THE BALLAD OF PEDDY MC COFFUS
(or The Soil Surveyor's Lament)

A field pedologist named Peddy McCoffus
Worked all day in the field and all night in the office
Mapping, describing, and report writing too
To be picked all to pieces by that Washington crew

For the boys in D.C. in their double-lens specs
Their sallow complexions and white collar necks
Care not for the turmoil nor the time they prolong
If a clay skin is missing or a chroma given wrong
They bounce back a letter in which they state
That they will have to re-correlate.

To get back to Peddy, he struggled along
'Til an ache in his head told him something was wrong.
He went to the doctor, and "Doctor" said he
"There's a buzz in my brain, what's the matter with me?"

Well, the medico thumped as medicos do
And he tested his pulse and his reflexes too
And his head and his heart and his throat and each lung
And Peddy said "Ah", and he stuck out his tongue
When the doctor said "Wow, what a narrow escape
But a brief operation will put you in shape"

"Your brain's overworked like a motor run down
And you're flirting with death every time you turn 'round
I must take out your brain for a complete overhauling
In the interim, take a respite from your calling"

So Peddy McCoffus went under the knife
He struggled home brainless and kissed his own wife
While old Doctor Smith and two other men
Were putting his brain in order again.
Well, the weeks rolled along and Peddy McCoffus
Never called for his brain at the medico's office