

For Squirrels "Under Smithville"

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In my room,
On a pad,
Was written a letter,
Return address to you
I have walked,
Over a mile,
And under a stone wall,
Across the fields of snow
And I've been feeling so grand, oh no
Tell me now who you think I am.
Arrived there,
Tired and cold,
Delivered your letter,
Return address to you
This is the house,
This is the road,
Here is my letter,
Where the heck are you?
And I've been feeling so old, oh no
Tell me now who you think I am.
Lay down under the playground,
Hold up, I can't, hold up for long
Lay down under the playground,
Please don't bury me
Lay down under the playground,
Hold up, I can't, hold up for long
Lay down under the playground,
Please don't bury me
In my room,
On the fire,
Is burning a letter,

Return address to you
I had walked
Over a mile,
And under a stonewall,
Where the heck were you?
And I've been feeling so grand, oh no
Tell me now who you think I am.
It's just a, it's a little bit harder just to hold your hand
And round and round and round we go
Tell me now who you think I am

Lay down under the playground,
Hold up, I can't, hold up for long
Lay down under the playground,
Please don't bury me
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