

PECKING ORDER

Ken Tucky was a rooster, he lived upon a farm
Protected all the chickens. Kept them safe from harm

He ate his fill of ants and worms whilst roaming wild and free
Living his bestest ever life, as happy as could be

Now Ken he was a macho man, unless *one* thing went near
Frogs and toads and slimy things caused him irrational fear

Ken he felt quite threatened, tried hard to lose this phobia
He tried hypnosis, calming drugs, even Marijuana

But nothing worked, the fear increased, and once so brave and bold
Just one glimpse of a slimy thing, he'd quake and lose control

Seeing this frantic nervous bird gave the frogs a boost
They knew they could take over, then **they** could rule the roost

They terrorised Ken, ate his food, they laughed the more he shook
Like gangsters then they ran the place, they took over the 'hood

They hopped around creating fear and all Ken's worms they ate
This so called brave tough cockerel then, felt so inadequate

The crew verbally abused poor Ken, they chatted dis and dat
They wrote rude songs about him, a bit of gangsta' rap

Their plan it was to bump him off. The atmosphere was tense
They circled 'round and guided him towards the electric fence

Ken squawked and squealed and panicking, jumped over their heads to flee
He had to avoid at any cost, becoming KFC

He could no longer reign supreme, but had to stay alive
So made his mind up there and then to escape up the drive

He'd find a safer place to live away from frogs and toads
And **THAT** my friend's the reason why the chicken crossed the road