

Memphis Minnie

"PLYMOUTH ROCK BLUES"

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I got so many chickens, can't tell my roosters from my
hens

I got so many chickens, can't tell my roosters from my
hens

I got to go back now, and look 'em all over again

I found my rooster this morning by looking at his comb

I found my rooster this morning by looking at his comb

You can look out now, pullets, it won't be long

My hens all cackling, I can't find no eggs

My hens all cackling, I can't find no eggs

You ain't got no excuse now, pullets, ain't nothing in
your way

I'm gonna take this old hen, I'm go down to the doctor's
shop

I'm gonna take this old hen, I'm go down to the doctor's
shop

I don't see what's the matter with 'em, they won't bip a
bop

I done told you one time, papa, I don't want my chicken
meat

I done told you one time, papa, I don't want my chicken
meat

I don't want them banty's mixed up with my dominiques

Shoo, chickens, shoo, I don't want no banty's on my
yard

Shoo, chickens, shoo, I don't want no banty's on my
yard

I don't want them banty's mixed up with my Plymouth
Rocks

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