

Cousin Joe

"Chicken A L.A. Blues"

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I ate so many hot dogs
Couldn't look a cold dog in the face
I ate so many hot dogs
Couldn't look a cold dog in the face
I had them in chili gravy
And I ate them in tomato paste

Down in New Orleans
In the place where I was born
Down in New Orleans
In the place where I was born
I eat so many chickens
Till their flocks all in my bones

Sunday, I got fried chicken
Monday, chicken a la king
Tuesday, chicken giblets
And Wednesday chicken wings

Thursday chicken fricassee
Friday, chicken stew
Saturday, scrambled eggs
And you know that's chicken too

No more hot dogs
Those days are clearly gone
Now, I eat so many chicken
Until their flocks all in my bones

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