

A CHICKEN WITH ITS HEAD CUT OFF

Music and lyrics by Stephen Merrit

[G, D, F, C] [G, D, F, C]

[G] Eligible, [D] not too stupid,
[F] intelligible, and [C] cute as Cupid.
[G] Knowledgeable, but [D] not always right,
[F] salvageable, and [C] free for the night.

Well my [G] heart's running round like a chicken with its head cut [C] off.
All a-[D]-round the barnyard falling [C] in and out of [G] love.
The [C] poor [D] thing's [G] blind as a bat getting up, falling down, getting
[C] up.
Who'd [D] fall in love with a [C] chicken with its head cut [G] off? [C,D]

[G, D, F, C] [G, D, F, C]

[G] My wife doesn't [D] understand me.
[F] Many dozens [C] hope to land me.
[G] I'm for free love, and [D] I'm in free fall.
[F] This could be love or [C] nothing at all.

CHORUS

Bridge:

We don't have to be [C] stars explo-[G]-ding in the [D] night,
Or [G] electric eels under the [C] covers.
We don't have to be
[D] anything quite so un-[G]-real, lets just be [C] lovers.

[G, D, F, C] [G, D, F, C]

CHORUS (It ain't pretty)

