

COMET

Saint Nicholas saved my life.
He saved my life.

When I was a young buck
I fell in with a bad crowd.
"Hell's Herd".
Meanest fawns in the Northern Hemisphere,
bar none.
We'd go out drinking every night.
Getting in fights.
Knocking over igloos.
One time an Eskimo called us herbivores.
We sank his kayak.
Back then, I used to have this tattoo on my shoulder
of a flaming deer skull
with a fiery tail
like a comet.
That's how I got my nickname:
Skull.