**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