

Don't Need No Sugar Lumps

The Eighth Task

Iain Gilmour

Verse 1

Saddle up there partner,
Hold the reins real tight.
Don't want bumps and bruises,
Ruining my appetite.
Take it nice and easy,
That's what you must do.
Like my meat real tender,
Not too tough to chew.

Verse 2

Have you worked it out yet?
Not a normal horse.
Like you round for dinner,
Like you for the main course.
Have you got the hint yet?
I'm the real deal.
Come along there partner,
You're my next big meal.

Chorus

Don't want no sugar lumps,
Don't want no oats.
If we get peckish then we'll peck at you folks.
It might sound hideous,
Might sound obscene.
We're the mares of Diomedes and we eat human beings.



Don't want no bag of oats,
Hung round my nose.
If you are ticklish then we'll bite off your toes.
We're the mares of Diomedes and we eat human beings.

Yodel ay yodel odel,
Yodel ay lodel ay.
Yodel ay yodel odel,
Yodel ay lodel ay!

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