Down On the Farm

Camel

(Sinclair)
Every Sunday morning, before daybreak
Down upon the farm, on the fishpond
All the little ducks, they go paddling
Look out goldfish your for breakfastSunday morning hear the churchbells ringing
High up in the trees the birds were singing In the dewey grass spiders spinning
Rooster calls and cocks his doodle
All around the farm animals stirring
Through the morning mist the bulls are beefing
In the grassy meadows cows are munching
Daisy Bell it's time for milkingThere's such a lot to be done on the farm
In the sunshine, and when it's lunchtime
It's hop down the pub for a pint
Back on the tractor to finish the plowingStanding all alone, Fred the scarecrow
Hasn't got a clue how the wheat grows
Doesn't mind the rain, hates the cold though
Specially when those icewinds blow snowAll along the lane, bees are buzzing
Little furry things in hedgerows scurrying
In amongst the corn the bunnies are bouncing
Must have springs upon their feetBehind the cowshed
The plowman is taking a peek
At the farmer's daughter
Who's hanging her undies in the sunBetter get on your boots and join us
Down on the farmDown here on the farmIt's a lovely day for country walking
The vicar's on his bike, Billy's skateboarding
The farmer and his dog out back shooting
The gun goes off and hits the tweeting (or: its stopped tweeting)Lots of smelly stinks around the farmyard
Great big pile of sh..t behind the rhubarb
Sitting in his pram, baby bunting
Does a *BURP* and starts his gruntingGive him a drink, he's gone pink
Wants his mummy, needs changing I think
Such a lot can be done on the farm
In the sunshine
And when it's lunchtime
It's hop down the pub for a pint
Sneak out the backway with Nelly the barmaid
To the woodsAndrew Latimer Guitar
Peter Bardens Keyboards
Richard Sinclair Lead Vocals, Bass

Mel Collins Flute
Andy Ward Drums

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/