

# The Last Great American

## Five for Fighting

Mr. Merry cries in his coffin  
For days he says he can remember  
And through the town the pallbearers sing old songs  
Of a beautiful purple mountain  
From every walk of life we've come to see the last great American  
May I now present you the speaker,  
"Friends he was a man of men, a man of gold:  
He had a how do you say, ethical like sense"  
That's when the President started to giggle  
And the children gave the blessing  
Though the service weren't half done  
Each of them sued the other one  
For the last great American  
Merry reaches up, we bow our heads  
He pulls the lid on down and his stone is read  
Here lies our Merry  
The man with the heart so spent  
That in this  
day and age  
Is sick of living  
And judges argue letters  
Fabric comes undone  
For every daughter every son  
Of the last great American  
For every daughter every son  
Of the last great American

Songwriters

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