

# 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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