

## Squirrel Song

Shellac

This is a sad f\*\*kin' song  
We'll be lucky if I don't bust out crying  
How does it feel?  
Your night light, your curling iron  
Lit up by the sweat of others,  
For many's the day  
But not from November to May  
The floor is littered  
With woodchips and apple cores  
And hulls (holes?) of acorns  
There is a chattering sound  
Because they were squirrels; real squirrels.  
(And there were thousands)  
This isn't some kind of metaphor,  
Goddamn, this is real