

## Primus "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 weight name  
I'm the one that told you, told you so, they calls me  
Puddin' Taine

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