

The Turkey In The Straw

The Wiggles

There is a country dance at the only hall town
and everyone come from all around
They want to hear waggle, at the starching of the ground
They come far away to hear the turkey sound

Turkey in the Straw,
(Straw, Straw, Straw)
Turkey in the hay
(Hay, Hay, Hay)
And the old folks dance with the mother in low
As they dance to a juvital turkey in the straw.

They dance to left, they dance to the right
They dance to the shoe all through the night
And a sheet and gust become such a fine
A turkey dance with it while a wonderful sight

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