

The Chicken Song

Mugison

Please take the pose on me, honey
Rest on my hairy chest
Do the death song for me, baby
The one about the chicken makes me rest

The chicken was put on this earth to entertain the man,
And serve as a metaphor for hope
See, the chicken is one of very few birds that never can fly
But even with its head chopped off,
He still would give it a hell of a try
How beautiful is that?

Want me to be intellectual?
Yeah be intellectual, baby
I'm not a vegetarian but I like sitting in the grass
Don't like them thongs but I love tits and ass
Watch yourself!

Like the lord I've got nothing to say
Some people are murderers
Watch yourself!

Hey come on, sing that first verse again

Watch yourself!

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