

## It Will Never Be The Same

It was late into September  
and I was sittin' in my kitchen.  
*Lo que pasó*, I don't remember.  
It ain't the same without my chicken.

The clouds in the sky grow sad and grey,  
while we're waiting for the power to kick in.  
The *chamaquitos* won't even go out and play.  
It ain't the same without my chicken.

My heart and soul has been torn apart,  
even though we're alive and kickin'.  
I wish I could go back to the start.  
It ain't the same without my chicken.

This life is like a sad song.  
*To' los días* more people go missin'.  
I've never been without my roast for this long.  
It ain't the same without my chicken.  
Dinner before this used to be *gufiao'*.  
Now the silence seems to thicken.  
Im sick of eating this *pollo importao'*.  
It ain't the same without my chicken.

*Estoy tan harto del lío este!*  
I groaned and cried as I walked into the kitchen.  
And even though my wife made *filete*,  
It ain't the same without my chicken.

*Vivir así es una pesadilla!*

I can't wait for the clock to stop tickin'!  
I'll die if I have to eat another quesadilla!  
It ain't the same without my chicken!

*Mi mujer dice que tengo que bregar,*

but I just can't seem to listen.

Across my heart grows a scar.

It ain't the same without my chicken.

My salad cries as I throw it away.

I pack my bags and cash my check in.

I just can't seem to make myself stay.

It ain't the same without my chicken.