Bob

Primus

I had a friend that took a blet, took a blet and hung himself
Hung himself in the doorway of the apartment where he lived
His woman and his little bro came home from the grocery store
Only to find him dangling in the apartment where he lived
I had a friend who shaved his head
Put his Doctor Martins on

And drew such wondrous pictures in the apartment where he lived
He praised my creativity, though he spoke sarcastically
Oh, the conversations in the apartment where he lived
I had a friend that took a blet, took a belt and hung himself
Hung himself in the doorway of the apartment where he lived
Rock, she thought him spiteful; Ler, he thought him pitiful
Me, I've never been back to the apartment where he lived

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