

Ian Dury And The Blockheads

"D'Orine The Cow"

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Moo!

I'm D'Orine the Cow, Tom the Bull's better half
My daughter's called Daisy, she's a very nice calf
When I'm all finished milking and chewing the cud
Mr. Meatface the butcher will be after my blood

Cos I'm D'Orine Cow
I'm D'Orine the Cow
I'm somebody's quarter-pound hamburger bun
And somebody's trousers now

Baa!

I'm Lofty the Lamb from the heart of the shire
My texture's too coarse for your fashion attire
So soon I'll be bound for the abattoir's slab
Slaughtered and frozen for doner kebab

Cos I'm Lofty the Lamb
I'm Lofty the Lamb
I seem to have gambolled my short life away
I'm a sandwich instead of a ram

Cluck-cluck! Cluck-cluck!

I'm Mary the Chicken, the result of research
In the dark with no feathers and wedged on this perch
Pieces go missing when chickens collide
Oh bury my bones with your Kentucky Fried

Cos I'm Mary the Chicken
I'm Mary the Chicken
You wouldn't eat me if you knew where I'd been
You'd be heart-stricken

Grunt!

I'm Jonathon Pig and I'm fearsomely stout
From the tip of my tail to the snuff of my snout
I'm too fat to move and I'm too young to die
So think about me next time you eat a pork-pie

Cos I'm Jonathon Pig
I'm Jonathon Pig
My ears have gone into the sausage machine
And so has my thingumajig
My thingumajig

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