

B.B. King, AIN'T NOBODY HERE BUT US CHICKENS

One night farmer Brown was takin' the air
Locked up the barnyard with the greatest of care
Down in the hen house something stirred
When he shouted, "Who's there?"
This is what he heard
There ain't nobody here but us chickens
There ain't nobody here at all
So calm yourself and stop that fuss
There ain't nobody here but us
We chickens tryin' to sleep and you butt in
And hobble, hobble, hobble, hobble, with your chin
There ain't nobody here but us chickens
There ain't nobody here at all
You're stompin' around and shakin' the ground
Kicking up an awful dust
We chickens tryin' to sleep and you butt in
And hobble, hobble, hobble, hobble, it's a sin

Tomorrow is a busy day
We got things to do, we got eggs to lay
We got ground to dig and worms to scratch
It takes a lot of sittin', gettin' chicks to hatch
Oh, there ain't nobody here but us chickens
There ain't nobody here at all
So quiet yourself and stop that fuss
There ain't nobody here but us
Kindly point the gun the other way
And hobble, hobble, hobble, hobble off and hit the hay

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Hey, hey boss man, what do you say?
It's easy, pickins, there ain't nobody here but us chickens