

For Squirrels "Mighty K.C."

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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
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

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