

Primus

"The Ol' Diamond Back Sturgeon (Fisherman's Chronic)"

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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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