

The Beautiful South, Chicken Wings

Well I always knew you'd take the crutches
and not the skis
I always knew you'd take the stilts
and then your knees
When God gave you the sky
I knew you'd take the trees
Son you've grown those chicken wings
You just can't fly

They anchored our dream yacht to ocean bed
chained our ideal home to bicycle shed
Clamped our racing car before we sat in driver's seat
Tied our shooting stars and wrapped them round a tree

We could've courted Einstein
could've courted Marx
we could've gone for strolls
like other families do in parks
Son you were born a dud
in a family without sparks
Yes you've got those chicken wings
You just can't fly

The chequered flag
that losers despise
never flew in our port
or harboured in our eyes
Cause we always formed that queue
for second prize
This family's got those chicken wings
we just can't fly

Our winning tickets ripped up into shreds
The tale of this family, is its heads
We're bouncing on a pogo stick
without any springs
It hurts me to admit this
but we've got those chicken wings

Yes you've got those chicken wings
and all the luggage that the failure brings
Is a swallow flying high that sings
Look he's got those chicken wings
He may as well die