

# Big Bad Voodoo Daddy, Ol' MacDonald

Ol' MacDonald had a farm  
Ee-eye-ee-eye-oh  
And on this farm there was a chick  
Purtiest chick I know  
With a little curve here  
And a little curve there  
This chick, she had curves - Everywhere!  
Ol' MacDonald had a farm  
Ee-eye-ee-eye-oh

And oh this chick, she had a walk  
Ee-eye-ee-eye-oh  
And how this walk would drive 'em wild  
Swingin' to and fro  
With a little wiggle here  
And a little wiggle there  
Man, this chick had moves to spare  
Ol' MacDonald had a farm  
Ee-eye-ee-eye-oh

When she went walkin' into town  
Ee-eye-ee-eye-oh  
The local gentry popped their eyes  
Tarnation! What a show!  
With a gol-dang here  
And a gosh darn there  
Heavens to Betsy, I do declare!  
Ol' MacDonald had a farm  
Ee-eye-ee-eye-oh

There was a barn dance Saturday night  
Ee-eye-ee-eye-oh  
And fellas came from miles around  
Just to see her do-si-do

With a promenade here  
And a promenade there  
At a square-dance, man  
This chick's no square  
Ol' MacDonald had a farm  
Ee-eye-ee-eye-oh

I used to be a travelin' man  
Ee-eye--oh  
Until I hit Macdonald's place  
Things were mighty slow  
With a little chick here  
And a little chick there  
I didn't have a real chick anywhere  
Ol' MacDonald had a farm  
Ee-eye-ee-eye-oh

This farmer's daughter knocked me out  
Ee-eye-ee-eye-oh (Uh huh!)  
I asked MacDonald for her hand  
And Pappy hollered go  
With a little curve here  
And a little wiggle there  
A gol-dang here  
And a gosh darn  
A do-si-do here  
And a promenade there  
I got my own private county fair  
Ol' MacDonald had a farm

Ee-eye-oh  
Oh Hey!

Ol' MacDonald had a farm  
Ee-eye-oh hi-ay

That's right, MacDonald!  
It's all or nuthin', baby!