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The Dorset Juggernaut

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Now lorry drivers are a breed whose skill is highly rated,
Especially if their vehicle is articulated.
But the largest juggernaut that Parliament allows
Is nought when you compare it with my gurt big herd of cows.

cho: Its a hundred yards from nose to tail moves at a stately amble
It blocks the road completely and I drives it with a bramble.

Now cyclists be awful pests, they tries to beat the system,
They swings their cycles in and out and thinks that we have missed them;
But when they moves along the side of Gerties shapely rear,
She swings it with precision and they ends up on their ear.

Now motorcyclists are the worst of all the road misusers,
It took a while to find a trick to make 'em come out losers;
But dear old Nell she stops 'em dead and makes 'em look a silly'un,
'Cos they can't move nor roar away with a cow sat on the pillion.

And when all they that's late for work comes roaring round the bend,
They slams their brakes on furiously and stands the car on end;
They say the road is meant for cars and we shall not be on it,
So Betsy lifts her tail up high and decorates the bonnet.

Written by Bonny Sartin of the Yetties.
Recorded on Top of the Crops-YETC 3005

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