

A chicken farmer went out, one dark and dreary day.  
He rested by the coop, as he went along his way.  
When all at once a rotten egg, hit him in the eye.  
It was the sight he dreaded...Ghost chickens in the sky.

Chorus:

Bok, bok, bok, bok  
Bok, bok, bok, bok  
Ghost chickens in the sky

The farmer had raised chickens since he was 24.  
Working for the Colonel for 30 years of more.  
Killing all those chickens and sending them to fry.  
Now they want revenge...Ghost chickens in the sky.

Chorus:

Bok, bok, bok, bok  
Bok, bok, bok, bok  
Ghost chickens in the sky

Their feet were black and shiny, their eyes were burning  
red.  
They had no meat or feathers, these chickens were all  
dead.  
They picked the farmer up and he died by the claw.  
They cooked him extra crispy...and ate him with coleslaw

Chorus:

Bok, bok, bok, bok  
Bok, bok, bok, bok  
Ghost chickens in the sky