

Me and the Farmer

The Housemartins

Me and the farmer get on fine
Through stormy weather and bottles of wine
If I pull my weight he'll treat me well
But if I'm late he'll give me hell
And thought it's all hard work no play
Farmer is a happy crook
Jesus hates him everyday
'cause jesus gave and farmer took

{won't he let you go?} probably no
{won't he let you go? } probably no
{why does he treat you so?} I just don't know
{why does he treat you so?} I just don't know
Me and the farmer like brother, like sister
Getting on like hand and blister
Me and the farmer

He's chpped down shppe, planted trees
And helped the countryside to breathe
Ripped up fields, bullied flocks
And workded his workers right around the clock

It may seem strange but he'd admit
Intentions aren't exactlly true
And through God loves his wife a bit
He hates the farmer through and through

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All things bright and beautiful
All creatures gr3eat and small
All we've got is london zoo
'cause farmer owns them all