

Of Whales And Woe

Les Claypool

The bowels gurgle a bit more these days it seems
And he thinks more about the way he saunters 'round
The posture of his father is not his chosen destination
But though his head remains in the same proximity
His chin with creeping dangle moves closer to the ground

He aims his good ear best he can towards conversation and sometimes leans in awkward toward your seat
And if by chance one feels their space too invaded
Then try your best to calmly be discreet
Because this septic breathed man that stands before you
Is a champion from days gone by

And the tales of whales and woe off his liquored tongue will flow
The light will soft white twinkle off the cataracts in his eye
So if by chance you're cornered near the bathroom
Or he blocks you sprawled in his aisle seat
Embrace the chance to hear some tales of greatness
'cause he is the most interesting ball of toxins you're ever apt to meet