

Ella Mae Morse

"Cow Cow Boogie"

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Out on the plains, down near Santa Fe,
I met a cowboy ridin' the range one day.
And as he jogged along I heard him singin'
A most peculiar cowboy song.
It was a ditty he learned in the city...
Ah comma ti ii-yi aay.
Comma ti yipply yi aay.

Get along. Get hip little doggies.
Get along. Better be on your way.
Get along. Get hip little doggies.
And he trucked 'em on down, the old fairway.
Singin' his cow, cow boogie in the strangest way...
Comma ti ii-yi aay.
Comma ti yipply ii aay.

Singin' his cowboy songs,
He's just too much.
He's got a knocked out western accent,
With a Harlem touch.
He was raised on loco weed.
He's what you call a swing' half-breed.

Singin' his cow, cow boogie,
In the strangest way...
Comma ti ii-yi aay.
Comma ti yipply ii aay.

[Instrumental break, featuring trumpet solo.]

Get along little doggie.
Better be on your way, your way.
G-get along little doggie.
And he trucked 'em on down, the old fairway.
Singin' his cow, cow boogie in the strangest way.
Comma ti ii-yi aay.
Comma ti yipply ii aay.

Yip yip, singin his cowboy songs.
Yip yip, as he was jugglin' along.
Yip yip, he sings with a Harlem touch.

Yip yip, that cat is just too much.

Singing his cow, cow boogie, in the strangest way.
Comma ti ii ii ii ii aay.

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