

# Primus, Over The Falls

They broke out in laughter again  
His lip beaded with sweat as they strapped him in  
And he stood by and waited to be called  
The talk was of times that'd gone by  
And the quantity and quality of women they lie  
His eyes welled with wet and his mouth had gone dry

As he stood by and waited to be called  
He stood by and waited to be called  
He stood by and waited like the others before  
For his turn to go over the falls

He got up and tried it again  
For lack of persistence is surely a sin  
As he stood by and waited to be called  
He looked to the lightning with glee  
And admired his vessel for its symmetry  
Feeling twelve units shy of a bachelor's degree

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