

Phish, Harpua

Om-pa-pa oom-pa-pa oom-pa-pa oom-pa-paaaaa
Fat sweaty bulldog
Stood in the sun
Stone village swamp man
Slow motion run
Tender poke police walker
Precious birthday fudge
Swamp night bull nail
Walker done done

Hot sweaty bulldog stood in the sun then -
stone village swamp man (is doing a)
slow motion run here comes the policeman:
tender poke police walker whom the dog and the man see as:
precious birthday fudge then -
swamp night (the man)
bull nail (the dog - the bulldog's claw)
kill the policeman:
walker done done

Me and Harpua
We couldn't care few-a
It happens all the time
We beat Okimo
(Repeat Chorus)

Hot liquor stone jack
Bitter toothless flesh
Shabby pimple chin-slime
Evil milky rash

Me and Harpua
Spastic dead-eyed hound
Oozing dreadlock skullcap
We're coming to your town

We'll help you party down
(Chorus 2x)

Spoken by Trey (with asides by Fishman):
Once upon a time Far far away from here
There, in a small town...
a small town...
small town...
small...

And on the outskirts of this town
there lived a mean, nasty, furry, ugly hound named Harpua.

Harpua roamed the outskirts of the town every day and he'd walk around looking for a little action.
So of course this day was no different from any other day and here we start the story and we see Harpua
Harpua walked toward the town...
innocently...
And meanwhile in the town...
in a whole different part of the town
there lived a young boy all alone in a suburban neighborhood
and every day he'd sit in his room
and sit on his little couch (AND SMOKE POT!)...

he'd sit on his little couch and
he'd listen to his stereo...
and he'd lay back and
he'd look down next to him and
he'd pet his favorite little (DOG!)

furry little...
oh, he loved his little...
furry...
thing that he pet every day while he listened to his stereo
(while sitting on the couch)
he'd pet his furry (thing on the couch) his furry...
And he looked down and he said
"I love to pet you, my little furry...
thing that I ...
I love you so much that I decided to name you
this name that I love and so I named you...
I love you so...

that's why...
that's why I pet you every day...
that's why I named you...
that's why when I first got you and

I knew how much I loved you...

I decided that I'd give you the name of...
the moniker of...
I'd call you...
your name is...

I DECIDED THAT YOUR NAME WOULD HAVE TO BE...
I'D CALL YOU...
YOUR GOING TO BE CALLED...
I THINK YOUR NAME...
I CALL YOU...
YOU'D GO AS... AAAAAAAGGGGHHHHHHH!!!!
POSTER NUTBAG!!!!!!!!!!

Poster Nutbag sat on the couch next to Jimmy...
Poster Nutbag, the furry little kitty-cat Jimmy's pet sat next to Jimmy and he looked up at Jimmy...
and on this particular day Poster Nutbag decided to go for a little walk so Poster Nutbag got up and
and he walk onto the sidewalk and he started walking innocently down the street and he walked do
into a new part of town that he'd never been to...

Let me take you to...FUNKYTOWN
Let me take you to...FUNKYTOWN
Let me take you to...FUNKYTOWN
Let me take you to...FUNKYTOWN

And when he got there he was walking along and suddenly he rounded a corner and in front of him
he saw Harpua...
Harpua, the ugly dog from the beginning of the story...
and they looked at each other...
tension filled the air...
there was going to be a nasty fight...

Harpua saw Poster Nutbag and began to growl and let a hungry drop of saliva fall onto the floor...
Poster Nutbag coiled his body into a deadly arch...
the fight was about to begin...
ARGAAAAAAA!

Look, the storm's gone...Dad (Mike):
Jimmy...
Jimmy (Fish):
Yes, Dad

D: Jimmy, I have some bad news...
J: What might that be...Dad?
D: It's about your cat, Poster...

J: You wouldn't be talking about Poster Nutbag, now would you?
YOUR CAT DIED!

Poster is deadPoster is deadPoster's SO dead
How about a goldfish? I don't want a goldfish
How about a goldFISH? I don't...want a goldfish
How about A goldfish? I don't want...a goldfish

What do you...
what do you...
what do you...
I want...
What do you...

A dog A dog
There's a dog in the station
With an ugly mutation
And it needs lubrication each day
There's a dog in the station
Contemplating rotation
As a form of recreation and play

A dog
There's a dog in the station
With a bad reputation
It's a sign of the nation's decay
But the dog in the station
Doesn't need a vacation

As the people rush by dressed in gray
A DOG
A DOG
A DOG!!