

Chicken Little

Lyrics by Larry Stallman / Music by Barry Oreck

I banged my head and I had a dream;
'Bout a fire and a kettle and a cloud of steam;
I gazed into the cloud and I rubbed my eyes.
There was Chicken Little in a pig disguise.
I looked through the mask and saw her eyes were red;

She said, "I'm really very worried that I'll soon be dead;"
"I was wrong about the sky, but I know I'm going to die.
The sky's not falling but I know I'm gonna die."

You know some day we'll all be gone little Chicken
It's sadly true my friend
So rock and roll while your heart's still tickin'
Boogie woogie 'till the very end.

I said, "I feel your pain my sweet Little Chick
But I spoke to the doctor, and you're not even sick."
She said, "Why do I worry when I know I'm not sick?"
I said, "It's just your nature, baby, it's your Chicken Little schtick."

You know you don't have to worry, though you can if you choose;
You can also get lost in a quart of booze;
You can lie on the couch and take a life-long snooze;
Or keep walkin' 'round in this silly pig ruse;

Chorus

Maybe you could stare at a flock of crows;
Or paint a tattoo on the tip of your nose;
You could pray to all the logos on your fancy new clothes;
Or climb up a weather vane and see which way your mind blows.

My personal suggestion is to dance 'till you laugh;
And then ask the drummer for his autograph;
Give the guitar guy a hug and a kiss;
And stroll with the bass man into the mist.

Let's dance little chicken, 'till the cows come home;
Let's boogie all night on the road to Rome;
Let's tell the whole story in an epic poem;
Let's float to the sky or we'll sink like a stone"

Chorus