

Spitting Image

"The Chicken Song"

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It's the time of year
Now that Spring is in the air
When those two wet gits with their girly curly hair
Make another song for moronic holidays
That nauseate-ate-ates
In a million different ways
From the shores of Spain
To the coast of Southern France
No matter where you hide
You just can't escape this dance

Hold a chicken in the air
Stick a deckchair up your nose
Buy a jumbo jet
And then bury all your clothes
Paint your left knee green
Then extract your wisdom teeth
Form a string quartet
And pretend your name is Keith

Skin yourself alive
Learn to speak Arapahoe
Climb inside a dog
And behead an eskimo
Eat a Renault Four with salami in your ears
Casserole your gran
Disembowel yourself with spears

The disco is vibrating
The sound is loud and grating
Its truly nauseating
Let's do the dance again

Hold a chicken in the air
Stick a deckchair up your nose

Yes you'll hear this song in the holiday discos
And there's no escape in the clubs or in the bars
You would hear this song if you holidayed in Mars

Skin yourself alive
Learn to speak Arapahoe
Climb inside a dog
And behead an eskimo
Now you've heard it once
Your brain will spring a leak
And though you hate this song
You'll be humming it for weeks

Hold a chicken in the air
Stick a deckchair up your nose
Buy a jumbo jet
And then bury all your clothes
La la la la la
La la la la la la la
La la la la la
La la la la la la laaaaaaa

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