Hank Thompson, Squaws Along The Yukon

There's a salmon-colored girl who sets my heart awhirl
Who lives along the Yukon far away
Where the Northern Lights they shine she rubs her nose to mine
She cuddles close and I can hear her say

Ooga ooga mooska which means that I love you
If you'll be my baby I'll ooga ooga mooska you
Then I take her hand in mine and set her on my knee
The squaws along the Yukon are good enough for me

She makes her underwear from hides of grizzly bear
And bathes in ice cold water every day
Her skin I love to touch but I just can't touch it much
Because her fur lined parka's in the way
Ooga ooga mooska...
[guitar]
She has the Air Corps down the Sourdoughs hang around
Chechakos try to date her night and day
With a landing gear that's fine and a fuselage divine
And a smile that you can see a mile away
Ooga ooga mooska...
Carry me back to old Alaska
The squaws along the Yukon are good enough for me