

For Squirrels, Mighty K.C.

She lies in a bedpan
With her name scrawled on her back
It sure sounds funny
When you say his name like that

He lies in an empty room
With his hair burnt to the back
It sure sounds funny
When you say his name like that

Ship me off to the morgue
I'm ready to be buried
Alone way down in my bed, bed
And I'm alone without the sun

Ship me off to the morgue
I'm ready to be buried
Alone way down in my bed, bed
And I'm alone without the sun
Please just take one

And by the grace of God go I
Into the great unknown
Things are gonna change in our favor

And if we gather, if we fall
Over the great unknown
Things are gonna change in our favor

100, 200, 300, 400, 500, 600

Oh they're found dead, dead
And I am numb from watching TV

100, 200, 300, 400, 500, 600

Oh they're just there, there
And I am numb from watching TV

Please don't break me

And by the grace of God go I
Into the great unknown
Things are gonna change in our favor

And if we gather, if we fall
Over the great unknown
Things are gonna change in our favor

Please just take one

And by the grace of God go I
Into the great unknown
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And if we gather, if we fall
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