

The Ox Driver's Song

Mike Patton

I crack my whip and I bring the blood
I make my oxen take the mud
I grab the wheel
And I turn around
One long pull and we're on hard ground

Towmiroll towmiroll
Towmirydeo
Towmiroll towmiroll
Towmirydeo
Towmirydeooooo
Towmirodeo
Towmiroll towmiroll
Towmirydeooo

The road is rough and the hills are steep
Would make a preacher pray and weep
To hear me cuss and pop my whip
And see my oxen slide and slip

Towmiroll towmiroll
Towmirydeo
Towmiroll towmiroll
Towmirydeo
Towmirydeoooooo
Towmiroodeooo
Towmiroll towmiroll
Towmirydeooo

I'll be glad when my journey ends
I'll see my family and my friends
I'll say goodbye
To the whip and line
And drive no more in the winter time

Towmiroll towmiroll
Towmirydeo
Towmiroll towmiroll
Towmirydeo
Towmirydeoooooo
Towmirodeooo
Towmiroll towmiroll
Towmirydeoooooo