

# 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