

## **Bilge Pumps "The Farmer"**

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There was an old farmer who lived by a rock  
He sat in the meadow a'shaking his  
Fist at the boys who were down by the crick  
Their feet in the water, their hands on their

Marbles and playthings and in days of yore  
There came a young lady. She looked like a  
Pretty young creature, she sat on the grass  
She pulled up her dresses and showed us her

Ruffles and laces and white puffy duck  
She said she was learning a new way to  
Bring up her children and learn them to knit  
While the boys in the barnyard were shoveling

Refuse and litter from yesterday's hunt  
While the girl in the meadow was rubbing her  
Eyes at the fellows as girls sometimes do  
To make it quite clear that she wanted to

Go for a nice, pleasant stroll on the grass  
Then hurry back home for a nice piece of

Ice cream and cake that stood three layers tall  
And after desert she was ready to

Go for another walk down by the dock  
With any young man with a sizeable  
Roll of one hundreds and a big bulge up front  
If he'd ask politely, she'd show him her

Little pet dog who was subject to fits  
Then maybe she'd let him grab hold of her  
Small tender hands with a movement so quick  
Then she'd bend on over and suck on his

Soda so sweetly 'til she finished it  
Then pull down her panties to rub on her  
Hip that she bruised when she ran down the hall  
'Cause he tried to force her to lick on his

Candy so tasty made of butterscotch

And then he spread whip cream all over her  
Cookies that she had been baking all night  
If you think this is dirty, you know you're damned right!

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