

Modern Yodelling Song

Slim Dusty

Yipi Yi Yippi Yi Aye

Yipi Yi Yippi Yi Aye, Yodel a song in the modern way
It's not what you sing but how it swings
Yipi Yi Yippi Yi Aye

All spruced up in my saddle, as I ride to town today
The folk in town look at me and frown, but I grin back
and say
"You can have your life of hurry, you can peer at my
western clothes,
But I can rope and sing like anything, and yodel
through my sunburnt nose"

Yipi Yi Yippi Yi Aye, Yodel a song in the modern way
It's not what you sing but how it swings
Yipi Yi Yippi Yi Aye

Ain't got no debts or worries, not tied to any gal
My home is just a saddle seat, my pony is my pal
When the mustering months are over and we bid goodbye
to spring
You'll find me the same as I am today, pushing back my
hat to sing.

Yipi Yi Yippi Yi Aye.