

SQUADOOSH

words and music by Randy Sharp and Dave Kinnoin

©2017 With Any Luck Music (BMI) and Song Wizard Music (ASCAP)

verse one:

Who's that hiding in the back of the closet
That moves just enough to make the floor creak?
Who's that crouching over there in the shadows,
Staring at me when I sneak a peek?
I quietly reach for the lamp by my bed,
Knowing this might be the end.
I pull on the chain and uncover my head.
There in the light, what do I see?
An incredible sight as clear as can be...

chorus:

Squadoosh.
Now that's my kind of monster.
I'm always so glad it's him who comes to call.
Zilch, zip, zero – nada's all he's made of.
He's nothin', and nothin's nothin' to be afraid of at all.

verse two:

When there's a mystery light on the ceiling,
A groan in the wall, a bump in the night,
A squeak down the hall, a scratch on the window,
I start out afraid, then remember it might
Just be my old buddy who likes to play tricks
With things that are not really there.
Make a boogeyman out of a few pops and clicks,
And though I get peeved that he keeps foolin' me,
I'm always relieved, when it turns out to be....

(repeat chorus)

bridge:

Every time he fills my room with some nocturnal transformation,
I guess I really oughta blame my own imagination.

(repeat chorus)