

# Old MacDonald

Nikki Yanofsky

Old MacDonald 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  
Old MacDonald 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  
Old MacDonald 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  
Old MacDonald 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  
Old MacDonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O

I used to be a traveling man, E-I-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  
Old 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 old MacDonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O