

# Mighty K.C.

## For Squirrels

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

And if we gather, if we fall  
Over the great unknown  
Things are gonna change in our favor

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Lyrics submitted by Sean.

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