

Chicken Squawk

The Folk Implosion

When I walk into the store
They sell the chickens by the score
But eating dead birds just ain't for me I don't eat roast beef or fish
Porky Pig is not my dish
Just go ahead and let your chickens be In chicken circles it's Adolph Perdue
Wants to feed featherless chicken to you
I don't take orders from Colonel Sanders
Do you? I don't wanna eat no hens
Not even every now or then
Wanna let all the chickens be [Chorus:]
Bawk, bawk, bawk...
Swing to the east and swing to the west
Swing with the chickens you love best
Come on down and do the chicken squawk with me Wishing Daffy lots of luck
Cause Elmer Fudd's a hunting duck
They're dreaming about their little fricassee And Bugs Bunny is a friend of mine
Eating him I'd feel like Frankenstein
Eating flesh seems pretty foul to me So on Thanksgiving or Christmas Eve
Give them turkeys a reprieve
Ain't no turkey got to die for me Foghorn, Leghorn wrote to me
Say's MDC's alright by me
Cause we all learned to let our chickens free [Chorus] Lordy Jesus this must be the end
They got us eating our cartoon friends
Emancipate those little chickadees Swing to the east and swing to the west
Swing to the chicken you love best
Come and do the chicken squawk with me

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