

Chickenshit

John Cale

Hi. My name's Arthur, and I quit
CHICKENSHIT!

Oh, y'know, he said something about taking a feather home for his wife, y'know, for a hat that he was making or something, I dunno. I don't know what he's going to do with that chicken. He said he's not gonna hurt it so, so it's okay...

Ain't no body gonna waste my time
Nobody tells me what's his and what's mine
Break down the window, break down the door
Don't want to listen to you no more

Go on by my houses, you tear down the wall
Darling don't like it, better stay at home
I need her trouble like a hole in the head
Get out yer gun and use it instead

Wasting your time, telling me what to do
Take it or leave it or put it down
Get out of the way, don't bring it down
Gotta be, gotta be put out on the ground

Chickenshit!
Chickenshit!
Chickenshit!
Chickenshit!

Nobody gonna push me around
Nobody gonna put words in my mouth
Listen to no one, I don't get my mail
Don't be a fool who always ends up in jail