

# Army Of Emus, Mr. Nutkin

In the grass he frolics about  
Just like spring has sprung  
He sniffs around for his nut  
But all he smells is dung  
His bushy tail whips around  
And he runs across the lawn  
Over the bridge and through the woods  
To grandmother's house he's gone

Mr. Nutkin is my hero  
How many squirrels  
There are zero  
Except for him  
He is cool  
Mr. Nutkin rocks my socks

Mostly brown, a little white  
Just under his tail  
He sits around bored all day  
And watched the little snail  
But then he smells a sweet surprise  
Coming from underground  
It's his long awaited nut  
And below he is bound

Mr. Nutkin is my hero  
How many squirrels  
There are zero  
Except for him  
He is cool  
Mr. Nutkin rocks my socks

Oh Mr. Nutkin  
How I love you so  
You are my idol  
So stay, don't go  
Oh Mr. Nutkin  
How I love you so  
You are my idol  
So stay, don't go

Mr. Nutkin is my hero  
How many squirrels  
There are zero  
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