Albuquerque

Conifer

Way back when I was just a little bitty boy
Living in a box
Under the stairs
In the corner of the basement
In the house half a block down the street from Jerry's Bait Shop
You know the place
Well anyway,
Back then life was going swell
And everything was just peachy!
Except of course for the undeniable fact
That every single morning
My mother would make me a big ol' bowl of
Sauer kraut for breakfast
Dawww
Big bowl of sauer kraut!
Every single mornin'!
It was driving me crazy!
And I said to my mom,
I said, "Hey, mom, what's up with all the sauerkraut?"
And my dear, sweet mother,
She just looked at me like a cow looks
At an oncoming train
And she leaned right down next to me
And she said, "IT'S GOOD FOR YOU!"
And then she tied me to the wall
And stuck a funnel in my mouth
And force fed me nothing but sauer kraut
Until I was twenty-six and a half years old
That's when I swore that someday,
Someday I would get outta that basement
And travel to a magical, far away place,
Where the sun is always shining
And the air smells like warm root beer,
And the towels are oh so fluffy!
Where the shriners and the lepers
Play their ukuleles all day long
And anyone on the street
Will gladly shave your back for a nickel!
Wacka wacka, doo doo, yeah!

Well, let me tell you, people,
It wasn't long at all before my dream came true
Because the very next day,
A local radio station had this contest
To see who could correctly guess the number
Of molecules in Leonard Nimoy's butt
I was off by three, but I still won the grand prize
That's right, a first class, one-way ticket
To Albuquerque!
Albuquerque!
Oh yeah
You know, I'd never been
On a real airplane before
And I gotta tell ya
It was really great
Except that I had to sit
Between two large Albanian women
With excruciatingly severe body odor
And the little kid in back of me
Kept throwin' up the whole time
The flight attendants ran out of
Dr. Pepper and salted peanuts
And the in-flight movie was Bio-Dome with Pauly Shore
And, oh yeah, three of the airplane engines burned out
And we went into a tailspin
And crashed into a hillside
And the plane exploded in a giant fireball
And everybody died!
Except for me. You know why?
'Cause I had my tray table up
And my seat back in the full upright position
Had my tray table up
And my seat back in the full upright position
Had my tray table up
And my seat back in the full upright position
Ah-ha-ha-ha!
Ah-ha-ha!
Aahhh
So I crawled from the twisted, burnin', wreckage
I crawled on my hands and knees
For three full days
Draggin' along my big leather suitcase
And my garment bag
And my tenor saxophone
And my 12-pound bowlin' ball

And my lucky, lucky autographed glow-in-the-dark snorkel!
But finally I arrived at the world famous
Albuquerque Holiday Inn!
Where the towels are oh so fluffy!
And you can eat your soup
Right out of the ashtrays if you wanna
It's okay, they're clean!
Well, I checked into my room,
And I turned down the A/C,
And I turned on the SpectraVision,
And I'm just about to eat
That little chocolate mint on my pillow
That I love so very, very much,
When suddenly there's a knock on the door
Well, now, who could that be?
I say, "Who is it?" No answer
"Who is it?" There's no answer
"WHO IS IT!?" They're not sayin' anything
So finally, I go over
And I open the door,
And just as I suspected,
It's some big, fat hermaphrodite
With a flock of seagulls, haircut,
And only one nostril
Oh, man, I hate it when I'm right!
So, anyway,
He bursts into my room,
And he grabs my lucky snorkel,
And I'm like, "Hey, you can't have that!
That snorkel's been just like a snorkel to me!"
And he's like, "Tough!"
And I'm like, "Give it!"
And he's like, "Make me!"
And I'm like, "'Kay!"
So I grabbed his leg
And he grabbed my esophagus
And I bit off his ear
And he chewed off my eyebrows
And I took out his appendix
And he gave me a colonic irrigation
Yes indeed, you better believe it!
And somehow in the middle of it all
The phone got knocked off the hook
And twenty seconds later,
I heard a familiar voice

And you know what it said?
I'll tell ya what it said!
It said, "If you'd like to make a call,
Please hang up and try again
If you need help,
Hang up and then dial your operator
If you'd like to make a call
Please hang up and try again.
If you need help
Hang up and then dial your operator
In Albuquerque!"
Albuquerque!
Well, to cut a long story short,
He got away with my snorkel
But I made a solemn vow
Right then and there
That I would not rest,
I would not sleep for an instant,
Until the one-nostrilled man
Was brought to justice
But first, I decided to buy some donuts
So I got in my car
And I drove over to the donut shop
And I walked on up to the guy behind the counter
And he says, "Yeah, whaddaya want?"
I said, "You got any glazed donuts?"
He said, "Nah, we're outta glazed donuts."
I say, "Well, you got any jelly donuts?"
He said, "No, we're outta jelly donuts."
I said, "You got any Bavarian cream-filled donuts?"
He said, "No, we're outta Bavarian cream-filled donuts."

I said, "You got any cinnamon rolls?"
He said, "No, we're outta cinnamon rolls!"
I said, "You got any apple fritters?"
He said, "No, we're outta apple fritters!"
I said, "You got any bear claws?"
He said, "Wait a minute, I'll go check."
"Naw, we're outta bear claws!"
I said, "Well, in that case
In that case, what do you have?"
He says, "All I got right now
Is this box of one dozen
Starving crazed weasels."
I said, "Okay, I'll take that."

So he hands me the box,
And I open up the lid,
And the weasels jump out
And they immediately latch onto my face
And start bitin' me all over
Oh, man, they were just goin' nuts!
They were tearin' me apart!
You know,
I think it was just about that time
that a little ditty started goin' through my head
I believe it went a little somethin' like this:
DOH!
Get 'em off me! Get 'em off me!
Ohhh!
No, get 'em off, get 'em off!
Oh, oh God, oh God!
Oh, get 'em off me! Oh, oh God!
Ah, aaaaaaahhhhhhhhh!
I ran out into the street
With these flesh-eating weasels
All over my face,
Wavin' my arms all around
And just runnin', runnin', runnin',
Like a constipated wiener dog
And as luck would have it,
That's exactly when I ran into
The girl of my dreams
Her name was Zelda
She was a caligraphy enthusiast,
With a slight overbite,
And hair the color of strained peaches
I'll never forget
The very first thing
She said to me
She said, "Hey,
You've got weasels on your face."
That's when I knew it was true love
We were inseparable after that
Aw, we ate together
We bathed together
We even shared the same piece
Of mint-flavored dental floss
The world was our burrito
So we got married,
And we bought us a house

And had two beautiful children,
Nathaniel and Superfly
Oh we were so very, very, very happy, oh yeah
But then, one fateful night,
Zelda said to me, she said,
"Sweetie pumpkin?
Do you wanna join the Columbia Record Club?"
I said, "Woah! Hold on now, baby!
I'm just not ready for that kind of a commitment!"
So we broke up,
And I never saw her again
But that's just the way things go
In Albuquerque!
Albuquerque!
Anyway, things really started
Lookin' up for me,
Because about a week later
I finally achieved my lifelong dream
That's right, I got me a part-time job
At the Sizzler!
I even made employee of the month
After I put out that grease fire
With my face!
Aw yeah, everybody was pretty jealous
Of me after that
I was gettin' a lot of attitude.
Okay, like one time,
I was out in the parkin' lot,
Tryin' to remove my excess earwax
With a golf pencil,
When I see this guy Marty
Tryin' to carry a big ol' sofa
Up the stairs all by himself.
So I-I say to him,
I say, "Hey, you want me to help you with that?"
And Marty, he just rolls his eyes
And goes, "No, I want you to cut off my arms and legs with a chainsaw!"
So I did.
And then he gets all indignant on me
He's like, "Hey, man, I was just being sarcastic!"
Well, that's just great.
How was I supposed to know that?
I'm not a mind reader,
For cryin' out loud
Besides, now he's got

A really cute nickname - Torso-Boy!
So what's he complaining about?
Say, that reminds me of another amusing anecdote
This guy comes up to me on the street
And he tells me he hasn't had a bite
In three days
Well, I knew what he meant,
But just to be funny,
I took a big bite
Out of his jugular vein
And he's yelling and screaming
And bleeding all over,
And I'm like, "Hey, come on, don'tcha get it?"
But he just keeps rolling around on the sidewalk,
Bleeding and screaming, "Aaaahhhh! AaaaahhhhOhhhhh! Aaaaahhhh!"
You know, completely missing
The irony of the whole situation
Man, some people just can't take a joke, you know?
Anyway, um...
Where was I?
Kinda lost my train of thought.
Uh, well, uh, OK, anyway,
I-I know it's kind of a roundabout way
Of saying it, but,
I guess the whole point I'm tryin' to make here is
I HATE SAUERKRAUT!
That's all I'm really tryin' to say
And, by the way,
if one day you happen to wake up
And find yourself in an existential quandry,
Full of loathing and self-doubt
And wracked with the pain and isolation
Of your pitiful meaningless existence,
At least you can take a small bit of comfort
In knowing that somewhere out there in this
Crazy ol' mixed-up universe of ours,
There's still a little place
Called Albuquerque!
Albuquerque!
Albuquerque! (Albuquerque!)
Albuquerque! (Albuquerque!)
Albuquerque! (Albuquerque!)
Albuquerque! (Albuquerque!)
I said A! (A!)
L! (L!)

B! (B!)
U! (U!)
... querque! (querque!)
(Albuquerque, Albuquerque, Albuquerque, Albuquerque)
(Albuquerque, Albuquerque, Albuquerque, Albuquerque)
(Albuquerque, Albuquerque, Albuquerque, Albuquerque)
Al...buquerque!
burp

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