

Primus, The 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 reach 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 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,
"Boy, you'll never have to be alone, because,"
You build with fountain pen
You create the memory stain
You are the pressman
Stand up straight, boy