

Frank Sinatra, Ol' MacDonald

Ol' MacDonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O
And on this farm there was a chick
The 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, E-I-E-I-O
And oh, this chick, she had a walk, E-I-E-I-O
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 wiggles to spare
Ol' MacDonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O
When she went walkin' into town, E-I-E-I-O
The local gentry popped their eyes
Tarnation, what a show
With a "goldang" here and a "goshdarn" there
"Heavens to Betsy" I do declare
Ol' MacDonald had a farm E-I-E-I-O
There was a barn dance Saturday night, E-I-E-I-O
And the fellas came from miles around
Just to see her do-si-do
With a promenade here and a promenade there
At a square dance, boy, this chick was no square
Ol' MacDonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O
I used to be a travelling man, E-I-O
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, E-I-E-I-O
This farmer's daughter knocked me out, E-I-E-I-O, ah-hah
I asked MacDonald for her hand
And Pappy hollered "Go!"
With a little curve here and a little wiggle there
A "goldang" here and a "goshdarn" there
A do-si-do here and a promenade there
Got my own private county fair
'cause ol' MacDonald had a farm, E-I-O-I-O!!