

Ox Driving Song

The Seekers

Crack the whip and bring the blood
Make the leaders take the mud
We've got the wheels and we turn them around
One long hard pull and we're on hard ground
To me rol to me rol to my rideo
To me rol to me rol to my rideo
To my rideo to my rudeo
To me rol to me rol to my rideo

On the fourteenth day of October-o
I hitched my team in order-o
To try the hills of Salado
To me rol to me rol to my rideo
To me rol to me rol to my rideo
To my rideo to my rudeo
To me rol to me rol to my rideo

When I got there the hills were steep
Would make another person weep
To hear me cuss
And crack my whip
And see the oxen pull and slip
To me rol to me rol to my rideo
To me rol to me rol to my rideo
To my rideo to my rudeo
To me rol to me rol to my rideo

When I get home among my friends
That's where my toil and trouble ends
And bid adieu
To the whip and line
And ride no more in the winter time
To me rol to me rol to my rideo
To me rol to me rol to my rideo
To my rideo to my rudeo
To me rol to me rol to my rideo
To me rol to me rol to my rideo
To my rideo to my rudeo
To my rideo oo Yeah!