

# Squaws Along The Yukon

Hank Thompson

There's a salmon colored girl who sets my heart a whirl  
Who lives along the Yukon far away  
Where the northern lights they shine she rubs her nose to mine  
She cuddles close and I can hear her say

Ooga ooga mooska, which means that I love you  
If you'll be my baby, I'll ooga ooga mooska you  
Then I take her hand in mine and set her on my knee  
The squaws along the Yukon are good enough for me

She makes her underwear from hides of grizzly bear  
And bathes in ice cold water every day  
Her skin I love to touch but I just can't touch it much  
Because her fur lined parka's in the way

Ooga ooga mooska, which means that I love you  
If you'll be my baby, I'll ooga ooga mooska you  
Then I take her hand in mine and set her on my knee  
The squaws along the Yukon are good enough for me

She has the air corps down the sourdoughs hang around  
Chechakos try to date her night and day  
With a landing gear that's fine and a fuselage divine  
And a smile that you can see a mile away

Ooga ooga mooska, which means that I love you  
If you'll be my baby, I'll ooga ooga mooska you  
Then I take her hand in mine and set her on my knee  
The squaws along the Yukon are good enough for me

Carry me back to old Alaska  
The squaws along the Yukon are good enough for me