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Title: The last great America

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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

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: