

Haystacks The "Chicken Bucket"

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I'm going crazy today
cause there's a bat in my attic
you can't change the station
when it's nothing but static
the hommes are dropping
and the beats are flopping
Charles Dickens is writing
and the Scottsmen are fighting

I like wearing chicken buckets on my head
I like race cars and old home bread
I like wearing chicken buckets on my head
I like wearing chicken buckets

Got kitty litter between my toes
got shinny glitter on my nose
who needs money when you've got friends
and who eats the bread when you've got the ends

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