

# Harpua

## Phish

Om-pa-pa oom-pa-pa oom-pa-pa oom-pa-paaaaa  
Fat sweaty bulldog  
Stood in the sun  
Stone village swamp man  
Slow motion run  
Tender poke police walker  
Precious birthday fudge  
Swamp night bull nail  
Walker done done

Hot sweaty bulldog stood in the sun then -  
stone village swamp man (is doing a)  
slow motion run here comes the policeman:  
tender poke police walker whom the dog and the man see as:  
precious birthday fudge then -  
swamp night (the man)  
bull nail (the dog - the bulldog's claw)  
kill the policeman:  
walker done done

Me and Harpua  
We couldn't care few-a  
It happens all the time  
We beat Okimo

Hot liquor stone jack  
Bitter toothless flesh  
Shabby pimple chin-slime  
Evil milky rash

Me and Harpua  
Spastic dead-eyed hound  
Oozing dreadlock skullcap  
We're coming to your town

We'll help you party down

Spoken by Trey [with asides by Fishman]:  
Once upon a time Far far away from here  
There, in a small town...  
a small town...  
small town...  
small...

And on the outskirts of this town  
there lived a mean, nasty, furry, ugly hound named Harpua.

Harpua roamed the outskirts of the town every day and he'd walk around looking for a little action.  
So of course this day was no different from any other day and here we start the story and we see Harpua walking around on the outskirts of town near the forest kind of at the edge of the forest and he's walking in toward town...  
Harpua walked toward the town...  
innocently...  
And meanwhile in the town...  
in a whole different part of the town  
there lived a young boy all alone in a suburban neighborhood

and every day he'd sit in his room  
and sit on his little couch [AND SMOKE POT!]

he'd sit on his little couch and  
he'd listen to his stereo...  
and he'd lay back and  
he'd look down next to him and  
he'd pet his favorite little [DOG!]  
furry little...  
oh, he loved his little...  
furry...  
thing that he pet every day while he listened to his stereo  
[while sitting on the couch]  
he'd pet his furry [thing on the couch] his furry...  
And he looked down and he said  
"I love to pet you, my little furry...  
thing that I ...  
I love you so much that I decided to name you  
this name that I love and so I named you...  
I love you so...

that's why...  
that's why I pet you every day...  
that's why I named you...  
that's why when I first got you and  
I knew how much I loved you...

I decided that I'd give you the name of...  
the moniker of...  
I'd call you...  
your name is...

I DECIDED THAT YOUR NAME WOULD HAVE TO BE...  
I'D CALL YOU...  
YOUR GOING TO BE CALLED...  
I THINK YOUR NAME...  
I CALL YOU...  
YOU'D GO AS... AAAAAAAGGGGHHHHHHH!!!!  
POSTER NUTBAG!!!!!!!!!!

Poster Nutbag sat on the couch next to Jimmy...  
Poster Nutbag, the furry little kitty-  
cat Jimmy's pet sat next to Jimmy and he looked up at Jimmy...  
and on this particular day Poster Nutbag decided to go for a little walk so  
Poster Nutbag got up and walked toward the door and Jimmy went to the door and  
he opened up the door and Poster Nutbag went outside and he started walking  
across the yard..  
and he walk onto the sidewalk and he started walking innocently down the street  
and he walked down the street and suddenly he found himself wandering...

into a new part of town that he'd never been to...

Let me take you to...FUNKYTOWN  
Let me take you to...FUNKYTOWN  
Let me take you to...FUNKYTOWN  
Let me take you to...FUNKYTOWN

And when he got there he was walking along and suddenly he rounded a corner  
and in front of him he saw...  
he saw Harpua...  
Harpua, the ugly dog from the beginning of the story...  
and they looked at each other...  
tension filled the air...

there was going to be a nasty fight...

Harpua saw Poster Nutbag and began to growl and let a hungry drop of saliva fall onto the floor...

Poster Nutbag coiled his body into a deadly arch...

the fight was about to begin...

ARGAAAAAAAAA!

Look, the storm's gone...Dad [Mike]:

Jimmy...

Jimmy [Fish]:

Yes, Dad

D: Jimmy, I have some bad news...

J: What might that be...Dad?

D: It's about your cat, Poster...

J: You wouldn't be talking about Poster Nutbag, now would you?

YOUR CAT DIED!

Poster is deadPoster is deadPoster's SO dead

How about a goldfish? I don't want a goldfish

How about a goldFISH? I don't...want a goldfish

How about A goldfish? I don't want...a goldfish

What do you...

what do you...

what do you...

I want...

What do you...

A dog A dog

There's a dog in the station

With an ugly mutation

And it needs lubrication each day

There's a dog in the station

Contemplating rotation

As a form of recreation and play

A dog

There's a dog in the station

With a bad reputation

It's a sign of the nation's decay

But the dog in the station

Doesn't need a vacation

As the people rush by dressed in gray

A DOG

A DOG

A DOG!!