

## 36 Barrels

The Real McKenzies

Mr. Catesby, do you have a light  
They're indignant to our plight  
We're together in this fight  
I packed the barrels tight  
Mr. Catesby, we follow the flame  
We all curse the reign  
Of that bastard King James  
And the book that bears his name

36 barrels  
Will level this place  
Bring down his grace  
Our metal he will face  
36 barrels  
Tied to a fuse  
I do refuse  
To be ruled by you

Mr. Catesby, we have been betrayed  
Faux has given names  
Then broke his neck for shame  
But killed as all the same

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Will level this place  
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