

Where I come from, a lazy bum  
Is what we strived to be  
A man won't get off his butt yet  
To climb a money tree

Silas lived on a broken farm  
He never ~~planted~~ <sup>planted</sup> seeds  
What he didn't get from soil banks  
He set aside for the weeds

Mawry ran a grocery store  
Working was his sorrow  
So he kept a sign on the store's front door  
Saying closed but open tomorrow.

Rupert was the sherry of our town  
He slept all through the day  
But no one around ever had the drive  
To rob the bank anyway.

The school closed down, because the kids  
Were much too lazy to learn  
And the teachers they had were just as bad  
But nobody gave a damn

And so they lived, a lazy lot  
Content to ~~loll~~ loll around all day  
Uptill one day a flood came and washed  
The sleepy town away

It was then just due, the lazy lot  
They sat and watch'd it come till they died  
So the moral is, if you gonna be lazy  
In a valley never rise