

## Les Claypool and the Holy Mackerel

### "Precipitation"

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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 a 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 with  
spice  
I speak the truth, I tell no lies  
Been masturbatin' since the Fourth 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 stoof among many, he stood alone  
He loved his sausage, but shied from greens  
Used to spin his little sister in the washin' machine

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