

Underneath the Cow

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The starling is a pretty bird,
It chatters and it soars.
It flocks and swoops in turns and loops
Above the traffic's roar.
It gets its food where e'er it can,
But danger lurks on high,
For the falcons feed on starling's flesh
And hunt them from the sky.

Chorus

The cow, the cow, we're underneath the cow.
We're safe and warm,
We're out the storm,
We're underneath the cow!

Big-bellied cow stands in the field,
Her feet are in the mud.
She turns her tail into the wind
A-chewing on her cud.
And when the falcon's overhead
And just about to stoop,
The starling flies beneath the cow
Among the piles of poop.

I go to work from 9 to 5
To keep my family fed,
But ninja turtles teach my son
And politics is dead.
The air I breathe is choking me,
The ads say, "Buy it now!"
But when I'm singing with the folk
I'm underneath the cow.



Photograph & mask by GWL

The starling is a pretty bird, It chatters and it soars. It flocks and swoops in
turns and loops A-bove the traf-fic's roar. It feeds u-pon what e'er it can. But
dan-ger lurks on high. For fal-cons feed on star-ling's flesh and hunt them from the
sky. (Chorus) The cow, the cow, We're un-der-neath the cow We're
safe and warm, we're out of the storm, we're un-der-neath the cow!