

# Terence Trent D'Arby, Greasy Chicken

Alright...

There's trouble, baby  
in Paradise  
Your chicken's trying to slide away from you  
You're past your days of harmony  
When you call it back - you carouse it through  
Keeping your prayers on time  
Getting burnin' love in cities you can't recall  
He's packin' up and shackin' up  
He's leaving home  
Chicken feathers and all  
To the bridge boys...  
Gives you daytime, and the nighttime  
Is for these...  
Greasy chickens (x2)

(Backing vocals)  
Can you stand it by your lonesome baby? (X2)

Say! Dig it!  
You're livin' out your closets  
You're fined a day and  
So are most far behind  
You defy the bill collector  
With lipstick on it and a Valentine  
You've seen worlds of bastards  
But, better late than never - you understand  
Your chicken didn't leave you for another woman  
He left you for a younger man  
To the bridge boys...  
Push your love on the girls and bastards  
And you'll be - a greasy chicken  
Ha!

A greasy chicken  
Good God! Sing!  
A greasy chicken  
Good God! Sing it!

(Backing vocals)  
Don't you love all your freedom baby?

You're late - Ha!  
But it was I who would  
Define your soul food  
And with your piece of mind  
No less denied  
No more chicken bones  
Share your love jones  
Because you fellas  
Can't shake the vice  
Hee!  
My Lord!

Greasy chicken  
Big fat, greasy chicken  
Sing!

(Background vocals)  
Can you stand it by your lonesome baby?

Greasy chicken  
Greasy chicken - sing!

(Background vocals)  
Don't you love all your freedom baby?

Greasy chicken  
Big fat, greasy chicken  
Here go gravy!

(Background vocals)  
Can you stand it by your lonesome baby?

OH! A little gravy...  
Grill a little gravy...  
Greasy chicken - lawd!

(Background vocals)  
Don't you love all your freedom baby?

OUTRO! OUTRO! OUTRO!...