

Les Claypool "Precipitation"

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There are stories of pleasure, there are stories of pain
But the gods torment me with slabs of rain
It started on a Thursday and went a double fortnight
And Junior read Stern by the pilot light
He ate more cheese than time allowed
So we stood him up sharp, we stood him up proud
And they looked at him funny, but they looked at him
twice
Undressing with the eyeballs, verbal lashing him with
spice
I speak the truth, I tell no lies
Been masturbatin' since the Fourth of July
Spill the beans, spill 'em all
The precipitation filled Spring from Fall
He didn't like faxes, he didn't like phones
When he stoof among many, he stood alone
He loved his sausage, but shied from greens
Used to spin his little sister in the washin' machine

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