

# Brave Combo, Walking Stick

Look at that Walking Stick  
I'm just a Walking Stick  
He's on the ceiling  
And I'm on the floor  
Pick up my walking stick  
I'm just a walking stick  
I don't belong in this house anymore  
than he, than he, than he does he, than he

He must have slipped in  
'Cause he got thirsty  
Needed protection from enemies  
He saw the light on  
He's here for entertainment  
He doesn't know they're misery  
to see, to see, misery to see, to see

Instrumental break with various groans

There goes the Walking Stick  
Back out the front door  
He wants to eat  
Some bugs in the yard  
Am I a Walking Stick?  
Now I'm on all-fours  
Do I belong here?  
Decisions are  
so hard, so hard, to make so hard, so hard

Repeat first verse and random choruses to end