

# 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