

## The Ruminant Band

Fruit Bats

You'll always have smokes if you always give buckets of love  
Like little sad Tad who was living on beetles and grubs  
He had a blue-eyed merle  
and loved an Indian girl  
Lived alone in the warm wet fields in this corner of the world

You'll always eat bread if you always have seeds to sow  
Like old Zen Ben who lived with a murder of crows  
He wore a crown of beans  
And a belt of weeds  
Slept alone in the warm wet fields on a bed of mustard seed

You won't lose the beat if you just keep clapping your hands  
Like sweet sweet Pete who clapped for the Ruminant Band  
He had a broken lung  
And a bit-off tongue  
Lived alone in the warm wet fields under moon and sun