

Wicked Tinkers "The Farmer"

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There was an old farmer who lived by a rock,
He sat in the meadow a waving his
fists at some boys who were down by the creek
their feet in the water, their hands on their
marbles and playthings and in days of yore
there came a young lady who looked like a
lovely young maiden, she sat on the grass
she lifted her skirts and showed us her
ruffles and laces and a neat little tuck
she told us she was learning a new way to
raise up her children and teach them to knit
while the boys in the barnyard were shoveling
straw from the stables and they worked day and night
If you think this is vulgar then bless you your right

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