

## Chicken Wings

### The Beautiful South

Well I always knew you'd take the crutches  
And not the skis  
I always knew you'd take the stilts  
And then your knees  
When God gave you the sky  
I knew you'd take the trees  
Son you've grown those chicken wings  
You just can't fly

They anchored our dream yacht to ocean bed  
Chained our ideal home to bicycle shed  
Clamped our racing car before we sat in driver's seat  
Tied our shooting stars and wrapped them round a tree

We could've courted Einstein  
Could've courted Marx  
We could've gone for strolls  
Like other families do in parks  
Son you were born a dud  
In a family without sparks  
Yes you've got those chicken wings  
You just can't fly

The checkered flag  
That losers despise  
Never flew in our port  
Or harbored in our eyes  
Cause we always formed that queue  
For second prize  
This family's got those chicken wings  
We just can't fly

Our winning tickets ripped up into shreds  
The tale of this family, is its heads  
We're bouncing on a pogo stick  
Without any springs  
It hurts me to admit this  
But we've got those chicken wings

Yes you've got those chicken wings  
And all the luggage that the failure brings  
Is a swallow flying high that sings  
Look he's got those chicken wings  
He may as well die