

# 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  
an

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 Prezident 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: