

Run Chicken Run

The Felice Brothers

I just got in from town
The news is all around
Push has come to shove
At madam plum's
The ice's about to break

And the pigs are on the take
And they're marching
To the beat of madam's drums
The barber he's all smiles
He's from the british isles
But his razor's sharp as hell
And he knows it well
He's driving to the docks
From an office in the bronx
He could make your life a living hell

Run chicken run
Don't you lose your sleep
The cat got out of the bag
You better keep your sense
Breathe chicken breathe
Don't you lose your breath
Chickens don't get no life after death

Down on baker street
That's where the women get down
They really move their feet
To the line dance, the cotton eyed joe,
Virginia rag and the zydeco
But the girl i came to see
She runs down baker street
With a pipe bomb in the long
And windy snow

She's a very sensitive lady
She's always at the breaking point
She's always on her guard
She's the fairest of them all
She loves her adderall
She's kicking out the windows in your car

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Madeline's mother is all in a panic
Cause her husbands mad and he's a bad mechanic
And he's always sad and manic depressive
And the clothes he wears are torn
Let the brass band play
Let them soothe your blues away
Let the fiddle serenade you
Find a shady place to lay

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