

Primus, Over The Falls

They broke out in laughter again
His lip beaded with sweat as they strapped him in
And he stood by and waited to be called
The talk was of times that'd gone by
And the quantity and quality of women they lie
His eyes welled with wet and his mouth had gone dry

As he stood by and waited to be called
He stood by and waited to be called
He stood by and waited like the others before
For his turn to go over the falls

He got up and tried it again
For lack of persistence is surely a sin
As he stood by and waited to be called
He looked to the lightning with glee
And admired his vessel for its symmetry
Feeling twelve units shy of a bachelor's degree

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He stood by and waited to be called
He stood by and waited like the others before
For his turn to go over the falls