

Robin Williamson, Butter

I got a gift of butter, now
Good butter it was claimed to be
I dont think it was from a cow
And if it was, it cowed me

A beard was growing on the stuff
A goatish beard without a doubt
Ah. it was sickly, sour and rough
With poison juices seeping out

Ah, it was slick. ah, it was grey
I dont think any goat produced it
I had to face it every day
Oh, how I wish I had refused it

The salts a thing it never knew
In fact Im sure they never met
It sprouted spots of green and blue
It made me ill. Im not right yet

'Twas made of grease and wax and fat
And substances too vile to utter
You may be sure that after that
Ive rather lost the taste for butter