

Sabu Visits the Twin Cities Alone

[John Prine](#)

The movie wasn't really doing so hot
Said the new producer to the old big shot
Its dying on the edge of the great midwest
Sabu must tour or forever rest. Hey look ma
Here comes the elephant boy
Bundled all up in his corduroy
Headed down south towards illinois
From the jungles of east st. paul.
His manager sat in the office alone
Staring at the numbers on the telephone
Wondering how a man could send a child actor
To visit in the land of the wind chill factor.
Sabu was sad the whole tour stunk
The airlines lost the elephant's trunk
The roadie got the rabies and the scabies and the flu
They was low on morale but they was high on.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>