# Chicken Bill

## Daniel Romano

Well I was born in a small border town
And I left home at a young age and headed on down
And I started walking
Following a white line
I was on the side of a wild rush end freeway
With one pair of clothes and nothing else to my name
When a lorry would pass I would pick myself up with
A new coat of grit and a fresh layer of dust
I was dirty, fully covered
And just when the dirt started stinging my eyes
And I couldn't decide the ground from the sky
A man pulled over and offered a ride
So I took it, I ran right over
And I got in his truck and sat perfectly still
And he said 'I just gotta stop off at the mill'
I said 'You can take me wherever you will'
And I asked him 'What do they call you?'
And he answered 'Chicken Bill, they call me Chicken Bill'Well, on account of the dirt he thought I was a man
And he reached out his mint and he shook my filthy hand
He said 'Boy, I got me a farm 'round the bend
And I could sure use the help if you got time to land,
Catching chickens, chopping their head off, locking them up'
All right, run around
So I worked for old Bill and his beautiful wife
Who would cook up a chicken for us every night
And just when I thought everything was alright
He sat me down, he said 'I'm skipping town,
Going ...around'
And I said 'How could you live such a woman behind?'
Then the look on his face helped me open my eyes
And for the first time I saw Chicken Bill's other side
He sat down beside me, all nervous and shy
And he told me the real story of Chicken Bill

Songwriters
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