

Frank Sinatra, Old MacDonald

Ol' Mac Donald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O
And on this farm there was a chick
The prettiest chick I know
With a little curve here and a little curve there
This chick she had curves everywhere
Ol' Mac Donald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O
And oh this chick she had to walk, E-I-E-I-O
And how this walk would drive 'em wild swinging to and 'fro
With a little wiggle here and a little wiggle there
Man this chick had wiggles to spare
Ol' Mac Donald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O
When she went walking 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' Mac Donald had a farm E-I-E-I-O
There was a barn dance Saturday night, E-I-E-I-O
And the fellows came from miles around
Just to see her dosey-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
I asked MacDonald for her hand
And pop, he hollered "Go!"
With a little curve here and a little wiggle there
A goldang here and a goshdarn there
A dosey-do here and a promenade there
Got my own private county fair
'Cause ol' MacDonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O