

Alvin And The Chipmunks "Ragtime Cowboy Joe"

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[Gun Shot]

[Chipmunks]

Oh how he sings,
Raggy music to his cattle,
As he swings,
Back in forth in his saddle,
On a horse,

[Alvin]

What a horse!

[Chipmunks]

Who is syncopated gaited,
And with such a funny meter,
To the roar of his repeater!

How they run,
When they hear the fella's gun,
Because the western folks all know:
He's a high falutin',

[Alvin]

Rootin' tootin'!

[Chipmunks]

Son-of-a-gun from Arizona,
He's some cowboy,
Talk about your cowboy,
Ragtime Cowboy Joe!

[Musical Interlude]

(Gun Shots)

[Alvin, speaking]

Look out, Sheriff! They're gettin' away!

(Gunshot)

[Dave, speaking]

Alvin, stop shooting that gun.

(Gunshot)

[Alvin, speaking]
Reach for the sky, you sidewinder!

(Gunshot)

[Dave, speaking]
Alvin, will you put that gun down!

(Gunshot)

[Alvin, speaking]
Don't worry lady! I'll go get 'em!

(Loud gunshot)

[Dave, Shouting]
Alvin! Will you please put that thing down and get back here and sing!?

[Chipmunks]
Oh how he sings,
Raggy music to his cattle,
As he swings,
Back in forth in his saddle,
On a horse,

[Alvin]
What a horse!

[Chipmunks]
Who is syncopated gaited,
And with such a funny meter,
To the roar of his repeater!

How they run,
When they hear the fella's gun,
Because the western folks all know:
He's a high falutin',

[Alvin]
Rootin' tootin'!

[Chipmunks]
Son-of-a-gun from Arizona,
He's some cowboy,
Talk about your cowboy,
Ragtime Cowboy Joe!

(Gunshots to the beat)

[Alvin, shouting to fade out]
High-ho, Alvin!

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