

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