

„Down On The Farm“

Every Sunday morning, before daybreak
Down upon the farm, on the fishpond
All the little ducks, they go paddling
Look out goldfish your for breakfast

Sunday morning hear the churchbells ringing
High up in the trees the birds were singing
In the dewey grass spiders spinning
Rooster calls and cocks his doodle
All around the farm animals stirring
Through the morning mist the bulls are beefing
In the grassy meadows cows are munching
Daisy Bell it's time for milking

There's such a lot to be done on the farm
In the sunshine, and when it's lunchtime
It's hop down the pub for a pint
Back on the tractor to finish the plowing

Standing all alone, Fred the scarecrow
Hasn't got a clue how the wheat grows
Doesn't mind the rain, hates the cold though
Specially when those icewinds blow snow

All along the lane, bees are buzzing
Little furry things in hedgerows scurrying
In amongst the corn the bunnies are bouncing
Must have springs upon their feet

Behind the cowshed
The plowman is taking a peek
At the farmer's daughter
Who's hanging her undies in the sun

Better get on your boots and join us
Down on the farm

Down here on the farm

It's a lovely day for country walking
The vicar's on his bike, Billy's skateboarding
The farmer and his dog out back shooting
The gun goes off and hits the tweeting (or: its stopped
tweeting)

Lots of smelly stinks around the farmyard
Great big pile of shit behind the rhubarb
Sitting in his pram, baby bunting
Does a *BURP* and starts his grunting

Give him a drink, he's gone pink
Wants his mummy, needs changing I think
Such a lot can be done on the farm
In the sunshine
And when it's lunchtime
It's hop down the pub for a pint
Sneak out the backway with Nelly the barmaid
To the woods