Hats Off

Primus

When I was born, the doc he held me by my ankles
smacked my red behind.
They hosed me down, wrapped me like a bean burrito
then marked the date and time.
Hats off, to the ones that string the beads together
and keep the ducks in line.
Hats off to all the ones that stood before me
and taught a fool to rhyme.
At thirteen, I made myself a motion picture
out of lumps of clay.
At fourteen, I pulled some weeds and bought a four string

taught myself to play.
At seventeen, I'd get naked with a beauty queen
at the Hot Tub Zone.
At nineteen, she was livin' hard and snortin' drugs
that decayed her bones.
Hats off to the ones that put it all together
and keep their ducks in line.
Hats off to all the ones that erred before me
and taught me how to survive.

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