

# Primus, Pressman

By the light of the lamp I sit to type-my notes on tab at my side  
I don't see the sun much these days  
A fluorescent tan covers my hide  
How much impact shall I have this time?  
My goal today is to reac the deadline  
I write between the lines  
I deal with fantasy  
I report the facts  
Give them to me, please

Ham and egg sald on white bread keeps me company on nights like this  
A pack of metholated 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 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 trample on your lawn today?  
I'll take skies of blue, turn over skies of grey  
I write between the lines  
I deal with fantasy  
I am the pressman  
Acknowledge me

Mother always told me never stray too far from home  
The little lady said, &quot;Boy, you'll never have to be alone,  
Because,&quot;  
You build with fountain pen  
You create the memory stain  
You are the pressman  
Stand up straight, boy