velours d'afrande on the water gods' land
Her hair seemed gold trees on the honey cell sand
When the thickest gold spangles on
Deep water seen were like twanging guitar
And like cold mandoline and the nymphs of great caves
With hair like gold waves of Venus wore (Farta) fine

Yeah
Queer, Queer
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Wild fire passion and impossible temper
The nymph tagliongrisi the ondine wear
Plaided Victoria and thin clementine
Like the crinolined waterfalls nymphs wear beneath shawls
Elegant parasols floating are seen
The amazons wear balzarine blue

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