

# 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 breakfast Sunday 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 milking There'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 plowing Standing 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 snow All 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 feet Behind the cowshed  
The plowman is taking a peek  
At the farmer's daughter  
Who's hanging her undies in the sun Better get on your boots and join us  
Down on the farm Down here on the farm It'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 grunting Give 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 woods Andrew Latimer Guitar  
Peter Bardens Keyboards  
Richard Sinclair Lead Vocals, Bass

Mel Collins Flute  
Andy Ward Drums

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>