

Arthur Askee and Dougie Wougie Bader
Went down to the Animal Farm.
Douglas bored a boar,
With his stories from the war.
And explaimed about the boil on his palm.

Napoleon, very pink, offerred both of them a drink,
And a drink and a drink and a drink.
Come the hour of four, they were legless to be sure,
Not one of them had even had a wink,
Of sleep.

Everybody sang as loud as they could,
"Two legs bad, but four legs good!"
This made the boys feel pretty oppressed.

Came the new real, it was A. A. at the Helm",
While Dougie played lufftwafer on the roof
After amputating limbs all the others wrote new hymns
And a sign post read secondhand limbs.
Years passed by, double grazzing in the sty.
It was good, but it was total apathy!
Everybody arsed around
As the Beast of England Sound,
Had been ruined by a busy busy bee!
And chants were heard from the East to the West,
"Four legs good, but no legs best!"
Invalidity reigned supreme.
And shouts were heard from the East to the West,
"Four legs good, but no legs best!"
one time visitors were now the regime.