

Primordial

"The Ol' Diamondback Sturgeon (Fisherman's Chronicl'"

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The old diamondback sturgeon came swimmin' along
Minding his business one day
Rooting and sniffing and urging to spawn
In the mud flats of San Pablo Bay

A scent came around so he followed his snout
He found what was to his surprise
A golden morsel, a tidbit, a tight bunch of grass shrimp
Was there right before this buck's eyes

He circle round twice and he took a big whiff
Then sucked up this savory meal
Then came a jolt and to the diamondback's surprise
Through his lips cut the cold, barbed steel

In a panic the old diamondback sped to the north
He sped to the east, west and south
But the harder he swam, he still could not break free
From the "tugging" that pulled at his mouth

The old diamondback sturgeon came swimmin' along
Minding his business one day

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