

Quite some time ago when I was younger
Maybe eight or nine
A friend of mine had nearly met his
Death before his time
On a day out with his family now
Walking and having fun
A farmer saw his head behind a wall
And reached for his gun
He was paranoid for foxes had been
Chewing up his stock
And now he prayed for a scapegoat
To behead upon the block
Now I know that's wrong in the first place
But it's not the point of the song
And on this pretty 'culiar day
The farmer got it wrong
Sometimes I think
That my mind's on the blink
Then I look back to this story
I see I do not need a shrink
You see my friend had a full head of hair
The colour of ginger red
Now in the distance the farmer looked
With a gun aimed at his head
He put two plus two together thinking
Red would equal fox
As he squeezed the trigger I believe
That he was totally off his box
Well my friend was rushed to hospital
In an ambulance of grief
And his father had a heart attack
In the shock of disbelief
Sometimes I think
That my mind's on the blink
Then I look back to this story
I see I do not need a shrink
Sometimes I think
That my mind's on the blink
Then I look back to this story
I think I do not need a shrink
Now there's a lesson in this story
Although it reached a happy end
That just coz he's got red hair
Doesn't mean that he's a fox
No, just coz he's got red hair
Doesn't mean that he's a fox