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Introducing Karl Mel Korn

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Introducing Karl Mel Korn

From the files of Scott H. Suter

(Excerpt from the liner notes of his debut album *My Dog Looks Sheepish*)

I was born in 1962, although I don't recall exactly when. I do know that at that particular time my parents were carnies and I was born under the sign of the pop corn vender. That's not a Zodiac sign or a planting sign. My daddy wanted to call me after something that he looked up to, and as a kind of joke, I guess, he just looked up from where my mama laid a cuddling me. Actually, I've been told, that the sign just said "Yum!" In those days my folks were no fans of the Red Chinese and didn't want to saddle me with such a name so they labeled me Karl Mel. With a surname like Korn you can imagine where that got me in my formative years. It didn't help that my granddad—that's my daddy's daddy—went by the name of Pop N. Korn—the N stood for Nimrod, a name he never cottoned to.

Now, I wrote this here song that follows when I was just starting out in the country music business, back before my partnership with Sticky Bannister and the Triplet boys. Now properly their name should have had two "t's"—the Triplets that is, not Sticky—but it was put down wrong on a label once and they just stuck with it. The funny thing was that they wasn't triplets at all—there was only two of them. They *was* non-identical twins, but they didn't figure that the name "Twins" was too catchy in the business so they stuck with the "Triplets". But anyways, I wrote this song to sort of explain my upbringing. I suppose that most folks these days will find such events "abusive," but to me it was just growing up. I hope y'all like it. It's been good to me.

(Oh, and be sure to look for my next album *Too Big for Small Talk*)

The Autobeerography of Karl Mel Korn

I grew up twelve ounces at a time.
Babies have their bottles, I had mine.
I tried it once, and it was a sin,
I tried again and I fell right in.
I grew up twelve ounces at a time.

I grew up twelve ounces at a time.
I learned that it would keep me feeling fine.
I gave it up again and again
But I jumped back in when I turned ten.
I grew up twelve ounces at a time.

I grew up next door to Bloody Mary.
And to a neighbor boy she was scary.
But she perked me up when I awoke,
Made me realize that life's a joke.
She gave me piece of mind when I was broke.

George Dickel became a friend to me.
Old No. 12 he set me free.
He was always there when I needed some
But he let me down at age twenty one,
And I knew that I had just one true pal.

I grew up twelve ounces at a time
Even stretched it out to drink red wine
I hit it hard, I even tried gin
I came right back to a beer again
I tried to stop but I could not find the time.

I bought an ounce of weed when I was nine.
But I wasn't sure that it was down my line.
I took a toke and my head did spin
I took one more and I thought of sin
But I grew up twelve ounces at a time.

I grew up twelve ounces at a time.
Ain't no truer friend that you will find.
It'll pick you up when you are down
And if you're lost you will be found.
Offer a cold beer I'll be around.

Yeah, I grew up twelve ounces at a time!