

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!

O! MacDonald had a farm
Ee-eye-oh hi-ay

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