

Phillip Pharr

There was a man named Phillip Pharr who knew he'd never win,
Running from the law he had lived a life of sin,
He had tried the boxing ring, but it gave him the cramps,
And all he ever liked to do was just collecting stamps.

Phillip Pharr, Phillip Pharr, where did you go wrong,
You're a fatalist, fugitive, pugilist, philatelist
And this is your song.

He had an innocent look about him, but nasty things he'd mutter,
And the noises he made while asleep would make the whole house shudder,
He worked at the cucumber plant, six days nine to five,
But to try and make ends meet, he'd wait on the side.

Phillip Pharr, Phillip Pharr, where did you go wrong,
You're a **wide-eyed, snide-snoring, pickle-packing, Water-pourer,**
Fatalist, fugitive, pugilist, philatelist,
And this is your song.

Everybody knew he could write with either hand,
But he was really skinny, cause food he couldn't stand,
He would get out of bed at night and walk around in his sleep,
And give away his money to the people in the street,

Phillip Pharr, Phillip Pharr, where did you go wrong,
You're an **ambidextrous, anorexic, somnambulist, philanthropist,**
Wide-eyed, snide-snoring, pickle-packing, Water-pourer,
Fatalist, fugitive, pugilist, philatelist,
And this is your song.