

## Primordial

### "Puddin' Taine"

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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 weighty name.  
I'm the one that told you, told you so, they calls me  
Puddin' Taine.

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