

Screaming Monkey Boner, Fat Arnie B

Well I once knew a man, named Fat Arnie B., he rolled into town and took a bite out of me, he pulled up to the window, ordered burgers galore, but when I asked him for the money, he put the pedal to the floor,

Honk if you got a big fat ass was his motto and his creed, but his fat sweaty ass was much much more than any one man could need, now there's nothing more amusing than a big fat man in an economy sized car, with the wheel in the middle and the wipers on the inside, you know he won't get too far

(chorus)

Fat Arnie B. Fat Arnie B. all the burgers in the world for free

Fat Arnie B. Fat Arnie B. processed meat fills him with glee

Now let me tell you a little story about some friends of mine that once upon a time went to the fine establishment known as White Castle to get some of their delectable burgers. When they got outside they happened upon a very fat man stuffed into a very small car. He beckoned them closer, looked them in the eye and said "you too look like a couple of swingin players, but you and fat enough to get all the bitches like me, but if you work real hard, in 10 years, you'll be wearing the jimmy" astounded by this indispensable advice they inquired as to the fat man's name so is to acquire more of his nuggets of wisdom in the future. He gave a little chuckle and said "My name is"