

Primus, My Friend Fats

My friend Fats, he's a hell of a guy
Let me tell you why
He's the epitome of neighborly

My friend Fats, he's a hell of a guy
Let me tell y'all why
He drips personality

My friend Fats, he's a heck of a joe
You should watch him go
Bopping in the band shine
With a bota bag of fried wine

My friend Fats, he's a hell of a guy
Let me tell you why
He's lowbrow nobility

My friend Fats, he's a jovial sort
When he's holding court
The anecdotes go round and the lager goes down

My friend Fats, he's a hell of a guy
And just as long as he's high
He has no anxiety about his chemical dependencies

Fats has no concerns about the candle that burns
Both ends simultaneous, both ends simultaneous

My friend Fats, he's a hell of a guy
Let me tell y'all why
He's not much for punctuality
But heck on debauchery

Fats, he's a hell of a man
Can't y'all understand
Him taunting his mortality
He's unnerved by sobriety