

# Attitude Chicken

Bob Geldof

Later on that evening when  
I thought I'd had enough  
I sat down in a restaurant and  
Over powdered drugs  
I ordered up some dew-soaked lettuce  
Picked by virgin hands  
Nestling on a bed of  
Pearl encrusted clams  
Well the waiter's name was Renee and  
He told me how his aunt  
Who had 47 children  
And how they'd always planned  
To grow the smallest vegetables in  
All the kingdom's land  
"They're poor," he said "but happy and  
Well that's what really counts"  
And every evening after  
Their 20 hour day  
They'd sleep content imagining  
That restaurant far away  
Where fat fucks in designer suits  
Would order over deals  
The smallest portions of these  
Tiny morsels for their meals

Still the blood it clots  
And the hearts get stricken  
See everybody's searching for...that attitude chicken

My Porsche got stuck in traffic and  
My girlfriend said get real  
How dare you get me stuck here  
How d'you think that made me feel  
I got a Yamaha 5 Million  
A bike was what I needed  
With my name spelt on the number plate  
Like Paul Revere on speed  
Yes my girlfriend's name is Anne  
But she says the K is silent  
Put the H after the A or  
She gets "rilly violent"  
She wears designer jewels  
And she's got designer clothes  
Which go with her designer mouth  
Eyes, ass, tits and nose

And she does another line  
And she's talking finger lickin'  
And that's my signal to send our for...that attitude chicken

A special breed  
That fills the need  
Is bred to feed  
The endless greed

Yes it's poultry time  
For all you little kittens

Let's get hip and do...attitude chicken

Now when she comes she screams designer screams  
At precisely the right moment  
Loud enough so the neighbours hear  
And think I'm really potent  
She's considerate like that  
Which is why I guess I love her  
And by that I hope you don't think  
That I am trying to smother  
Her uniqueness or her freedom  
To find some other lovers  
And express herself sexually  
In attempting to discover  
The inner self that every modern woman  
In the land  
Has a democratic right to  
Which I as modern man  
Of course respect and understand  
And indeed can empathise with  
Appreciate, articulate  
Feel for and sympathise with  
And any reference I might make  
To her sexually  
Has been vetted and approved of  
By the Woman's Commissary

Still the plans get hatched  
And the plots the thicken  
See everybody's looking for...that attitude chicken

Neatly packaged politics  
For all the little minds  
It's the special interest lobby  
For these multi-cultured times  
The Politically Correct  
Are the Nazis of our time  
When it's the freedom of ideas  
That makes man civilised

Let's drag out the old scapegoat  
If he's still alive and kicking  
And go riding off in glory for that...attitude chicken

Gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble  
Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck  
Attitude chicken

I'd rather be a hammer than a nail