

# Primus, Coattails Of A Dead Man

He wasn't lookin' for fanfare or fame  
but it all came around just the same.  
He then met a girl with desire in her eye,  
he gave her love, she took his name.

The times they were good, the times they were bad,  
most times it was just in between.  
The hard pill he swallowed was the times that they had,  
she put on display for all to be seen.

Some find their solace in work or the lord,  
she was quite content in her dream.  
When his eyes they burned from the bright lime light,  
he found comfort in the bottle of Ol' Jimmy Beam.

One day from the depths of his deep darkened hole,  
he reached out for something to feel.  
She offered back nothin' but lack of respect  
so he left himself out with two barrels of steel.

She cried in the day, she cried in the night.  
She cried loudest when someone was near.  
Whether crying for him or she cried for herself,  
the bigger the camera, the bigger the tear.

Most folks agree that she was living a hell  
and publicly she showed her pain.  
And never once was there a thought for herself,  
and the ever-growing slices of fortune and fame.

Now on the coattails of a dead man she'll ride  
on the coattails of a dead man she'll ride.  
On the coattails of a dead man she'll ride she'll ride,  
on the coattails of a dead man she'll ride she'll ride high.