

## There is a sunburnt creature

There is a sunburnt creature that adorns Australia's crest,  
that acrobatic animal we truly love the best,  
in honour of its beauty this is what we like to do,  
for this is how we celebrate the noble kangaroo.

We turn them into burgers and we toast them on the fire,  
we slash them and we mash them and we roast them on the frier,  
we strangle them and mangle them and send them overseas,  
so when they see a 'roo they say, 'With ketchup, if you please!'

And somewhere on the planet there are people who eat whales,  
and puppy dogs and guinea pigs and harmless little snails,  
and all the creatures, great and small, I'm sorry to relate,  
are somewhere drawn and quartered and displayed upon a plate.

We dry them and we fry them and we steam them in the wok,  
we kill them and we chill them and we cream them into stock,  
we crunch them and we munch them and we never have our fill,  
so when we see a whale we say, 'With soy sauce, if you will!'

And what about the sheep and pigs and cattle on the farm,  
we turn them into Sunday roast, they crackle like a charm,  
and all the fishes swimming free, and shells upon the shore,  
we find a way to cook them, or if not, we eat them raw.

We salt them and assault them and we boil them on the stove,  
we do them and we stew them and we broil them up, by jove,  
and if we're ever questioned if such gluttony is good,  
we simply say to serve them up, 'With chutney, if you would!'

And all the special animals that feature in our stories,  
and star in our mythology and share in all our glories,  
and help to make our days complete and decorate this life,  
we treat them as our friends and then we put them to the knife.

We slice them and we dice them and we heat them in the pan,  
we skin them and de-fin them and we squeeze them in a can,  
we splatter them and batter them and nibble them all day,  
and if our mouths are dry we say, 'Some gravy, if I may!'

But why do we imagine that they're not the same as us,  
that they don't feel the anguish as their lives are ended thus,  
for surely every victim, as their life is running out,  
would rather be the one who has the napkin and the gout.

We scale them and impale them and we bake them on the coals,  
we hack them and attack them and we break them into bowls,  
and if we ever ponder if such callousness is right,  
we think about the taste, and say, 'Some pepper, if I might!'

We're kings of all the planet and we eat because we're able,  
we survey our domain to find more victims for the table,  
we're wasteful of resources just to meet our strange obsession,  
and send up clouds of methane gas from beastly indiscretion.

We trap them and we wrap them and we put them on the shelves,  
we dress them and present them and we try to fool ourselves,  
we make it seem so nice and clean and charge a pretty price,  
and if we need a change, we say, 'Some giblets would be nice!'

But the most peculiar thing about our carnivore repast,  
is we don't need to live on meat like we did in the past,  
we've got so many options for our diet to comprise,  
so why is there a need to kill the other things with eyes?

We find them and we bind them and we sprinkle them with oil,  
we throttle them and bottle them and bring them to the boil,  
but sometimes – if you'll humour me – to finish off this ballad,  
will somebody – occasionally – say, 'Thanks, I'll have the salad!'

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