

# Henhouse

Ray Wylie Hubbard

Tear a lying tongue out by its roots  
feed it to the mice round the chicken coup  
sister come a running to sound the alarm  
there's hell in the hen house and blood in the barn

Now a damn fox does what a damn fox does  
sneaking and a stealing and looking for a buzz  
and the rooster is a devil with talons and a comb  
when the sun comes up he don't crow, he moans

The fireworks stared on the fourth of July  
place your bets on which one dies  
the fox is killer, the fowl's a maniac  
they favor small faces to Fleetwood Mac

hey, hey  
Mama better let that gravy simmer  
Daddy gonna be a little late for dinner  
feathers are flying all around the farm  
there's hell in the hen house and blood in the barn

There's a shed out back where grandpa's been  
he's waitin for the south to rise again  
don't light a match if you go inside  
smells like hadacol and formaldehyde

He's been in this world for a pretty long time  
says 2 nickels ain't worth a dime  
he's slow as molasses, he's wrinkled and mean  
he don't like Yankees or lima beans

Blackbird swiped him a pocket knife  
he don't care much for the neighbor's wife  
she called him a rube, a cracker and a menace  
worst he ever was was a seventh day Adventist

He fell in cahoots with a rock and roll band  
turned up drunk and tattooed in Japan  
he couldn't commit wholly to the devil's side  
his ink reads six six five point nine

Now back to the rooster and the damned old fox  
one of em's dead like a car on blocks  
Grandpa's a cussing and sister's bout to cry  
blackbird said he was baked in a pie

Yelling and a squawking and screaming and a bawling  
the phone is ringing, preacher is a calling  
can't talk now there's a ruckus at the gate  
I guess salvation gonna have to wait