

411

"The Song Of The Ox Drivers"

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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...

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