

## Savage Tribes

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In savage tribes where skulls are thick,  
And primal passions rage,  
They've got a system sure and quick  
To cure the blight of age.

For when a warrior's youth has fled,  
And years have sapped his vim,  
They quickly knock him in the head,  
And put an end to him.

But we of this enlightened age  
Are made of sterner stuff.  
And so we look with righteous rage  
On deeds so harsh and rough.

So, when a man gets old and grey,  
And weak, and short of breath,  
We simply take his job away,  
And let him starve to death.