

# Kim, You Bore Me to Death

## Grandaddy

To be completely out of money  
But with shaggy, healthy legs  
It could (...) anybody to name (...) their kid Kim  
I swear I'll never name my kid Kim We made out at a party  
Yeah, I was drunk and smoking cloves  
I really just needed a ride back to town  
No, I don't smoke cloves anymore And so she explains her theory  
Her feet propped on new pillows  
And her roommate behind her playin' bongos  
Kim, you bore me to death... you bore me to death... you bore me to death  
Kim, you bore me to death  
Kim, you bore me to death  
Kim, you bore me to death  
Kim, you bore me to death  
Kim, you bore me to death  
Kim, you bore me to death  
Kim, you bore me to death, you bore me to death...

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