

# My Friend Fats

## Primus

My Friend Fats, he's a hell of a guy.

Let me tell you why.

He's the epitome of neighborly.

My friend Fats, he's a hell of a guy.

Let me tell y'all why.

He drips personality.

My friend Fats, he's a heck of a Joe.

You should watch him go,

Bopping in the band shine

With a bota bag of fried wine.

My friend Fats, he's a hell of a guy.

Let me tell you why.

He's lowbrow nobility.

My friend Fats, he's a jovial sort.

When he's holding court,

The anecdotes go round

And the lager goes down.

My friend Fats, he's a hell of a guy.

And just as long as he's high

He has no anxiety

About his chemical dependencies.

Fats has no concerns about the candle that burns

Both ends simultaneous,

Both ends simultaneous.

My friend Fats, he's a hell of a guy.

Let me tell y'all why.

Not much for punctuality,

But heck on debauchery.

Fats, he's a hell of a man,

Can't y'all understand.

Him taunting his mortality,

He's unnerved by sobriety.

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