

## **Moe.** **"Timmy Tucker"**

Visit "[Timmy Tucker](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Timmy Tucker was a friend of mine  
He came from a long line of geeks  
His papa was a horseshoe throwin' man  
He was a horseshoe throwin' freak  
His mama's name was Annabelle  
And his daddy's name was Zeek  
But he could throw them horeshoes man  
He was a horseshoe throwin' freak  
Timmy was a different sort  
He wasn't like his dad or mom  
They wanted him to grow up  
Just like his older brother Tom  
Timmy'd get so close, so close  
So close, but not very long  
Couldn't even score a point  
In hand grenades or atom bombs  
Alone and tired he walked the streets  
Of Downtown Exeter  
With a pocket full of rusted change  
A transcendence did occur  
Metaphysical reckoning of his purpose did infer  
He should huff himself the short trek down to the army  
recruiter  
Poor...Poor, Timmy Tucker  
Poor...Poor, Timmy Tucker  
Poor...Poor, Timmy Tucker  
Poor...Poor, Timmy Tucker  
Timmy finally freed himself  
From the onus he called dad  
He'd let the army teach him a trade  
Surveying was his bag  
Sergeant Goatlips was an evil man  
Cuz his wife was a wretched hag  
Timmy blinked and opened his eyes  
He was washing pots  
With an army rag  
Our hero's life turned olive drab  
He was cast into a four year hell  
Livin' in barracks with forty men  
His loins did ever swell  
Timmy took a walk outside  
Lordy, Lordy, Lord he fell

A rock was tossed into his retina  
His eye was an empty shell  
With a check and a discharge  
He just hopped on the nearest bus  
Went down to Tijuana  
Got a nasty case of PUS  
Metaphysical reckoning of his purpose did infer  
He should huff himself the short trek down to the army  
recruiter  
Poor...Poor, Timmy Tucker  
Poor...Poor, Timmy Tucker  
Poor...Poor, Timmy Tucker  
Poor...Poor, Timmy Tucker  
(Part of First Verse Repeated)  
Timmy Tucker was a friend of mine  
He came from a long line of geeks  
His papa was a horseshoe throwin' man  
He was a horseshoe throwin' freak  
Metaphysical reckoning of his purpose did infer  
He should huff himself the short trek down to the army  
recruiter  
Poor...Poor, Timmy Tucker  
Poor...Poor, Timmy Tucker  
Poor...Poor, Timmy Tucker  
Poor...Poor, Timmy Tucker

Visit [Moe](#). page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.