

# Maddy Prior, Rich Pickings

Rich pickings from the wastrels  
Rich pickings from the hand of man

These fine beaks can find  
What you leave behind  
Because we're not fussy  
We don't care  
We're not proud  
We're loud.

We'll scabble in the rubbish like the poorest poor  
We're cheeky, and sneaky, and beaky what is more  
We find our future in plastic bags  
Hidden among the rubble and worn out rags.

We poke our noses into unsavoury places  
Juicy morsels of onion and fruit  
Tasty treats of jam and jellied pigs foot  
Rancid burgers in chocolate spread  
Squashed in sand and mouldy bread.

You are fastidious  
We are omnivorous  
We own the franchise on this catering midden  
We will find what you try to keep hidden  
Because we are ravenous.