

A B C D E F G H I gotta' gal wears her toenails long  
Drives a red Barracuda, singin' meat packer songs  
And she ain't from Kalamazoo

A B C D E F G H I gotta' friend lived in a Mercedes-Benz  
Then a 55 Chrysler where the trunk never ends  
And the plates say Kalamazoo

He had a steady job and watched what he spent  
He'd say I don't believe in payin' no goddamn rent  
I'll squirrel away every goddamn cent  
And buy my own damn house in Kalamazoo

I knew a guy that mangled his hand  
And he went from pipe fittin' to a hot dog stand  
They say last year he cleared fifty grand  
Selling dogs round Kalamazoo

She turned to the world with a bastard child  
Said, "I just can't handle him he's too damn wild"  
But the years and the liquor have made him mild  
And he lays around Kalamazoo