Andy Griffith, Flop Eared Mule

Use to have an old Banjo,
It was all strung up with twine,
And the only song you could hear me sing was,
I wish that gal was mine.
Well, I wish that gal was mine, boys.
I wish that gal was mine,
And the only song you could hear me sing,
Was I wish that gal was mine.

Whoa mule, you kicking mule,
Whoa mule, I say,
I ain't got time to kiss you now,
My mule has run away.

Took my wife to the barn yard,
And I sit her down to supper,
Well, she got choked on a turkey leg,
And stuck her nose in the butter.

Stuck her nose in the butter,
Stuck her nose in the butter,
Well, she got choked on a turkey leg,
And stuck her nose in the butter.

Whoa mule, you kicking mule,
Whoa mule, I say,
Tie a knot in that old mules tail,
Before he runs away.

Your face is like a coffee pot,
Your nose is like a spout,
Your mouth is like a fireplace,
With all the ashes out.

Well, With all the ashes out, boys,
With all the ashes out,
Your mouth is like a fireplace,
With all the ashes out.

Whoa mule, you kicking mule,
Whoa mule, I say,
I ain't got time to kiss you now,
My mule has run away.
{REPEAT AND FADE}