

# Annals, The Bull, And The Goat

A drunk, and hungry bear losing his hair,  
living on a boat right off the coast he said,  
&quot;Ain&#039;t you got nothing else to do?  
Just look at my head son.

Is it lost, or under fire,  
it&#039;s my only one.

Ain&#039;t you got nothing else to do?&quot;  
Well, sir I was bought for the lessons I was taught,  
but the Bull and the Goat, they tried  
to drown me in a moat.

So, I&#039;ll be on my way, with a kindly &quot;Good day.&quot;  
It&#039;s enough to say  
you&#039;re simply in my way.  
[I got something else to do.]

Ain&#039;t you a shame?  
Look at all your friends that came, and left alone.  
They heard you beating that wooden drum.  
Ain&#039;t you a claim  
to the souls left to hang from oaks for gold?  
Even in death it&#039;s still so cold.

After twenty years thought,  
and a thousand acres bought,  
I found the bear in a trap I made;  
his leg in a mangled state.  
I said, &quot;I&#039;m willing to make a trade;  
your life for a simple glass of lemonade.&quot;

Well, the Bear he just thought, as I had me rifle cocked,  
of what the wind through the grass obeyed,  
of the boat where he once had stayed.  
It said, &quot;I&#039;d love to see you through,  
but I&#039;ve forgotten how to chew.  
I think my head has been rotten through.  
It&#039;s best I be left in two.&quot;

Man, don&#039;t be so plain.  
You know that life&#039;s a life with pain.  
It keeps you whole.  
It keeps you wanting to save your soul.  
Oh, God, I feel so tame,  
hanging diamonds from my name.  
I&#039;m so young, I know.  
That&#039;s why I fear where I won&#039;t go