

Les Claypool "Highball With The Devil"

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He came to conquer what he could, but he held back
'Cause his tongue was tired and shy.

So he laid the money down and he drank up, put the
sparkle in his eye.

Sittin' down you saw his paunch, so he stood up,
And he gazed across the room.

The toxin squeezed the head, so he slipped back.
He knew he left his seat too soon. A-Haw.

Come the morning, we'll be waiting and weilding the
power to paralyze.

So we state now, for the record you brought this upon
you.

Paralyze, agonize, terrorize

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