

THAT CHICKEN GLIDE

RAG TIME NOVELTY SONG

LYRIC BY
RICHARD GOODALL

MUSIC BY
HARRY AUSTIN TIERNEY



KIMBERLY & HODGKINS



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Words by
RICHARD GOODALL.

Music by
HARRY AUSTIN TIERNEY.

Not fast.



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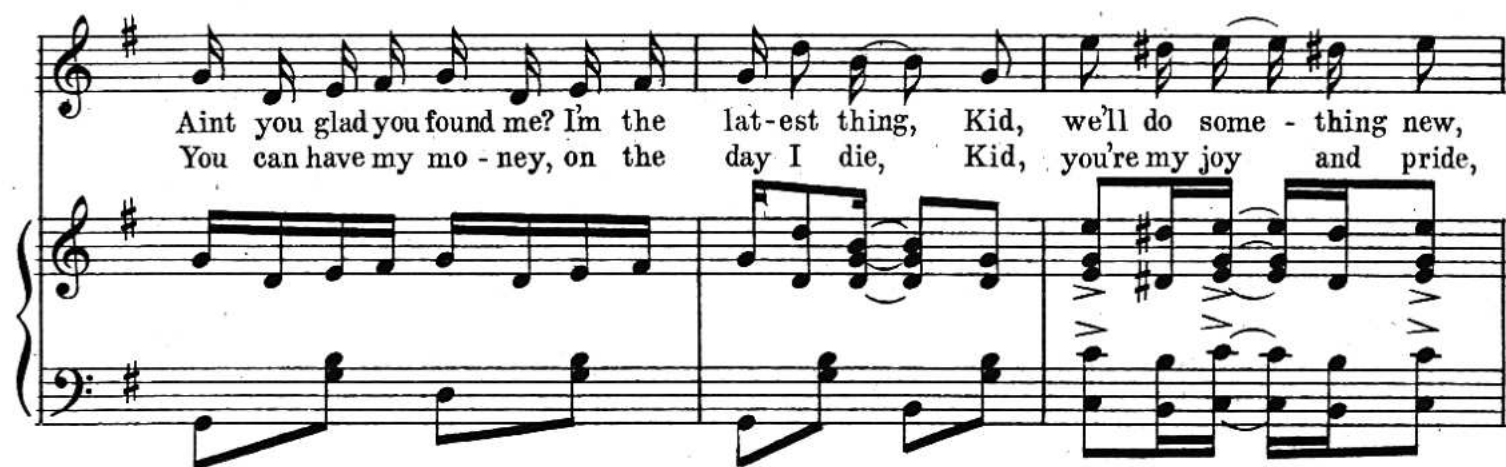
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When there's an-y dance-ing, that's the time for you, when there's an-y prancing,
She can do some scratchin', with her feet you bet, Gol - ly! but it's catchin'



hon - ey I'm for you; Put your arms a - round me like a chick - ens wing, Kid!
dance-ing with my pet; Hug me, hug me hon - ey if you don't I'll cry, Kid!



Aint you glad you found me? I'm the lat - est thing, Kid, we'll do some - thing new,
You can have my mo - ney, on the day I die, Kid, you're my joy and pride,



We can do it too, That chick - en glide we'll go through!
When you're by my side, And we do that chicken glide.

CHORUS.

Slide, slide, hear what that mus - ie's play - ing, Glide, glide,

hear what the folks are say-ing, When they see us pranc - ing,

And dancing, Hug tight, scratch-ing just like a chicken, That's right

you are my kind of pick-in', Slide, slide, slide, while we're dancing that chicken glide.

Now to the right we go, now to the left we go, Hold me up close I'm in a

trance Oh Slide, slide, hear what the music's play-ing Glide, glide,

hear what the folks are say-ing, When they see us pranc-ing,

And dancing, Hug tight, scratch-ing just like a chicken, That's right,

you are my kind of pick-in' Slide, slide, slide, while we're dancing that chicken glide.

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