

Were always eating animals and animals are always eating,

Things like grass and grains for each animal for a race meeting ;

It's an uphill battle for me to know whether which is eating what,

For animals and people are animals and people whether they're not.

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Dogs and cats are for people and a domestic kind at that,

If God was at the airport he'd accept them internationally fat;

But people and animals fly around the world like birds and bats,

But people should take their hats off to people, dogs and cats.

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For animals don't hurt anyone but they only hurt themselves,

Especially when provoked or hungry or teasing ourself;

They're really very pleasant to watch and have to keep around,

Unless the lion is staring and the tigers line the ground.

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There's no sense to me in being animals because they're just a piece of meat.

Something very sweet to eat who like me, an elephant might beat;

I think I've got to be smart enough to keep my head above the ground,

So I'm not going on the prowl to find another animal pound.

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It's like a street safari but the farms are there for people,

To get all the lovely animals to eat at each church steeple;

Now the blood of people and animals seem to differently go their way,

But we really must pray the prey is holy to eat all day.

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Well there's so many different kinds and there's enough for all the people,

To drive around the bend and corners and up and down each steep hill;

If I put an animal in the car it is the cart before the horse,

And the licence that you need is for where to park at you're house.

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Signed,

Game Farmers.