Thirty Years Of Poo
The Fifth Task

Iain Gilmour

Verse 1

Here I am at the stable,
And a thousand cattle all live here
There's no one at the stable,
Who has cleaned it out for thirty years.
So the smell at the stable,
Brings a tear or two into my eye.
Don't breathe in at the stable,
If you do you'll quickly find out why.

Verse 2

There is poo at the stable,
Looking like a mountain made of dung.
Watch your step at the stable,
There are cow pats everywhere you run.
It is gross at the stable,
And my task is not a pleasant one.
Wish me luck at the stable,
It's a labour that will run and run.

Verse 3

I am really gonna struggle,
What in Zeus' name shall I do?
I'll need more than just a shovel,
To clear up thirty years of poo!
When you've got a thousand cattle,
And there's not a single loo.
You'll need more than Mister Muscle,
To clear up thirty years of poo.

Verse 4

I've tried moving some in buckets,
I could manage one or two.
But the stench was overwhelming,
Coming from thirty years of poo!
I've tried giving some to gardeners,
'Cause it's good for roses too.
But they wanted it by sackful,
And not as thirty years of poo.

Verse 5

So I'd better do some cheating,
As Eurytheus would do.
There are rivers flowing near me,
Can clear up thirty years of poo.
I shall use some magic powers,
Find a course for them that's new.
Then the rivers will start flushing,
Get rid of thirty years of poo.
Thirty years of poo.
Thirty years of poo!