

## The Wurzels

### "Farmer Bill's Cowman"

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(It's a hard life when you're workin' on the farm....)

Down on the farm, I don't need no alarm,  
I rise from the bed at five thirty  
Around six o'clock, I puts on me smock  
I feel just like Burlington Bertie  
Out in the pen, there's a broody old hen  
She is as wild as a tiger  
You try to touch her egg, and she'll bite off your leg  
I feeds her on faggots\* and cider!

Chorus: La la la la, ooh arr ooh arr arr,  
They call me Farmer Bill's Cowman  
La la la la, ooh arr ooh arr arr  
I'm proud to be Farmer Bill's Cowman!

(She were a proper little Rhode Island Red, she was)

I works very hard, out in the yard,  
Just squelchin' around in the muck, Sir,  
A drink every night, plays tricks with me sight,  
I can't tell a drake from a duck, Sir...  
I felt such a fool, tried milking the bull,  
He must have enjoyed it somehow, Man,  
Now every day at three, he comes and says "I'm free!"  
That's why I'm Farmer Bill's Cowman!

Repeat Chorus

(I think he had his eye on I, you know....)

Day after day, I labours away,  
As work in the farmyard keeps pilin'  
With shovel and stick, I lays it on thick,  
In spite of the sight I keeps smilin'.  
It was love at first sight, I loved her all right,  
But she was engaged to the ploughman,  
Now I'm her debonair Somerset millionaire -  
I'm only Farmer Bills Cowman!

Repeat Chorus (three times)

(There ain't no better job, than when you're workin' on  
the farm.)

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