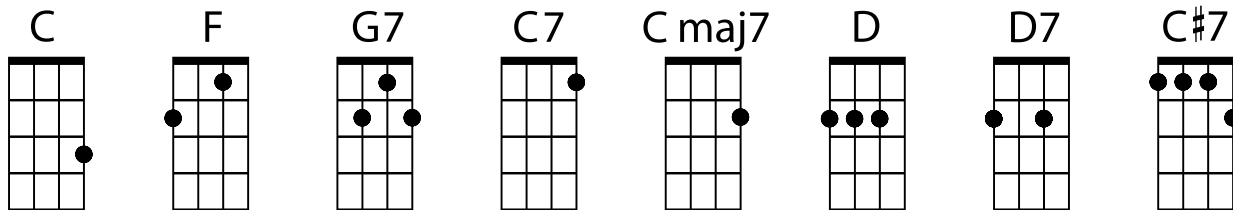


Ain't Nobody Here But Us Chickens

By Alex Kramer and Joan Whitney, 1946



Intro: C . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | F . . . | . . . | C . . . | . . . | G7 . . . | . . . | . . . | C . . . | . . .

One night Farmer Brown was takin' the air,
He locked up the barnyard with the greatest of care.

Down in the henhouse, some-thin' stirred.
When he hollered "Who's there?" this is what he heard:

"There ain't no-body here but us chickens. There ain't no-body here, at all.

So, calm yourself and stop your fuss. There ain't no-body here but us.

We chickens tryin' to sleep and you butt in.

And hobble, hobble, hobble, hobble, with your chin.

There ain't no-body here but us chickens. There ain't no-body here, at all.

You're stompin' a-round and shakin' the ground, you're kickin' up an aw-ful dust.

We chickens tryin' to sleep and you butt in.

And hobble, hobble, hobble, hobble. It's a sin.

Bridge: To-morrow 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 settin' getting' chicks to hatch.

|C | | |C7 . .
 "There ain't no-body here but us chickens. There ain't no-body here, at all.
 . |F | |C |
 So, quiet yourself and stop your fuss. There ain't no-body here but us.
 . |G7 |
 Kindly point that gun the o-ther way,
 |C |
 And hobble, hobble, hobble off and hit the hay.

|C | | |
 To-morrow is a busy day. We got things to do. We got eggs to lay.
 . |D |D7
 We got ground to dig and worms to scratch.
 |G7\ |G7\ G7
 It takes a lot of settin' getting' chicks to hatch.

|C | | |C7 . .
 "There ain't no-body here but us chickens. There ain't no-body here, at all.
 . |F | |C |
 So, quiet yourself and stop your fuss. There ain't no-body here but us.
 . |G7 |
 Kindly point that gun the o-ther way,
 |C |
 And hobble, hobble, hobble off and hit the hay.

Ending: C | C7 . .
 "Hey, boss-man, whatcha say?
 |G7 | C | C#7\ C\
 It's ea-sy pickin's, ain't no-body here but us chickens!"