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Shellac "Squirrel Song"

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This is a sad fuckin' song We'll be lucky if I don't bust out crying

How does it feel? Your night light, your curling iron Lit up by the sweat of others, For many's the day But not from November to May

The floor is littered With woodchips and apple cores And hulls (holes?) of acorns There is a chattering sound

Because they were squirrels; real squirrels. (And there were thousands) This isn't some kind of metaphor, Goddamn, this is real *David Woodhhead

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