

The Toys Go Winding Down

Primus

An overaged boy of thirty-nine has left the wing today.
The first time in his life he's made that step.
Be numbed by the society and plagued by insecurity.
He's entered in a race that must be won.
One of the animals has left its cage today
IN search of better things so it seems to be.
But in this land of polyurethane,
Things are apt to get a bit hot.
As the toys go winding down.
C.G. the Mexican is a friend of mine.
We used to sit around the house watching evil dead.
Talking about the way it used to be...
We used to pull the strippers out of Sand Pablo bay.
Now the delta waters go down So. Cal.
And the strippers start to fade away.
It's pudding time!
It's pudding time!
As the toys go winding down.