Hors D'Oeuvres

Roy Harper

The judge sits on his great assize
Twelve men wise with swollen thighs
Who never ever told no lies
Whose minds were ever such a size
Whose lives were ever such a prize
Whose brains bred answers just like flies
Whose answers stalked their thoughts like spies
Whose lead ball through the courtroom flies
To rip a hole clean between two eyes
That never ever wore disguise
And never ever saw blue skies
Who quickly lived now slowly dies
Who closed unopened otherwise
Well you can lead a horse to water
But you're never gonna make him drink
And you can lead a man to slaughter
But you're never gonna make him think
The critic rubs his tired arse
Scrapes his poor brains, strains and farts
And wields a pen that stops and starts
And thinks in terms of booze and tarts
And sits there playing with his parts
He says I'm much too crude and far too coarse
And he says this singer's just a farce
He's got no healing formulas
He's got no cure-all for our scars
He's got no bra-strap for our bras
And our sagging tits no longer hold a full house of hearts
And you know what? I don't think this little song's gonna make the charts
Well you can lead a horse to water
But you're never gonna make him drink
And you can lead a man to slaughter
But you're never gonna make him think

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