Chicken Every Sunday

Bobby Bare

Chicken every Sunday mama, everything's all right.

Johnny was just a little boy the day his daddy died
And his mama had a hard time keepin' them both
But the Lord knows how she tried
And sometimes she'd tell him son we got heaven on our side.

There's chicken every Sunday Johnny everything's all right
Although he was just a little lad he never did forget
His mama special way of sayin' how their little home was blesse
d
And sometimes she would say when she said her prayers at night.

She'd bowed her head and said
Chicken every Sunday Lord, and everything's all right.

Well, Johnny grew to be a man and his mama passed away
And this fate would have happened, Johnny's the rich man today
In fact they held the dinner to honor Johnny's name
And with his fame and his riches you might think that Johnny ha
d changed.

But thirty rich men sat around and passed the golden cup
And Johnny, God bless his honor, looked around and then stood u
p
Thirty rich men bowed their heads and everything grew quiet
And Johnny said chicken every Sunday mama, everything's all rig
ht.

Chicken every Sunday mama, everything's all right...

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