

# 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