THAT CHICKEN GLIDE.

Words by
RICHARD GOODALL.

Not fast.

Music by
HARRY AUSTIN TIERNEY.

Are you ready honey for that fancy ball, gee!
When they see my baby trippin' with me now, and

we will cut a figure that will beat them all, See!
when they see some fancy dippin' they'll allow, that

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en el año MCMXI por Jos.W. Stern y Cia., Propietarios Nueva York y Mexico.
When there's any dancing, that's the time for you, when there's any prancing, she can do some scratchin', with her feet you bet, Golly! but it's catchin' honey I'm for you; put your arms around me like a chicken's wing, Kid!
dancing with my pet; hug me, hug me honey if you don't I'll cry, Kid!

Aint you glad you found me? I'm the latest thing, Kid, we'll do something new,
you can have my money, on the day I die, Kid, you're my joy and pride,

We can do it too, that chicken glide we'll go through!
When you're by my side, and we do that chicken glide.
CHORUS.

Slide, slide, hear what that music's playing, Glide, glide,

hear what the folks are saying, When they see us prancing,

And dancing, Hug tight, scratching just like a chicken, That's right

you are my kind of pickin', 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 playing Glide, glide,

hear what the folks are saying, When they see us prancing,

And dancing, Hug tight, scratching just like a chicken, That's right,

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