

# Of Whales And Woe

Les Claypool

The bowels gurgle a bit more these days it seems  
And he thinks more about the way he saunters 'round  
The posture of his father is not his chosen destination  
But though his head remains in the same proximity  
His chin with creeping dangle moves closer to the ground

He aims his good ear best he can towards conversation and sometimes leans in awkward toward your seat  
And if by chance one feels their space too invaded  
Then try your best to calmly be discreet  
Because this septic breathed man that stands before you  
Is a champion from days gone by

And the tales of whales and woe off his liquored tongue will flow  
The light will soft white twinkle off the cataracts in his eye  
So if by chance you're cornered near the bathroom  
Or he blocks you sprawled in his aisle seat  
Embrace the chance to hear some tales of greatness  
'cause he is the most interesting ball of toxins you're ever apt to meet