

## On The Trail

Frankie Laine

(Hee-hop, hee-hop, mule)  
(Hop-hee-hop, hee-hop)  
The stubbornest mule I ever saw  
He's tossin' his head, he's raisin' ol' Ned  
He's gettin' me all of a twitter  
That ornery critter, he goes  
He must have been born in Arkansas  
Don't want to be led, he wants to be fed  
Why he'd make the Statue of Liberty  
Flibberty-gibberty  
He's hankerin' for a hunk of straw  
He can't hear my song, he's joggin' along  
His footsteps that are beating, are tellin' him soon  
He'll be eatin' his fill  
(Clipperty-hopperti, clipperty-clop)  
(Clipperty-hopperti, clipperty-clop)  
(Clipperty-hopperti)  
Over the rim of the hill  
We're on the trail  
The sun is low, the canyon is wide  
Hi-ee, hi-oo  
We sing a song as we ride  
We're on the trail  
My mule and I, we haven't a care  
Hi-ee, hi-oo  
My heart is free as the air  
Out on the ole painted desert  
I know a wonderful site  
Where we can build us a fire  
Where we can spend the night  
The sun will rise  
And in the skies, the stars grow pale  
Hi-ee, hi-oo  
And we'll be back on the trail  
Be back on the trail, the trail, the trail