

Lisa Stansfield, Ain't Nobody Here But Us Chickens

(J. Cramer/J. Whitney)

One night Farmer Brown was taken the air
Locked up the barnyard with the greatest of care
Down in the henhouse somethin' 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, stop that fuss, ain't nobody here but us
We're chickens trying 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, shakin' the ground, kickin' up an awful dust
We're chickens trying to sleep and you butt in
And hobble, hobble, hobble, hobble, it's a sin

(Bridge)

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

(Repeat Bridge)

It's easy pickin', ain't nobody here but us chickens