



If I Die in a School Shooting

[to the tune of Bah, Bah, Black Sheep:]

If I die in a school shooting,
Leave my body on the steps of Congress.
Let it stink. Let it smell.
Make their lives a stinking hell.
If I die in a school shooting,
Leave my body on the steps of Congress.

If I'm in school and I get shot,
Ship me to Congress before I rot.
Don't wrap me up, Just leave me there,
All spread out on the marble stair.
If I'm in school and I get shot,
Ship me to Congress before I rot.

Mama, don't cry if I go to school
And end up in a bloody pool.
Ship my body – Overnight,
Straight to Congress on the first flight.
Mama, don't cry if I go to school
And end up in a bloody pool.

If I die in a school shooting,
Leave my body on the steps of Congress.
Let it stink, Let it smell.
Make their lives a stinking hell.
If I die in a school shooting,
Leave my body on the steps of Congress.