

# 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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