Ain't Nobody Here But Us Chickens
By Alex Kramer and Joan Whitney, 1946

Intro:

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

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

Kindly point that gun the o-ther way,

And hobble, hobble, hobble off and hit the hay.

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.

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

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

Kindly point that gun the o-ther way,

And hobble, hobble, hobble off and hit the hay.

Ending:  "Hey, boss-man, whatcha say?

It's ea-sy pickin's, ain't no-body here but us chickens!"