

Annuals

"The Bull, And The Goat"

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A drunk, and hungry bear losing his hair,
Living on a boat right off the coast he said,
"Ain't you got nothing else to do?
Just look at my head son.
Is it lost, or under fire,
It's my only one.
Ain't you got nothing else to do?"
Well, sir I was bought for the lessons I was taught,
But the Bull and the Goat, they tried
To drown me in a moat.
So, I'll be on my way, with a kindly "Good day."
It's enough to say
You're simply in my way.
(I got something else to do.)

Ain't you a shame?
Look at all your friends that came, and left alone.
They heard you beating that wooden drum.
Ain't you a claim
To the souls left to hang from oaks for gold?
Even in death it's still so cold.

After twenty years thought,
And a thousand acres bought,
I found the bear in a trap I made;
His leg in a mangled state.
I said, "I'm willing to make a trade;
Your life for a simple glass of lemonade."

Well, the Bear he just thought, as I had me rifle cocked,
Of what the wind through the grass obeyed,
Of the boat where he once had stayed.
It said, "I'd love to see you through,
But I've forgotten how to chew.
I think my head has been rotten through.
It's best I be left in two."

Man, don't be so plain.
You know that life's a life with pain.
It keeps you whole.
It keeps you wanting to save your soul.
Oh, God, I feel so tame,

Hanging diamonds from my name.
I'm so young, I know.
That's why I fear where I won't go

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