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Ray Wylie Hubbard "Henhouse"

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Tear a lying tongue out by its roots feed it to the mice round the chicken coup sister come a running to sound the alarm there's hell in the hen house and blood in the barn

Now a damn fox does what a damn fox does sneaking and a stealing and looking for a buzz and the rooster is a devil with talons and a comb when the sun comes up he don't crow, he moans

The fireworks stared on the fourth of July place your bets on which one dies the fox is killer, the fowl's a maniac they favor small faces to Fleetwood Mac

hey, hey

Mama better let that gravy simmer Daddy gonna be a little late for dinner feathers are flying all around the farm thereâ€[™] s hell in the hen house and blood in the barn

There's a shed out back where grandpa's been he's waitin for the south to rise again don't light a match if you go inside smells like hadacol and formaldehyde

He's been in this world for a pretty long time says 2 nickels ain't worth a dime he's slow as molasses, heâ€[™] s wrinkled and mean he don't like Yankees or lima beans

Blackbird swiped him a pocket knife he don't care much for the neighbor's wife she called him a rube, a cracker and a menace worst he ever was was a seventh day Adventist

He fell in cahoots with a rock and roll band turned up drunk and tattooed in Japan he couldn't commit wholly to the devil's side his ink reads six six five point nine

Now back to the rooster and the damned old fox

one of em's dead like a car on blocks Grandpa's a cussing and sister's bout to cry blackbird said he was baked in a pie

Yelling and a squawking and screaming and a bawling the phone is ringing, preacher is a calling can't talk now there's a ruckus at the gate I guess salvation gonna have to wait

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