In Willmar (that's in Minnesota), wah, wah,

wah. When Thanksgiving rolls around, it's wah, wah,

wah. The turkeys who live there are doomed to croak, to give up their necks for some

overweight bloke, who sits with his fork giving poke after poke, wah, wah,

wah. In Decatur, Illinois,

mm, mm, mm. Fields are carpeted in soy,

mm, mm, mm. Each soybean is cheerful 'cause they're never led to

processing plants hovered over by feds, to helplessly watch all their friends lose their heads,

mm, mm, mm. You'll never hear a
You'll Never Hear a Soybean Cry

You'll Never Hear a Soybean Cry

s
36
soy - bean cry, a soy - bean eye is

40
always dry. Unlike a pig who's

44
des tined for sa - la - mi, you'll nev - er hear a

48
soy - bean sob: "I want my ed - e - mom-my!" Every

52
soy - bean says the same darn thing: "Me so

56
hap - py I could dance and sing." Whether com -

60
pressed or lam - in - at ed four ply (eat your to - fur-key), you'll

64
never hear a soy - bean wah, wah, wah, you'll

68
never hear a soy - bean cry.