

Primus, The Toys Go Winding Down

An over aged boy of thirty-nine has left the wing today
The first time in his life he's made that step
Be numbed by the society and plagued by insecurity
He's entered a race that must be won
One of the animals has left it's cage today
In search of better things, so it seems to be
But in this land of polyurethane
Things are apt to get a bit hot

As the toys go winding down

C.G. the Mexican is a friend of mine
We used to sit around the house watching Evil Dead
Talking about the way it used to be...
We used to pull the stripers out of San Pablo Bay
Now the delta waters go down So.Cal.
And the stripers start to fade away
It's pudding time
It's pudding time!

As the toys go winding down