Scuzzy Kizoozle Curl

1.	Verb
2.	Location
3.	Verb - Past Tense
4.	Location
5.	Noun
6.	Verb - Present Ends In Ing
7.	Noun - Plural
8.	Number
9.	Adjective
10.	Verb - Present Ends In Ing
11.	Event
12.	Verb - Present Ends In Ing
13.	Verb - Base Form
14.	Noun - Plural
15.	Noun
16.	Verb - Base Form
17.	Verb - Past Tense
18.	Number
19.	Adjective
20.	Verb - Present Ends In Ing
21.	Noun
22.	Adjective
23.	Noun

24.	Noun	_
25.	Noun	-
26.	Number	-
27.	Adjective	-
28.	Verb - Present Ends In Ing	-
29.	Adjective	-
30.	Adjective	

Scuzzy Kizoozle Curl

There's a lot of ways to,
Under sky,
But the worst way by far might be a bit of a surprise,
I'd rather be verb - Past Tense in Location,
Or hit by a,
Than to meet my end
And hear the cries
Of my demise
My last goodbyes!
Well she's a ounce ball of blood, muscle, and fur,
And she's the thing, in this or any world,
And you better start Verb - Present ends in ING if you ever see her,
She's Scuzzy Kizoozle Curl, the homicidal squirrel.
I was at the,
And Scuzzy Kizoozle was there,
She was slicing through the growd like a mower was bounded in the lawns

watched the people
to her razor sharp,
and then she was right there in my face before I knew what was goin' on!
I raised my,
and tried to,
but I was!
Well she's a ounce ball of blood, muscle, and fur,
And she's the thing, in this or any world,
And you better start verb - Present ends in ING if you ever see her,
She's Scuzzy Kizoozle Curl, the homicidal squirrel.
Her sank into my arm and,
Everything but pain was gone,
And I looked down at
Her fangs
She looked into my eyes,
And the fear was paralyzin',
I felt the blood,
running

And oh the Noun,			
And oh the,			
And oh the!			
Well she's a ounce ball of blood, muscle, and fur,			
And she's the thing, in this or any world,			
And you better start verb - Present ends in ING if you ever see her,			
She's Scuzzy Kizoozle Curl, the homicidal squirrel.			
I'm only today,			
By God's grace,			
I'm the only man who's met with her,			
And lived to tell the tale			
But I keep my eyes			
She will never be denied			
Until the day I die,			
She'll be there on my trail			

from my veins,

O'er

hill and dale

Through rain and hail

She will prevail!

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