

Dead Barney

Barney

On top of a mountain,
All covered in blood,
I killed my friend Barney,
With my favorite shotgun.

We went to his funeral,
We had a parade,
Everyone threw flowers,
I threw a grenade.
An old lady chased me,
I blew up her head,
I'm sorry my dear friends,
But they are both dead.

Correct these lyrics

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