

Down the Old Ox Road

Bing Crosby

There's a famous thoroughfare,
I've heard collegiates say.
I'm not referring to Piccadilly.
It's not 42nd Street,
It's not the rue de la Paix,
Nor is it Market Street in Philly.
Ask most any college Romeo,
To complete your education you must go....

Down the old ox road.
Though you'll never find where it is
By looking in maps,
With a little investigation you'll discover perhaps,
That this old tradition's not a place
But just a proposition called
The old ox road,
The old ox road.

Ox road could be any romantic spot:
A country highway or a moonlit yacht.
It could be in the parlor
When the lights are burning low;
It could be in the movie
In the very last row.

Down the old ox road.
In the magic of the moonlight
You are filled with delight,
While the leaves that flutter o'er you
Whisper lover tonight,
Why keep waiting, and debating,
When you know it's time for mating
On the old ox road,
On the old ox road.