

Primus

"Precipitation"

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Rain Rain Rain Rain Rain Rain Rain Rain Rain....

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 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 spice.

I speak the truth, I tell no lies.

Been masturbatin', since the forth 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 stood among many, he stands alone.

He loved his sausage, but shied from greens.

Used to spin his little sister in the washin' machine.

Reasonably touchable the slices of his earlier days,

For he was a superbed child...of the seventies

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