

Chickens

[Daniel Antopolsky](#)

Folks are always droppin' names
Rubbin' up to those who've got great fame
I've spent years raisin' chickens
I couldn't eat 'em 'cause I give 'em all names

Like Bozo, Sugar feet, Little feet, Toe nail
Pickle and Fickle, and Bertha and Snail mail
Two-bits, Four-bits, Six-bits, A dollar
Glu-glu crowed like a frog in the hollow
"Uh-errrrrr !" What a voice !

Half-pint, Teeny, Weany and Beany,
Twinkle-toes, Red rose, Queenie and Meany
Never had a chicken like sweet Loretta
She was grabbed by a fox in nasty weather

Well I fired some buckshot over his head
He dropped Loretta and she wasn't quite dead
She lost an eye and half her butt
The local vet stitched her up, "Ouch that hurt !"

From that day on she ate out of my hand
The greatest chicken in all the land
Nah, chickens ain't stupid, all chickens ain't the same
They've got good sense to come out the rain
(Got good sense to get out the rain)

Sneezer, Teaser, French horn and Pop corn
Lightnin' was born in a thunder storm
Fruitcake, 'Possum and Sweet potato
Doodle, and Noodle and Ol' tomato

That's the list, there's more I missed
All darn good chickens in the mist
Chickens ain't stupid, all chickens ain't the same
They got good sense to come out the rain

What can we learn from chickens ? Just think about it
It's not just brawn, it's not just brains
It's how we chickens play the game

People ain't stupid, all people ain't the same
But, do we got good sense to come out the rain ?

Let me repeat that
People ain't stupid, all people ain't the same
But, do we got good sense
Do we got good sense
Do we got good sense
To come out of the rain ?
(No no no no)

Ain't too sure about that one ! Ha ha !
(Oh yeah) yeah

Lyrics Submitted by Marie

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