

## Claypool, Les

### "Of Whales and Woe"

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The bowels gurgle a bit more these days it seems  
And he thinks more and more about the way he  
saunters 'round  
The posture of his father is not his chosen destination  
But though his head remains in same proximity  
His chin with creeping dangle moves closer to the  
ground  
He aims his good ear best he can towards conversation  
And sometimes leans in awkward toward your seat  
And if by chance one feels their space too invaded  
Then try your best to calmly be discreet  
Please try your best to calmly be discreet

Because this septic breathed man that stands before  
you  
Is a champion from days gone by  
And the tales of whales and woe off his liquored  
tongue will flow  
The light will soft white twinkle off the cataracts in his  
eye  
So if by chance you're cornered near the bathroom  
Or he blocks you sprawled in his aisle seat  
Embrace the chance to hear some tales of greatness  
'Cause he is the most interesting ball of toxins you're  
ever apt to meet

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