

Rolling in the Hay

1. The cattle must be lowing in the cornfields
There's a murmuring in the meadows and the leas
There's a moaning in the gloaming, when no-one should be roaming
And the wheat is fairly waving in the breeze

2. When I first sighted strange circles, I was quick to blame eternal
Playing magic, merry havoc in my fields
But the landskeepers say "nay - there's no magic in this hay"
Except for that that gives us better yields
So..

Chorus:

Someone has been rolling in my golden fields of hay!
Where my corn stood tall and ready, now its flattened in the fray
Tho' the summer's nearly over, someone's trampling my clover
And my harvest dreams are over, come what may

Someone's been cavorting, upon my well-cropped loam!
Churning all the mud up, wherever they may roam
Aching to make bacon, before the dawn is breaking
- they'll still be at it when the cows come home

3. Hear the creaking of the beams up in the hayloft!
So rhythmic you could use it as a beat
And the butter is a-churning with such wanton, lustful yearning
And the milk is fairly curdling in the heat

4. You're busy ploughing furrows come the winter
Sowing all your wild oats in the spring
And come summer, with your grinding, your threshing and combining
All bloomin' year you're busy doing your thing

Chorus

5. Good Walder always smiles on those who prosper
'tis virtuous to profit from your mates
So I'll be building a small booth out in my farmyard
And I'll be charging them for entry at the gate

6. I've been grubbing up the hedgerows for years now
To maximise my income and invest
So when I stand up high and look to the horizon
There'll be naught but flattened wheat from east to west