

## **Weiland Scott**

### **"Albuquerque"**

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Way back when I was just a little bitty boy living in a box  
under the stairs in the corner of the basement of the  
house half a block down the street from Jerry's Bait  
shop

You know the place

Well anyway, back then life was going swell and  
everything was just peachy

Except, of course, for the undeniable fact that every  
single morning

My mother would make me a big bowl of sauerkraut for  
breakfast

Awww - Big bowl of sauerkraut

Every single morning

It was driving me crazy

I said to my mom

I said "Hey, mom, what's with all the sauerkraut?"

And my dear, sweet mother

She just looked at my like a cow looks at an oncoming  
train

And she leaned right down next to me

And she said "IT'S GOOD FOR YOU"

And then she tied me to the wall and stuck a funnel in  
my mouth

And force fed me nothing but sauerkraut until I was  
twenty six and a half years old

That's when I swore that someday

Someday I would get outta that basement and travel to  
a magical, far away place

Where the sun is always shining and the air smells like  
warm root beer

And the towels are oh so fluffy

Where the shiners and the lepers play their ukuleles  
all day long

And anyone on the street will gladly shave your back for  
a nickel

Wacka wacka doodoo yeah

Well, let me tell you, people, it wasn't long at all before  
my dream came true  
Because the very next day, a local radio station had  
this contest  
To see who could correctly guess the number of  
molecules in Leonard Nimoy's butt  
I was off by three, but I still won the grand prize  
That's right, a first class one-way ticket to

Albuquerque  
Albuquerque

Oh yeah  
You know, I'd never been on a real airplane before  
And I gotta tell ya, it was really great  
Except that I had to sit between two large Albanian  
women with excruciatingly severe body odor  
And the little kid in back of me kept throwin' up the  
whole time  
The flight attendants ran out of Dr. Pepper and salted  
peanuts  
And the in-flight movie was Bio-Dome with Pauly Shore  
And, oh yeah, three of the airplane engines burned out  
And we went into a tailspin and crashed into a hillside  
And the plane exploded in a giant fireball and  
everybody died  
Except for me  
You know why?

'Cause I had my tray table up  
And my seat back in the full upright position  
Had my tray table up  
And my seat back in the full upright position  
Had my tray table up  
And my seat back in the full upright position

Ah ha ha ha  
Ah ha ha  
Ahhhh

So I crawled from the twisted, burnin' wreckage  
I crawled on my hands and knees for three full days  
Draggin' along my big leather suitcase and my  
garment bag  
And my tenor saxophone and my twelve-pound bowling  
ball  
And my lucky, lucky autographed glow-in-the-dark  
snorkel  
But finally I arrived at the world famous Albuquerque  
Holiday Inn

Where the towels are oh so fluffy  
And you can eat your soup right out of the ashtrays if  
you wanna  
It's OK, they're clean

Well, I checked into my room and I turned down the A/C  
And I turned on the SpectraVision  
And I'm just about to eat that little chocolate mint on my  
pillow  
That I love so very, very much when suddenly, there's a  
knock on the door

Well now, who could that be?  
I say "Who is it?"  
No answer  
"Who is it?"  
There's no answer  
"WHO IS IT?"  
They're not sayin' anything

So, finally I go over and I open the door and just as I  
suspected  
It's some big fat hermaphrodite with a Flock-Of-  
Seagulls haircut and only one nostril  
Oh man, I hate it when I'm right  
So anyway, he bursts into my room and he grabs my  
lucky snorkel  
And I'm like "Hey, you can't have that"  
"That snorkel's been just like a snorkel to me"  
And he's like "Tough"  
And I'm like "Give it"  
And he's like "Make me"  
And I'm like "'Kay"  
So I grabbed his leg and he grabbed my esophagus  
And I bit off his ear and he chewed off my eyebrows  
And I took out his appendix and he gave me a colonic  
irrigation  
Yes indeed, you better believe it  
And somehow in the middle of it all, the phone got  
knocked off the hook  
And twenty seconds later, I heard a familiar voice  
And you know what it said?  
I'll tell you what it said

It said  
"If you'd like to make a call, please hang up and try  
again"  
"If you need help, hang up and then dial your operator"  
"If you'd like to make a call, please hang up and try  
again"  
"If you need help, hang up and then dial your operator"

In Albuquerque  
Albuquerque

Well, to cut a long story short, he got away with my  
snorkel  
But I made a a solemn vow right then and there that I  
would not rest  
I would not sleep for an instant until the one-nostrilled  
man was brought to justice  
But first, I decided to buy some donuts

So I got in my car and I drove over to the donut shop  
And I walked on up to the guy behind the counter  
And he says "Yeah, what do ya want?"  
I said "You got any glazed donuts?"  
He said "No, we're outta glazed donuts"  
I said "Well, you got any jelly donuts?"  
He said "No, we're outta jelly donuts"  
I said "You got any Bavarian cream-filled donuts?"  
He said "No, we're outta Bavarian cream-filled donuts"  
I said "You got any cinnamon rolls?"  
He said "No, we're outta cinnamon rolls"  
I said "You got any apple fritters?"  
He said "No, we're outta apple fritters"  
I said "You got any bear claws?"  
He said "Wait a minute, I'll go check"  
"No, we're outta bear claws"  
I said "Well, in that case - in that case, what do you  
have?"  
He says "All I got right now is this box of one dozen  
starving, crazed weasels"  
I said "OK, I'll take that"

So he hands me the box and I open up the lid and the  
weasels jump out  
And they immediately latch onto my face and start  
bitin' me all over  
(rabid gnawing sounds)  
Oh man, they were just going nuts  
They were tearin' me apart  
You know, I think it was just about that time that a little  
ditty started goin' through my head"  
I believe it went a little something like this . . .

Doh  
Get 'em off me  
Get 'em off me  
Oh  
No, get 'em off, get 'em off  
Oh, oh God, oh God

Oh, get 'em off me  
Oh, oh God  
Ah, (more screaming)

I ran out into the street with these flesh-eating weasels  
all over my face  
Wavin' my arms all around and just runnin', runnin',  
runnin'  
Like a constipated weiner dog  
And as luck would have it, that's exactly when I ran into  
the girl of my dreams  
Her name was Zelda  
She was a calligraphy enthusiast with a slight overbite  
and hair the color of strained peaches  
I'll never forget the first thing she said to me.  
She said "Hey, you've got weasels on your face"

That's when I knew it was true love  
We were inseparable after that  
Aw, we ate together, we bathed together  
We even shared the same piece of mint-flavored  
dental floss  
The world was our burrito  
So we got married and we bought us a house  
And had two beautiful children - Nathaniel and Superfly  
Oh, we were so very very very happy, aw yeah

But then one fateful night, Zelda said to me  
She said "Sweetie pumpkin? Do you wanna join the  
Columbia Record Club?"  
I said "Woah, hold on now, baby"  
"I'm just not ready for that kinda commitment"  
So we broke up and I never saw her again  
But that's just the way things go

In Albuquerque  
Albuquerque

Anyway, things really started lookin' up for me  
Because about a week later, I finally achieved my  
lifelong dream  
That's right, I got me a part-time job at The Sizzler  
I even made employee of the month after I put that  
grease fire out with my face  
Aw yeah, everybody was pretty jealous of me after that  
I was gettin' a lot of attitude

OK, like one time, I was out in the parking lot  
Tryin' to remove my excess earwax with a golf pencil  
When I see this guy Marty tryin' to carry a big ol' sofa  
up the stairs all by himself

So I, I say to him, I say "Hey, you want me to help you with that?"  
And Marty, he just rolls his eyes and goes  
"No, I want you to cut off my arms and legs with a chainsaw"

So I did

And then he gets all indignant on me  
He's like "Hey man, I was just being sarcastic"  
Well, that's just great  
How was I supposed to know that?  
I'm not a mind reader for cryin' out loud  
Besides, now he's got a really cute nickname - Torso-Boy  
So what's he complaining about?

Say, that reminds me of another amusing anecdote  
This guy comes up to me on the street and says he hasn't had a bit in three days  
Well, I knew what he meant  
But just to be funny, I took a big bite out of his jugular vein  
And he's yellin' and screamin' and bleeding all over  
And I'm like "Hey, come on, don'tcha get it?"  
But he just keeps rolling around on the sidewalk, bleeding, and screaming  
(screaming sounds)  
You know, just completely missing the irony of the whole situation  
Man, some people just can't take a joke, you know?

Anyway, um, um, where was I?  
Kinda lost my train of thought

Uh, well, uh, OK  
Anyway I, I know it's kinda been a roundabout way of saying it  
But I guess the whole point I'm tryin' to make here is

I hate sauerkraut

That's all I'm really tryin' to say  
And, by the way, if one day you happen to wake up  
And find yourself in an existential quandry  
Full of loathing and self-doubt  
And wracked with the pain and isolation of your pitiful meaningless existence  
At least you can take a small bit of comfort in knowing that  
Somewhere out there in this crazy mixed-up universe

of ours  
There's still a little place called

Albuquerque  
Albuquerque  
Albuquerque, Albuquerque  
Albuquerque, Albuquerque  
Albuquerque, Albuquerque  
Albuquerque, Albuquerque

I said "A" (A)  
"L" (L)  
"B" (B)  
"U" (U)  
"querque" (querque)

Albuquerque, Albuquerque, Albuquerque,  
Albuquerque  
Albuquerque, Albuquerque, Albuquerque,  
Albuquerque  
Albuquerque, Albuquerque, Albuquerque,  
Albuquerque  
Albuquerque, Albuquerque, Albuquerque,  
Albuquerque

Albuquerque

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