My Name Is Mud

Primus

My name is Mud
My name is Mud
Not to be confused with Bill or Jack or Pete or Dennis
My name is mud and it's always been
'Cause I'm the most boring sons-a-bitch you've ever seen
I dress in blue-yes navy blue
From head to toe I'm rather drab except my patent shoes
I make 'em shine, well most the time
'Cept today my feet are troddin' on by this friend of mine
Six foot two and rude as hell
I got to get him in the ground before he starts to smellMy name is Mud
My name is Mud, but call me Aloysius Devadander Abercrombie
That's long for Mud so I've been told
Told that by this sonsabitch that lies before me bloated blue and cold
I've got my pride, I drink my wine
I'd drink only the finest 'cept I haven't earned a dime in several months
Or were it years
The breath on that fat bastard could bring any man to tears
We had our words, a common spat
So I kissed him upside the cranium with that aluminum baseball bat
My name is Mud

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