Frank Sinatra "Old Macdonald"

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Ol' mac donald 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
Ol' mac donald 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
Ol' mac donald 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
Ol' mac donald 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 Ol' macdonald had a farm, e-i-e-i-o

I used to be a travelling man, 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
Ol' 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 ol' macdonald had a farm, e-i-e-i-o

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