

The Browning of the Green

Ian Anderson

Exponential family planning:
let me play the numbers game,
sign up for some benefits, get my
dues and stake a claim.
Spill out to suburbia then spread
onwards to the country wide
and when the last plot's taken, I'll
spill out on to the other side. It's the browning of the green: we'll
be tight as canned sardine.
Lemmings to the right and the left of
us and all points in between...
It's the browning of the green.
Be fruitful: nothing to it. Fill the
earth, subdue it, multiply.
It's written in that Goodly Book. So,
it's really best that I comply.
Another baby-booming bloomer?
Imbecile fecundity?
Another mouth, but what the Hell?
Child benefits, they come for free. It's the browning of the green: we'll
be tight as canned sardine.
Lemmings to the right and the left of
us and all points in between...
It's the browning of the green.
A little boy, a little girl: quite
perfect but it won't suffice.
Bouncing bairns upon my knee;
six or seven might be nice.
Come, time to go with Daddy, find
ourselves some open playground space
on these concrete fields of England, this
blessed realm, this blessed place. It's the browning of the green: we'll
be tight as canned sardine.
Lemmings to the right and the left of
us and all points in between...
It's the browning of the green.

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