

Rooster Rag

Little Feat

Here's one line I remember
All the rest I forget
Something about stroking the rooster
Setting up a crooked bet

No concern of my own
What you do, do or don't do
We got all this and heaven too
Tie me down and paint me blue

Don't need a shot
Don't need a rooster

Ladies of the jury, stroke my rooster
I don't complain, it's not my nature
Take my milkshake straight, no chaser

Rooster rag, rooster rag
End up doing that rooster rag
End up, end up, end up doing that rooster rag

Mose don't you stroke that rooster
Step on back, step on back
It just serves to make him looser
Treat him right and he'll cut you slack

Tubal-cain was the god of fire
He got doused, first goood rain
Crossed the sea in a Goodyear tyre
Wired up tight, feeling no pain

Kings of creation, in strict rotation
Stroking the rooster Saturday night

Flirting with loss of reputation
A paid vacation where dogs don't bite

Rooster rag, rooster rag
End up doing that rooster rag
End up, end up, end up doing that rooster rag

No excuses, no regrets
Got back what I put out
Calling in all my crooked bets
'Cept them few that's still in doubt

Leave this old world a better place
Paper chase, what a waste
A cut-off throw-switch just in case
You bite off more than a taste

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Don't need a rooster

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