

PLAY WITH YOUR FOOD

CAT

YOU...CAN...PLAY WITH YOUR FOOD BEFORE YOU EAT IT!
YOU CAN CHIVVY YOUR CHOW BEFORE YOU CHEW.
YOU CAN PLAY WITH YOUR FOOD, YOU CAN'T BEAT IT.
SO DUCKY - LET ME PLAY WITH YOU.
YOU CAN PLAY WITH YOUR FOOD BEFORE YOU BITE IT.
YOU CAN TOY WITH YOUR TUCK BEFORE THE CRUNCH.
YOU CAN PLAY WITH YOUR FOOD
WHY FIGHT IT?
IT'S A CRAZY LITTLE GAME CALLED LUNCH!

JOY OF MOTHERHOOD

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IT'S THE JOY OF MOTHERHOOD!
THOSE LITTLE DUCKLINGS WALKING 'ROUND IN A LINE!
I'LL DO WHAT ANY OTHER MOTHER WOULD
TO TRY TO DO MY BEST AT BRINGING UP MINE.
IT'S THE JOY OF MOTHERHOOD!
THOSE LITTLE PERKS THAT MAKE IT ALL SEEM WORTHWHILE.
I'LL DO WHAT ANY OTHER MOTHER WOULD,
TO GET MY DUCKS DECKED OUT AND LIVING IN STYLE.

A POULTRY TALE

DRAKE

IN OUR PATCH BEHIND THE FARMHOUSE
WHERE THE PACE OF LIFE IS SLOW
THERE'S A WEBSITE WHERE JUST REAL WEBS ARE USED.
WE SPEND DAYS THE WAY DUCKS 'OUTTA,
EATING BREAD THROWN ON THE WATER.
IN A WAY THAT KEEPS THE YOUNGER KIDS AMUSED.

IN OUR LAND BOTH GREEN AND PLEASANT
EVERY BANTAM, DUCK, AND PHEASANT,
IF WE HAD THEM WE'D BE WALKING ARM AND ARM.
FOR OUR LIFE IS GOOD AND STEADY
TILL WE'RE PLUCKED AND OVEN-READY.

IT'S A POULTRY TALE OF FOLK DOWN ON THE FARM!

A POULTRY TALE

ENSEMBLE

COME ON DOWN AND DON'T BE STRANGERS -
IN OUR DUCK YARD OF FREE RANGERS!
IT'S A POULTRY TALE
IT'S A POULTRY TALE
IT'S A POULTRY TALE
OF FOLK DOWN ON THE
FAAA AAAARM!

DIFFERENT

UGLY

IF THEY KNEW...
JUST HOW DEARLY I WOULD LOVE TO

Tries to quack.

QU-QU- HOONKKK!
BUT IT'S TRUE.
I'M A BIRD WHO SEEMS TO LACK THE KNACK.
I'M JUST DIFFERENT.
I'M JUST DIFFERENT FORM THE REST.
AND WHO CAN BLAME THEM WANTING ME
TO FIND ANOTHER NEST.
BUT DIFFERENT ISN'T NAUGHTY.
DIFFERENT ISN'T BAD.
SO WHY SHOULD BEING DIFFERENT MAKE ME SAD.

I'M JUST DIFFERENT.
THEY'RE LIKE PEAS FROM THE SAME POD.
NO WONDER THEY MAKE FUN OF ME,
LIFE'S HARDER WHEN YOU'RE ODD.
BUT DIFFERENT ISN'T SCARY.
DIFFERENT IS NO THREAT.

AND THOUGH I'M STILL THEIR BROTHER -
THEY FORGET.