

Cock o' the Walk

Andrew Bird's Bowl of Fire

C'mon baby, move over, I'm sittin' here tonight
C'mon baby, move over, do the thing that's right
I can puff up my feathers, look real mean
Be the old man that this here's scene I'm a struttin', preenin' bantam rooster
Lookin' for a fight, I'm mean, I'm lookin' for a fight Hold on there partner, my hat just ain't on right
Just a minute there gov'n'r while I set it right
It's a half turn left, a half turn right
This old thing used to be bright white I'm a struttin', preenin' bantam rooster
Lookin' for a fight, I'm mean, lookin' for a fight I went on down to sports bar town to put mother hen in a fright
Took the 450 Addison to see Pulaski at night
And it's one for the money, two for the jack
Three for the Joe, you've got to pay back I'm a struttin', preenin' bantam rooster
Lookin' for a fight, I'm mean, I'm lookin' for a fight I'm a struttin', preenin' bantam rooster
Just looking for a fight
I'm a struttin', preenin' bantam rooster
I think that might make right I can puff up my feathers, look real mean
Be the old man that this here's scene
I'm a struttin', preenin' bantam rooster
Just lookin' for a fight, yeah, I'm lookin' for a fight

Songwriters

Andrew Bird Published by

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