

The Ruminant Band
Fruit Bats

D Em
you ll always have smokes if you always give buckets of love
D Em
Like little sad Tad who was living on beetles and grubs
D
He had a blue-eyed merle
Em
and loved an Indian girl
D F C G D
left alone in the warm wet fields in this corner of the world

D Em
you ll always eat bread if you always have seeds to sew
D Em
Like old Zen Ben who lived with a murder of crows
D
He wore a crown of beans
Em
And a belt of weeds
D F C G D
Slept alone in the warm wet fields on a bed of mustard seeds

D Em
We wont lose the beat if you just keep clappin your hands
D Em
Like sweet sweet Pete who clapped for the ruminant band
D
he had a broken lung
Em
and a bit off tongue
D F C G D
left alone in the warm wet fields under moon and under sun