Ain’t Nobody Here But Us Chickens

1946 - Louis Jordan/Alex Kramer/Joan Whitney

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      G
One night farmer Brown was taking the air.
                                G7
He locked up the barnyard with the greatest of care
C
 Down in the henhouse, something stirred.
      G                       D7//           D7//
When he shouted: “Who’s there!?!” this is what he heard:

      G                                      Edim7-G
There ain’t nobody here but us chickens.
                    G7
There ain’t nobody here at all.
   C
So calm yourself, and stop your fuss.
      G
There ain’t nobody here but us.
             D7
We chickens tryin’ to sleep, and you butt in.
      G               D7              G
And hobble, hobble, hobble, hobble, with your chin.

      G                                          Edim7-G
There ain’t nobody here but us chickens.
                    G7
There ain’t nobody here at all.
      C
You’re stompin’ around, and shakin’ the ground.
      G
You’re kicking up an awful dust.
             D7
We chickens tryin’ to sleep, and you butt in.
      G               D7              G
And hobble, hobble, hobble, hobble, it’s a sin.

   G
To-morrow is a busy day.
                             G7
We got things to do. We got,   eggs to lay.
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      A7
We got ground to dig and worms to scratch.
   D7//                            D7//
It takes a lot of sittin' getting' chicks to hatch.

      G                                  Edim7-G
There ain't nobody here but us chickens.
                   G7
There ain't nobody here at all.
   C
So quiet your self, and stop your fuss.
      G
There ain't nobody here but us.
      D7
Kindly point that gun the other way,
      G               D7         G
And hobble, hobble, hobble off and hit the hay.

   G
To-morrow is a busy day.
                                G7
We got things to do. We got,  eggs to lay.
      A7
We got ground to dig and worms to scratch.
   D7//                           D7//
It takes a lot of sittin' getting' chicks to hatch.

      G                                  Edim7-G
There ain't nobody here but us chickens.
                   G7
There ain't nobody here at all.
   C
So quiet your self, and stop your fuss.
      G
There ain't nobody here but us.
      D7
Kindly point that gun the other way,
      G               D7            G
And hobble, hobble, hobble off and hit the hay.

G                  C7                     G
Hey, Farmer Brown, what do ya say? It's easy pickins.

SLOWING
      D7//                     G//
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There ain’t nobody here but us chickens