

## Image Spitting "The Chicken Song"

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Its 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-ate  
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 laaaaaaa

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