

Primus, Harold Of The Rocks

It was a weekend's eve,
I had sex on my breath
I was lookin' for somethin' to see.
With a borrowed black leather
And my best fishin' hat.
Well, it was just Wendy O. and me.

We called old Swamp
Up on the telephone
And said we was comin' on
Down to pick him up
And then, he said,
"Hey Swampy, me and Greeny'll come along -

But only if we can bring a friend."
"His name is Harold."
I said "Okay."

Now, we had a
Swamper, Greeny, Wendy O, Stanley,
Harold of the Rocks and me.
We hopped into my dart
And headed for the nightbreak
To see a man they call Schooly D.

Harold he's a friendly guy.
He rambles on and on.
He'll talk the balls off a rhinoceros.
Fact is, he just doesn't make much sense.

"Well", Stan said.
"This guy's pretty bizarre, Gus."

Harold of the Rocks.

I saw Harold at a party
Trouzy threw late one night.
I said, "hey man,
Do you remember me?"
He said, "O' course
I do Snapdad and
Let me tell ya right
'Bout now I'm lit
Up like an ol' Christmas tree."

Hey bro you know I'd
Like to thank you once again for lettin' me
Hang with ya' all across the bay.
When I look back at that night I get me a
Warm spot across my heart."
Then he shook my hand, and walked away.
That's the last I seen of Harold.

Harold of the Rocks.

So in the end,
Swamper and Greeny
Finally succumb to
The ways of Harold.
And in doing so
Each gave just a little bit
Of his soul away.
What a couple of dumb shits.