

# Pulp Town

## Nathan Caswell

If you've spent even a couple of days in a pulp town  
There's something that you never forget  
Something that gets etched on the slate of your memory  
And that'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  
'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 he'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 neighbourâ€™s door,  
I rang the bell

I sang; â€œTrick or Treat!â€•  
She said â€œOh look, dear, itâ€™s Supermanâ€•  
Superman never wore a Ghostbusters hat  
With his Parka

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

Thereâ€™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  
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Lyrics Submitted by Georji

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