

# Ain't Nobody Here But Us Chickens

[Lisa Stansfield](#)

(j. cramer/j. whitney)

One night farmer brown was taken the air  
Locked up the barnyard with the greatest of care  
Down in the henhouse somethin' stirred  
When he shouted, "who's there? ", this is what he heard  
There ain't nobody here but us chickens, there ain't nobody here at all  
So calm yourself, stop that fuss, ain't nobody here but us  
We're chickens trying to sleep and you butt in  
And hobble, hobble, hobble, hobble with your chin  
There ain't nobody here but us chickens, there ain't nobody here at all  
You're stompin' around, shakin' the ground, kickin' up an awful dust

We're chickens trying to sleep and you butt in  
And hobble, hobble, hobble, hobble, it's a sin  
(bridge)

Tomorrow is a busy day, we've got things to do, we've got eggs to lay  
We got ground to dig and worms to scratch  
Takes a lot of sittin' gettin' chicks to hatch  
There ain't nobody here but us chickens, there ain't nobody here at all  
So quiet yourself, stop that fuss, ain't nobody here but us  
Kindly point that gun the other way  
And hobble, hobble, hobble off and hit the hay  
(repeat bridge)  
It's easy pickin', ain't nobody here but us chickens

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