

Five for Fighting, The Last Great American

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 President 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