

# B.B. King, AIN'T NOBODY HERE BUT US CHICKENS

One night farmer Brown was takin' the air  
Locked up the barnyard with the greatest of care  
Down 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 calm yourself 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, with your chin  
There ain't nobody here but us chickens  
There ain't nobody here at all  
You're stompin' around and shakin' the ground  
Kicking up an awful dust  
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  
Oh, there ain't nobody here but us chickens  
There ain't nobody here at all  
So quiet yourself and stop that fuss  
There ain't nobody here but us  
Kindly point the gun the other way  
And hobble, hobble, hobble, hobble off and hit the hay

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Hey, hey boss man, what do you say?  
It's easy, pickins, there ain't nobody here but us chickens