

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