Yard

One For The Team

In our yard how many chickens can we count
On our fingers and toes on their toes
Sitting on father's hole sitting on his chest
Crushing rocks of dirt the earth is soft in our
Yard, yard, yardStones in my shoes and feet
Are dragging them through museums
Where under glass, refrigerate
Freeze, hands and feet and knobbly knees
Yard, yard, yard, yard

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