

In The Spirit Of Beauregard

Pepper Rabbit

Loving man's best friend
Loving him until the very end
Taking just one swim upstream
The end of an american dream
As if you're not to go, oh no
Again I pick a little talk a little more than you

Everybody knows were fixing up a dark black hole
And turning back into a dog
In the spitif of Beauregard

We buried him
Behind the river bank of his final swim
We through him up upon a cross
Dead, alive, whatever he's not
As if you're not to go, oh no
Again I pick a little talk a little more than you