



The Lawyer

I'm a recovering lawyer for the bird and the bunny,
My self-image is unique and perhaps a bit funny,
I'll stand up proudly for the birds of the world,
Looking for angles, searching for words.

Now lawyers are not always liked and loved
Until it's your time before a judge,
And then you scramble to find some help,
It's not the best time to be helping yourself.

Unfortunately, good lawyers can be hard to find,
Sincere and trustworthy, able and kind,
Lawyers that know right from wrong,
Lawyers that help move society along.

It's not that all lawyers are such a bad type,
But many are blowhards that believe their own hype,
Forgetting that they won because of their clients,
Mistakenly believing they are mental giants.

I've met some lawyers I'd like to kneecap,
Or boobytrap the briefcase of the arrogant chap,
Blowing some stuff on their self-righteous selves,
Filing their rears in the library shelves.

Now lawyering has generally been good to me,
I've had great clients to keep me company,
I ask for help and value being humble,
I speak up clearly – I do not mumble.

But some judges have trouble with my beak,

And don't hear the words I clearly speak,
They're confused by the feathers around my neck,
They're not used to bird lawyers but what the heck.

After court I fly off to the church of the Earth,
Rediscovering salvation – restoring self-worth,
I am what I am, and I'm okay with it
Representing birds has been a good fit.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
And maybe a bird lawyer
Will be there for you.