

Puddin' Taine

Primus

Pass the pen there Billy Bob, I'll write us up a song
Or perhaps I'll pen a sonnet, if the melody sits all wrong

Hand me down a crayon, and I'll draw a mighty oak
'Cause of all my brother Masons, I'm the quickest with a joke

Catch me in the right light, you'll see my shapes shaped to please
And if I shank my trousers down, I'm hung just above the knees

You may have difficulty catchin' breath, when you hear my weighty name
I'm the one that told you, told you so, they calls me Puddin' Taine

Now step on up to dance the dance, and touch the hand that heals
Like the tallest hog on Wall Street, I'm a wheelin' all the deals

They'll carve my face in marble, they'll etch my name in stone
They'll paint my noble portrait, and historify my home

You may have difficulty catchin' breath, when you hear my weight name
I'm the one that told you, told you so, they calls me Puddin' Taine