Aint That Clucking Sad?

Aint it clucking sad that behind the many promises made, the lofty commitments to animal welfare, the self-modeling as an ethics-driven actor, beholden to the community, its values, of which you are a part, we find only a lying, scheming, profit-obsessed corporation no different than the rest? Aint that clucking sad?

Chorus: It's SO clucking sad.

Aint it clucking sad that of all the things I could be doing with my life right now I find myself instead duty-bound to be here to lecture you all about the basics of being a decent human being? Aint that clucking sad?

It's SO clucking sad.

Aint it clucking sad that each and every egg purchased at your god damn clucking store further contributes to the misery of a hen somewhere you have hidden in a warehouse far from sight, confined in her cage never to know the feeling of wings spread farther than your bottom line will allow? Aint that clucking sad?

It's SO clucking sad.

Aint it clucking sad that we have no way of holding you accountable to the requirements of justice than to stand out here and to shout, to shout for those who cannot be heard, who cannot be heard because you have silenced them, silenced them because you have hardened your hearts to them, hardened your hearts because you have lost your souls, your humanity, in the piles and piles of cash that gather all around you? Aint that clucking sad?

It's SO clucking sad.