

Lavern Baker

"Sheep Dip"

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All year long we get a rough deal,
Chewing at grass, enslaved in fields,
Mowers in jumpers we're destined to be
Slaughtered and turned into Big Mac of Wimpey.
Baaaa
Lrry Lamb is God,
Bugger off,
Ariba, ariba,
le ou,
Bollocks!
Out of the sheepdip we must now rise,
Destroy the state we so despise,
With barbed glove in hand we'll destroy the bastards,
As sheep lobby breaks free of pasture.
Here he comes, he won't stop bleeding,
Malicious rebellion, farmer retreating,
Crocogator, sheep war cry,
One moon gun, the farmer must die.
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