

Pulp Town

Nathan Caswell

If youâ€™ve spent even a couple of days in a pulp town
Thereâ€™s something that you never forget
Something that gets etched on the slate of your memory
And thatâ€™s the smell

The two parts wet dog, one part propane
Smell

It settles down on the town
When the barometric pressure drops

And it gets into your drapes
And it gets into your carpeting
And your upholstery and your clothing
And it lingers

Sorta like that GAP store in the fish market
In New York City
Where only tourists shop
â€˜Cause everyone else knows that
Fish smell never really comes out

In high school we had this economics teacher
He had a beard and a ponytail
And he said eccentric things
We thought he was cool

He used to say that every morning
He would go to the window
Throw it open and lean out
And take a big breath
Before heâ€™d come to school

And if he could smell
That pulp mill, smoke stack
Two parts wet dog, one part propane smell
Well, then, he would smile

Because he knew
He knew that it was a good day
Economically speaking

In a pulp town
In a pulp town
In a pulp town

Halloween is my all-time favourite holiday
As a child I would spend weeks in joyous anticipation
Planning and constructing my costume
I remember one year I worked especially hard
On a Ghostbusters costume

I had the jumpsuit
And the backpack
With the vacuum hose
And the hat, I had everything

And none of that store-bought s**t either,
No, I made it all myself
And I looked just like Bill Murray
Well, Halloween night came
And I got ready to go out

I put on my Ghostbusters jumpsuit,
Put on my backpack with the vacuum hose,
My hat,
My Sorel boots,
And my Parka

And I went out trudging through
Six inches of snow
Got up to the neighbour's door,
I rang the bell

I sang; "Trick or Treat!"
She said "Oh look, dear, it's Superman!"
Superman never wore a Ghostbusters hat
With his Parka

I hate Halloween
In a Pulp Town
In a Pulp Town
In a Pulp Town

There's talk of moving the
High-school graduation
From the Gymnasium
To the Greyhound Station

Everyone is thinking it
But no one wants to say
It would be so much easier that way

Now every town has that one local celebrity
You know, that one glimmer of glamour
That we cling to like an orange ring buoy
In the frigid north Atlantic

And our ring buoy was Paul Shaffer
He represented the hopes
And the dreams
Of thousands of little children

Each night we were lulled to sleep
With the comforting thought
That one day we too might write
One of the most
Popular drag queen anthems of all time

It's raining men
Hallelujah
There's hope for us kids
There's hope for us kids
In a pulp town
In a pulp town
In a pulp town

In a pulp town
In a pulp town
In a pulp town
In a pulp town
In a pulp town

Lyrics Submitted by Georji

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>