

Composer: Alex Kramer, Joan Whitney
Arranger: Caroline Hall

Ain't Nobody Here But Us Chickens

One night Farmer Brown was takin' the air
Locked up the farm with the greatest of care
Out in the hen-house something stirred
When he shouted 'WHO'S THERE!' this is what he heard

'There ain't nobody here but us chickens
There ain't nobody here at all
So quiet yo'self and stop that fuss,
There ain't nobody here but us
We chickens tryin' to sleep and you butt in
And hobble, hobble, hobble, hobble, it's a sin

There ain't nobody here but us chickens
There ain't nobody here at all
You're stompin' around an' shakin' the ground
An' kickin' up an awful fuss
We chickens tryin' to sleep and you butt in
And hobble, hobble, hobble, hobble, it's a sin

Tomorrow is a busy day,
We got things to do, we got eggs to lay
We got ground to dig and worms to scratch
It takes a lot of sittin' gettin' chicks to hatch

There ain't nobody here but us chickens
There ain't nobody here at all
So quiet yo'self and stop that fuss
There ain't nobody here but us
So kindly point that gun the other way
And hobble, hobble, hobble, hobble, hit the hay

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HEY BOSS MAN! wha' d'ya say
It's easy pickens, there ain't nobody here but us chickens'