

Pork Soda

Primus

Now listen up you know ya come home from working that nine to five and lay yourself down on burgundy
couch, you know, it never really was burgundy.
It was red, and you painted with the goddamn sprinkler and now you have bits and pieces of burgundy stuck to
your butt every time you get off of it.
You never tell your family, you never tell your family because, you know, ol' Junior, he's got no brains, and
what can you do? What can you do?
(And old Junior, you know, got a little crazy with that P.B.J. that one day...??)
Grab yourself a can of pork soda
You'll be feeling just fine
Ain't nothin' quite like sittin' 'round the house

Swillin' down them Cans of swine
Ha ha ha! Yes, Dad's an idiot alright!
Well, alright, I'm really starting to worry about you.
You had to have that two-car garage with the large driveway so you could park that goddamn boat in it.
If it wasn't for the boat (blah blah blah)
I like Kansas wine...
Well, maybe it's something simpler, like your team lost or your girlfriend used to be a guy, you know, I don't
know.
I mean.. (blah blah blah)

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