

## Max Levine Ensemble

### "Poop Farm"

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Way down on the poop farm,  
They get no education,  
Only thinking sideways: "This is your last vacation,"  
They all smile there, when no one's really happy,  
Down on the poop farm.

Way down on the poop farm,  
They got you working late nights.  
They got you down and dirty, but you can't get your  
feet  
Wet.  
Once they let you out there, they got you working  
repair,  
Down on the poop farm.

Just like Mary Anne, who was a friend to the end,

Till she came home with a bottle in her hand,  
She said it was a second chance to start all over again,  
But she ain't grown up now, just like she wasn't back  
Then.

When I lived on the poop farm  
I sat beneath the old tree,  
In the apple orchard, thinking on disorder,  
I saw a pretty girl there, so we went walking barefoot,  
Down on the poop farm.

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