

Jackson and Jane

My name is Dan Jackson I follow the plough

I've a five acre farm with a pig and a cow
I'm a devil for work when the sun's burning bright
And a happy wee man by my fire at night.
I can butter my spuds and there's milk for my tea
And the rasher and egg are no stranger to me
Just show me a roast of your beef or your pork
And shake hands with the Rembrandt of knife and of fork.

One night by the hearth I was reading the Times

About politics and other horrible crimes
I spied a bold headline that gave me a start
It said, "eggs, meat and butter will tear down the heart
They'll clog up your plumbing and puff up your bag
Turn fine lad and lass into has been and hag
Blow up your blood pressure clear up to the sky"
"Thank Joseph and Mary there's a porter says I"

Then a tear filled my eye and the fear filled my mind

For the fate of my friends of the four footed kind
For a pig is just rashers and pork to the ground
And a cow's made of butter and beef by the pound
By Jesus says I they'll be poisoned for sure
For the article mentioned no physic or cure
My sorrow was great there was naught I could do
Then salvation appeared on page seventy-two
And my hope was renewed as I read in a glance
Of the wonders achieved through aerobical dance.

Aerobics it said will return you to trim

Through the fierce locomotion of torso and limb
The fat will leap off you like fleas off a cur
And your blood will run clean as a drop of the pure
Your heart will be filled with such vigor and might
And fair play to your lung your liver and lights
Come sign up today and work out at the club
Just past the post office right next to the pub

So early next morning before the cock crowed

It was bossy, myself and the sow up the road
We passed the post office walked in through the door
And there saw a sight that we'd ne'er seen before
They were leaping about as if under a spell
And the music roared out like the hammers of hell
In the tightest of tights in the brightest of hue
St. Vitus in charge of the whole bloody crew

So we purchased admission and stood in the back

And soon with the rest we were ballin' the jack
And the fat that we burned as we tortured our flesh
Could have ended the starvation in Bangladesh
We laboured the winter, spring summer and fall
At aerobics, the jogging, the nautilus and all
While bacteria and virus away from us fled
For we ate every vitamin Alpha to Zed

The sow's now a marvel so lean and so trim

And full to the brim with such vigor and vim

She's a match for Jane Fonda so slim and so sleek

And I hear Donald Trump proposed marriage last week

And Bossy's become such a dainty cowleen

She gives naught but skim milk and the best margarine

Her fame has been spreading from village to town

She's the first of her race to say down dairy down.

And as for myself it's quite easy to see

There's no man on the planet can stand up to me

At aerobics and nautilus I have no peer

And there's only one thing in this world that I fear

For your man Schwarzenegger is no match for me

And your monkey King Kong can go climb up a tree

I'm the sum of the two to the power of ten

But don't let me see Bossy in spandex again.