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Birds of a Feather

You've heard the squawk of the great Australian Hawk from his lofty perch on high
As he hunts with zeal for his favourite meal which isn't humble pie
No his favourite fare is minced Sinclair, served with Peacock's tongue
He likes raw steak mixed with yellow cake, and he sometimes eats his young!

Chorus:

Assorted chicken noises!!

Now the Peacock bird he looks superb, stately and dignified
But it's all just show, 'cause like ASIO, nothin' much happens inside
His usual habitat is far Toorak, home of the tribe called Arty-Fartys
He's the flashy pet of the swinging set, much in demand at parties!

If you venture forth up to the north you might not find much culture
But you'll find the nest of that well known pest, the Brass-Necked Queensland
Vulture
This vulture has a parrot for a wife, they're like Peter Pan and Wendy
Two ageless paragons who eat pumpkin scones and the occasional Liberal trendy!

There's an island state across Bass Strait where the weather's often murky
And in this land of rivers and dams lives the small Tasmanian turkey
This stubborn coot's like King Canute, against the tide he's always kickin'
Though he goes "Gobble! Gobble!" he thinks he's an eagle when everyone knows
he's a chicken!

So don't set no store by those who soar, they're all birds of a feather
They'll sing the same tune as they promise you the moon then they'll all flock off
together
I've often thought that you should not look up to those who fly
"Cause if you do, I'm tellin ya Blue, they'll shit right in your eye!