

Strawbs, Sheep

July the fourth in the market town
Farmers have come for miles around
Bringing their wives and children.

A farmer stands with his youngest son
Watching their sheep driven from the pen
The slaughterhouse is waiting.

Look they're turning back
They're frightened
Dogs are snapping at their heels
Jumping on each other's backs
Hear their squeals.

The young boy stands looking quite dismayed
How can they know they're just animals
Come pull yourself together.

The farmer tells him to look inside
Row after row of raw carcasses
Their blood runs in the gutters.

Listen to their silly bleating
Farmer beats them with his stick
Milling by the open door
Don't be sick.

The young boy
Takes a look around
See people watching blankly
And he pities them
For they too
Look like sheep
And he tells himself
When he grows up
When he becomes a farmer
He will just plant seeds of love
He will just plant seeds of love
He will just plant seeds of love
And he will harvest peace