

Bob Geldof, Attitude Chicken

Later on that evening when
I thought I'd had enough
I sat down in a restaurant and
Over powdered drugs
I ordered up some dew-soaked lettuce
Picked by virgin hands
Nestling on a bed of
Pearl encrusted clams
Well the waiter's name was Renee and
He told me how his aunt
Who had 47 children
And how they'd always planned
To grow the smallest vegetables in
All the kingdom's land
"They're poor," he said "but happy and
Well that's what really counts"
And every evening after
Their 20 hour day
They'd sleep content imagining
That restaurant far away
Where fat fucks in designer suits
Would order over deals
The smallest portions of these
Tiny morsels for their meals

Still the blood it clots
And the hearts get stricken
See everybody's searching for...that attitude chicken

My Porsche got stuck in traffic and
My girlfriend said get real
How dare you get me stuck here
How d'you think that made me feel
I got a Yamaha 5 Million
A bike was what I needed
With my name spelt on the number plate
Like Paul Revere on speed
Yes my girlfriend's name is Anne
But she says the K is silent
Put the H after the A or
She gets "rilly violent"
She wears designer jewels
And she's got designer clothes
Which go with her designer mouth
Eyes, ass, tits and nose

And she does another line
And she's talking finger lickin'
And that's my signal to send our for...that attitude chicken

A special breed
That fills the need
Is bred to feed
The endless greed

Yes it's poultry time
For all you little kittens
Let's get hip and do...attitude chicken

Now when she comes she screams designer screams
At precisely the right moment
Loud enough so the neighbours hear
And think I'm really potent
She's considerate like that

Which is why I guess I love her
And by that I hope you don't think
That I am trying to smother
Her uniqueness or her freedom
To find some other lovers
And express herself sexually
In attempting to discover
The inner self that every modern woman
In the land
Has a democratic right to
Which I as modern man
Of course respect and understand
And indeed can empathise with
Appreciate, articulate
Feel for and sympathise with
And any reference I might make
To her sexually
Has been vetted and approved of
by the Woman's Commissary

Still the plans get hatched
And the plots the thicken
See everybody's looking for...that attitude chicken

Neatly packaged politics
For all the little minds
it's the special interest lobby
For these multi-cultured times
The Politically Correct
Are the Nazis of our time
When it's the freedom of ideas
That makes man civilised

Let's drag out the old scapegoat
If he's still alive and kicking
And go riding off in glory for that...attitude chicken

Gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble
Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck
Attitude chicken

I'd rather be a hammer than a nail

*written by Bob Geldof

*taken from the album "The Happy Club"