

Placid creature
Standing in your June field
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With one more day of grazing
Before the slaughter truck
And when it comes you will go
With quiet dignity
Across the yard
Up the ramp
Into the truck, Oh
Trusting creature
Going to meet the final man
With nothing on your face
Except for that familiar beauty
And he will eat you
Because he didn't look
Because he didn't look
He didn't look
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