

## **Critters**

### **"Mr. Dieingly Sad"**

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Just a breeze will muss your hair  
But you smile away each little care  
And if the rain should make you blue  
You say tomorrow is a new  
Blue be your eyes, blonde your hair  
You realize beyond a care  
Life's in a hurry, but  
You've got no worry, you're  
So mystifyingly glad  
I'm Mr. Dieingly Sad

And when the leaves begin to fall  
Answering old winter's call  
I feel my tears, they fall like rain  
Weeping forth the sad refrain  
Blue, dark, and dim it may seem  
You mark a grin, a moonbeam  
Brightens your smile, pray tell me  
How all the while you can be  
So mystifyingly glad  
I'm Mr. Dieingly Sad

You say "take my hand and walk with me  
Wake this land and stop the sea  
Show me love, unlock  
All doors  
I'm yours"

Then the tide rolls up to shore  
I whisper low, "I love you more  
More than even you could know"  
Adore me do so I could show  
I'm so mystifyingly glad  
Not Mr. Dieingly Sad

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