

Wckr Spgt, Pursuit

I know now what I chase
The back yard has escaped me
I do not fear the doughy man, the mower,
Oxen, sheep, or lamb
My breakfast nears
It's looking at me
Bacon tears my flimsy nighty
But I am woman
Safe and mighty
So pork of Chilk be gone, be got
I fear my box is cozy, hot
I've loved and lost and loved again
I've loved and lost and loved a lot
I've always loved that goddamned ox
There's something warm inside my socks.