

The Pressman

Primus

By the light of lamp I'll sit to type
My notes on tab at my side
I don't see the sun much these days
Fluorescent tan covers my hide
How much impact shall I have this time?
My goal today is to reach the deadline
I write between the lines, I deal with fantasy, I report the facts
Give them to me, please
Ham and egg salad on white bread gives me company on nights like this
Pack of mentholated cigarettes keeps my air nice and thick
When I write, words flow like coins from a candy box
Get out of my way, I've got something to say
The pulse is beating louder now, the pulse is beating louder now
The cramps in my hands grow more intense with each
Tik, tik, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap on the keys
My social life is at an end, so it seems to be
Why don't I just trample on your lawn today?
I'll take the skies of blue and turn 'em [Incomprehensible] skies of gray
I write between the lines, I deal with fantasy, I am the pressman
Acknowledge me
Mother always told, "Never stay too far from home"
The little lady said, "Boy, you'll never have to be alone
'Cause you build with fountain pen
You create the memory stain, you are the pressman
Stand up straight, boy"

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