

Dung Beetle.

**It's a dirty job, I know it is,
But someone has to do it,
You can't leave a 'pile' just steaming there,
'Cus someone might walk through it.**

**Some say that I'm the lowest of the low,
But I don't care what people think,
'Cus if 'stuff' was left just where it fell,
The place would really stink.**

**So I roll it up into nice big balls
And shift it if I can,
I'm a dung beetle and always have
A big job on my hands.**

**As a career it may not seem like much,
But I do not really care,
That I've started at the bottom and
Like as not, will always stay there.**

**Folks should show me more respect,
'Cus the job I do is super,
It means they can do things where they want,
And I'll be their pooper-scooper.**

**I'm one of nature's street cleaners,
As a job you cannot beat it,
'Cus I get to take my work home with me,
And then, I get to eat it.**