

Primus, Kalamazoo

A b c d e f g h I gotta' gal wears her toenails long.
Drives a red barracuda, singin' meat packer songs
And she ain't from kalamazoo.

A b c d e f g h I gotta' friend lived in a mercedes-benz.
Then a 55 chrysler where the trunk never ends/
And the plates say kalamazoo.

He had a steady job and watched what he spent.
He'd say I don't believe in payin' no goddamn rent.
I'll squirrel away every goddamn cent

And buy my own damn house in kalamazoo.

I knew a guy that mangled his hand,
And he went from pipe fittin' to a hot dog stand.
They say last year he cleared fifty grand
Selling dogs round kalamazoo.

She turned to the world with a bastard child.
Said, "i just can't handle him he's too damn wild".
But the years and the liquor have made him mild.
And he lays around in kalamazoo.