

Ground Hog's Day

Primus

When I woke up this mornin' I felt a pang.
I was hungerin' for some apple pie.
Stumble in the bathroom, hung my hog a little bit.
Washed the sleep out of my eye.
Oh yeah, it's gonna be a fine day.
Scratched myself a bit.
Poured me out a bowl-a corn chex.
Closest thing I could find to apple pie.
Lingerin' taste of toothpaste
Made the milk go down a bit funny.
But you know, them chex they do satisfy.
Oh yeah, this'll be a fine day.
So, after my mornin' rise-n-shine and eat-n-clean.
Had my mind set to hit them streets.
Drizzle from the night left cold puddles out.
Had my black stomp-boots on my feet.
It's my day.

Since I was in kneepants my pop had tried to make me realize. If I
set my mind down to it I could be a big man in the public eye. So
with my big blue collar on, I set out to find the easy way. What an
ice cold bath it was when I found you had to pay to play. To taste
the taste it's a tease that never would subside. The taste is strong
but soured by my learned eyes. Well, if a woodchuck could chuck wood,
he'd get down on his knees to pray. This little snappy boy might see
the light this ground hog's day.

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