

Primordial

"Golden Boy"

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He was a might golden boy as gold as ever seen
But when he stepped up to the podium, you could tell
that boy was mean

His arms was made of nickel, his forehead made of
wood
An affidavit from the principal says, "This boy just ain't
no good"

Ain't no good

He stood before the union, he made a solemn oath
Uphold the purity of his creed and the others he would
toast
He worked nights at the liquor mart; he drank to pad
his pay
When caught him liftin' 40's, he shot a boy last May

His momma asked why?

I don't know

His lawyer in the courtroom made a noble plea
The judge he gave him eighteen months but he was out
in three
When asked if he ever felt remorse while sittin' up in
that pen
He said "Hell no, ye know a thief's a thief and I'd shoot
the that fucker again, yes I would"

His momma asked why?

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