

## **Be Your Own Pet "Thresher's Flail"**

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Still cornfields resting you in the sun  
I've never had this much fun  
I've never had my own gun  
Bring in the choir, give the kids a goddamn son

Look us in the centre of our eyes  
And tell me when I'm going to die

Put on your snowboots  
You left behind the biggest trick  
They start broken limbs  
And you're making these better people

Today we'll harvest corn

And every three seconds when a baby is born  
We'll imagine their faces  
In the face that they have won

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