

The Milkmaid

By David Lindsay

She's here every blummin' morning
She never leaves me alone
Wakes me up from my cow dreams
No matter how much I moan

You'd think she'd understand that
My milk's really for my calf
Who I try to look after 24/7
Without help from my 'better' half

But instead, she is a nuisance
Arriving each dawn with her pail
She'll pull and she'll poke before leaving
Then return the next day without fail

Her face might be soft and a-smiling
But her hands are callus-filled mitts
And I'm sure that you've guessed this already
-She really gets on my teats