

Wayne Brady

"The Song Of The Ox Drivers"

Visit "[The Song Of The Ox Drivers](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

To me rol, to me rol, to my rideo
To me rol, to me rol, to my rideo
To my rideo, to my rodeo
To me rol, to me rol, to my rideo.

It was early in October-o
I hitched my team in order-o
To ride the hills of Saludio
To me rol, to me rol, to my rideo.

I pop my whip and I bring the blood
I make the leaders take the mud
We grab the wheels and we turn them around
One long pull and we're on hard ground.

When I got there the hills were steep
'T would make any tender person weep
To hear me course and pop my whip
And see my oxen pull and slip.

When I get home I'll have revenge
I'll have my family, I'll have my friends
I'll say goodbye to the whip and line
And drive no more in the wintertime...

Visit [Wayne Brady](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.