

Bill Grogan's Goat

Bill Grogan's goat, Was feeling fine, Ate three red shirts, From off the line, Bill took a stick, Gave him a whack, And tied him to, The railroad track.

The whistle blew, The train drew nigh, Bill Grogan's goat, Was doomed to die, He gave three groans, Of mortal pain, Coughed up the shirts, And flagged the train.



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