

# Corn!

A little seed starts in the ground,  
Then it sprouts when the rain and sun come around.  
It starts to grow hair and ears,  
Please don't eat it all you deer!  
Now it's growing straight and tall  
'Til it's harvested in the fall.  
People, pigs, chicks and cows,  
All will choose this for their chow.  
On the cob, roasted or popped,  
This tasty treat can't be topped!

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