

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
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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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