

Henhouse

Ray Wylie Hubbard

Tear a lying tongue out by its roots
feed it to the mice round the chicken coup
sister come a running to sound the alarm
there's hell in the hen house and blood in the barnNow a damn fox does what a damn fox does
sneaking and a stealing and looking for a buzz
and the rooster is a devil with talons and a comb
when the sun comes up he don't crow, he moansThe fireworks stared on the fourth of July
place your bets on which one dies
the fox is killer, the fowl's a maniac
they favor small faces to Fleetwood Machey, hey
Mama better let that gravy simmer
Daddy gonna be a little late for dinner
feathers are flying all around the farm
theres hell in the hen house and blood in the barnThere's a shed out back where grandpa's been
he's waitin for the south to rise again
don't light a match if you go inside
smells like hadacol and formaldehydeHe's been in this world for a pretty long time
says 2 nickels ain't worth a dime
he's slow as molasses, hes wrinkled and mean
he don't like Yankees or lima beansBlackbird swiped him a pocket knife
he don't care much for the neighbor's wife
she called him a rube, a cracker and a menace
worst he ever was was a seventh day AdventistHe fell in cahoots with a rock and roll band
turned up drunk and tattooed in Japan
he couldn't commit wholly to the devil's side
his ink reads six six five point nineNow back to the rooster and the damned old fox
one of em's dead like a car on blocks
Grandpa's a cussing and sister's bout to cry
blackbird said he was baked in a pieYelling and a squawking and screaming and a bawling
the phone is ringing, preacher is a calling
can't talk now there's a ruckus at the gate
I guess salvation gonna have to wait

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