

# albuquerque

## Phonoroid

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, aaaaaahhhhhhhhhh!  
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 calligraphy 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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