

Puddin' Taine

Primus

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 weighty name.

I'm the one that told you, told you so, they calls me Puddin' Taine.

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