**A Poultry Tale Lyrics**

Drake : IN OUR PATCH BEHIND THE FARMHOUSE  
WHERE THE PACE OF LIFE IS SLOW  
AND THE LILIES ON THE LAKE  
ARE BROAD AND LUSH  
WE'RE ALL LIVING HERE IN CLOVER  
AND THE MATING SEASON'S OVER  
SO THERE WON'T BE CAUSE  
FOR ANYONE TO BLUSH  
IN OUR LAND BOTH GREEN AND PLEASANT  
EVERY BANTAM, DUCK AND PHEASANT  
IF THEY HAD THEM  
WOULD BE WALKING ARM IN ARM  
FOR OUR LIFE IS GOOD AND STEADY  
TIL WE'RE PLUCKED AND OVEN READY  
IT'S A POULTRY TALE  
OF FOLK DOWN ON THE FARM  
THERE'S A TURKY WITH A GOBBLE  
WATCH HIS WATTLE START TO WOBBLE  
WHEN THE ROOSTER COCK-A-DOODLES  
THE ALARM  
WE'VE GOT PULLETS, WE'VE GOT CHICKENS  
WE'VE GOT QUAILS  
AND WHAT THE DICKENS  
IT'S A POULTRY TALE  
OF FOLK DOWN ON THE FARM  
WHAT A GORGEOUS VISION THIS IS  
IT'S IDA, SHE'S MY MISSUS  
SO FORGIVE ME IF I'M LAYING ON THE SMARM  
SHE GOES IN FOR HEATED QUACKING  
TO POINT OUT THE SKILLS I'M LACKING

4.5M