

Maddy Prior, Rich Pickings

Rich pickings from the wastrels
Rich pickings from the hand of man

These fine beaks can find
What you leave behind
Because we're not fussy
We don't care
We're not proud
We're loud.

We'll scabble in the rubbish like the poorest poor
We're cheeky, and sneaky, and beaky what is more
We find our future in plastic bags
Hidden among the rubble and worn out rags.

We poke our noses into unsavoury places
Juicy morsels of onion and fruit
Tasty treats of jam and jellied pigs foot
Rancid burgers in chocolate spread
Squashed in sand and mouldy bread.

You are fastidious
We are omnivorous
We own the franchise on this catering midden
We will find what you try to keep hidden
Because we are ravenous.