

Tanita Tikaram, Poor Cow

Today is my birthday
I stay outside the hall
Inside sit the butterflies
For the butterfly ball

All the boys are graded now
They come in their white socks, flat tops
And somehow they find a place
All the boys are winning now
They play all the tricks with smiles
And a sorry past
For poor cow

Their own room
And winter tales
Never touched these girls before
They hear the car stereo
And know what life is for

All the boys are weary now
listening to the family sing song
Family say so

Must carve, must carve poor cow
Slice her, slice her up, poor cow
Slice her, slice her up, poor cow
Slice her, slice her up, poor cow

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