

Scattered on the green hills
All the little white things
Spread them out evenly
Place them out perfectly
And they're munching up the green hills
Ripping it up ruthlessly
Lucky little fatties
Happy little fatties

And you can struggle with the smugness
Of all those little bleeders
Giving an almighty
Pat upon the shoulders
Look at us we're falling down
Look, we're standing up again
Lucky we were holding hands
Lucky little fatties

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