



## Traildrive Stew - Song Lyrics

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### Marshall Mitchell Came To Town – Marshall Mitchell

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Marshall Mitchell came to town riding on Ol' Dobyn.

Caught the rustlers on the trail and stopped a train robbin'.

Marshall Mitchell...he's our man!!

Marshall Mitchell...yes, he can!!

Marshall Mitchell sings his songs and tells his cowboy stories.

### The Vowel Song – Marshall Mitchell

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When I was a little boy, well I was sent to school.  
I learned all my numbers and was taught the Golden Rule.  
But, then we came to English and how to read and write.  
No matter how hard I tried I just couldn't get it right.

I worked hard and long to memorize the alphabet.  
But, there was something in it that I just couldn't get.  
Then I heard the cowboy yodel!! Suddenly, hey, I knew how.  
Twenty one are consonants and these five are the vowels.

A-E-I-O-U...AEIOU...AEIOU...A-E-I-O-U...A-E-I-O-U

Well, if you're having trouble, I know just the cure.  
Just sing the cowboy yodel then you'll know then for sure.

A-E-I-O-U...AEIOU...AEIOU...A-E-I-O-U...A-E-I-O-U

And now you know them, too.

AEIOU

## **D-O-G Won't R-U-N – Marshall Mitchell**

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My D-O-G won't R-U-N no more. My D-O-G won't R-U-N no more.

My D-O-G won't R-U-N, so I can't hunt with my best friend.

My D-O-G won't R-U-N no more.

**(Now we say it)** My dog won't run. My dog won't run.

My dog won't run, I can't have no fun 'cause my dog won't run.

**(Now spell it)** My D-O-G won't R-U-N no more. My D-O-G won't R-U-N no more.

My D-O-G won't R-U-N, so I can't hunt with my best friend.

My D-O-G won't R-U-N no more.

My C-A-T won't N-A-P no more. My C-A-T won't N-A-P no more.

My C-A-T won't N-A-P, he just lays here on my L-A-P.

My C-A-T won't N-A-P no more.

My cat won't nap. My cat won't nap.

My cat won't nap, he's here on my lap but my cat won't nap.

**(Spell it again)** My C-A-T won't N-A-P no more. My C-A-T won't N-A-P no more.

My C-A-T won't N-A-P, he just lays here on my L-A-P.

My C-A-T won't N-A-P no more.

My P-I-G won't S-M-ile no more. My P-I-G won't S-M-ile no more.

My P-I-G won't S-M-ile, he hasn't laughed in quite a while.

My P-I-G won't S-M-ile no more.

**(Say it now)** My pig won't smile. My pig won't smile.

My pig won't smile, ain't laughed in a while. My pig won't smile.

**(Spell it here)** My P-I-G won't S-M-ile no more. My P-I-G won't S-M-ile no more.

My P-I-G won't S-M-ile, he hasn't laughed in quite a while.

My P-I-G won't S-M-ile no more.

## **Wash Your Hands – Marshall Mitchell**

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When you come inside wash your hands.

After going for a ride wash your hands.

When you go and you come back, before supper, lunch or snack,

Don't you dare let those germs attack...wash your hands.

You can keep a smiley face...brush your teeth.

Don't let yucky take their place...brush your teeth.

What this verse is all about are the teeth inside your mouth,

Don't you dare let them rot out...brush your teeth!!

Now, we wanna keep you safe so mind your folks.

You'll discover life is great...mind your folks.

We can teach you lots of things...to ride a bike or catch or swing,

and we can help you find your dreams...mind your folks.

To be healthy and be happy do all three.

Don't be sour or be sappy...do all three.

If you take care of yourself you can show everyone else,

That you are really from top shelf...do all three!

## **Traildrive Stew – Marshall Mitchell**

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(Chorus) Yum! Yum! Eat ‘em up! Snarffle! Snarffle! Chew!  
Yum! Yum! Eat ‘em up! Traildrive Stew.  
Yum! Yum! Eat ‘em up! Fill your plate!  
You might not get some if you’re late!

We got longhorn trails and sage brush bales, prairie dog ears and some cactus spears;  
A couple cow licks and tumble weed sticks and old boot leather for good measure;  
Lizard tails and an old fence rail; piggin’ string and a buzzards wing...  
An old straw hat, now how ‘bout that? We’re making that traildrive stew.

(Chorus)

A lot of prairie dust, a little anvil rust, cool creek water and some pony fodder;  
Worn out chaps and a saddle bag flap... a little gun powder makes me sing louder.  
Coyote tracks, some ol’ hardtack, a horseshoe nail and a “Wah-hoo!” yell;  
Come on now, let’s gather ‘round...it’s time for traildrive stew!!

(Chorus)

(Chorus Repeat)

You might not get some if you’re late!

(Spoken) “So, don’t be!”

## **Ol’ Chisholm Trail – Marshall Mitchell**

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Come gather around kids and I’ll tell you a tale  
About the life we lead on the Old Chisholm Trail  
Response: Come-a-tie-yie-yippy-yippy-yie-yippy-a!! Come-a-tie-yie-yippy-yippy-a!!  
Well I’m up in the morning by the break of dawn  
And I’m still in the saddle when the sun’s done gone (Response)

I got a ten dollar hoss and a forty dollar saddle  
and I ride all day roping long-horned cattle (Response)

One day I was riding through the cedar breaks  
I got hung on a limb and my hoss wouldn’t wait (Response)

Well I fell of my hoss and I landed in the mud  
Ah, I fell of my hoss and I landed with a thud!! (Response)

Well I walked all day and I walked all night  
When I walked into camp it was about daylight (Response)

Now there I stood all tired and sore  
And everybody got a great big laugh for sure (Response)

When I walked into camp they were serving up some beans  
So I ate and I ate until I was busting at the seams (Response)

I’m gonna sell my hoss and sell my saddle  
And I’ll never, ever rope another long-horned cattle (Response)

Well now you’ve heard my cowboy tale  
About the day in the life of the Old Chisholm Trail (Response)

Next time you hear me sing this song  
I want everybody here to just sing along

Come-a-tie-yie-yippy-yippy-yie-yippy-a!! Come-a-tie-yie-yippy-yippy-a!!  
Come-a-tie-yie-yippy-yippy-yie-yippy-a!! Come-a-tie-yie-yippy-yippy-a!! Yee-Haw!!

## **I Wanna Ride My Hoss – Marshall Mitchell**

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I wanna ride my hoss across the range, of course.  
I wanna rope and ride across the countryside.  
If I can herd a cow, I'll never push a plow.  
I'm gonna set my seat in the middle of a saddle and drift a while.

I'm gonna ride along and sing a cowboy song.  
I'm gonna feast my eyes under the western skies.  
Like the tumbleweed, the sage and Joshua Tree.  
I'll spend my life out on the prairie, never worry 'bout what I may need.

(Chorus)       And when that silver moon comes out, I'll hear the coyote wail.  
                  (coyote wail)  
                  When that golden sun comes up, I'll be back out on the trail.

I wanna ride my hoss across the range, of course.  
I wanna rope and ride across the countryside.  
If I can herd a cow, I'll never push a plow.  
I'm gonna set my seat in the middle of a saddle and drift a while.  
I'm gonna set my seat in the middle of a saddle and drift a while. (coyote wail)

## **Cardiovascular Song – Marshall Mitchell**

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Now, in this cardiovascular exercise, it'll make you feel good from your toes up to your eyes.  
C'mon everybody get off your seat. Feel the rhythm...find it in your feet.

Sway just like a palm tree in the sun. Let your face know you are having fun.  
Stretch your arms and hands out for the leaves. C'mon everybody if you please.

Now, dance a little...move yourself around. Clap your hands and make a happy sound.  
Shake your head just like you're saying "Yes." When you are healthy you are truly blessed.

(Chorus)       Jump and dance and twirl. Express yourself to the world.  
                  Reach and grow like flowers. Inside you's the power.  
                  Be happy, be you, 'cause I believe in you....don't stop!!

(Spoken)       Everybody move around. Come on, we can do this together.  
                  Nobody has to be sitting around...let's get up.  
                  Get that heart a'pumping. Get those arms a'moving.  
                  Get those shoulders a'shouldering; those legs a'jumping.  
                  Watch your neighbor and see what they're doing.  
                  Let's do it all together, now. I'll help you. C'mon!!!

C'mon now, let's do some jumping-jacks. Jump up to the sky and then come back.  
Everybody get your heart a'pumping. Let's get everybody out there jumping.

(Chorus)

(Spoken)       OK, here we are again. C'mon everybody.  
                  Those arms are a'flapping; those legs are a'jumping.  
                  You got the Strange Heroes, you got Marshall Mitchell, Ol' Dobyn here.  
                  We're doing it all together. Okey-dokey artichokie, let's get together and do it.  
                  We're gonna follow on out, let's go out the door with this one.

## **The Rodeo Song – Marshall Mitchell**

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(Spoken) You know, cowboys have always shown their expertise with a rope and how well they can ride, in what became the rodeos out there on the spring round-up, the fall round-up. But, because we don't have much prairie left anymore, it's been squeezed down and called rodeo. So, let's all go to the rodeo. Are you ready? Let's saddle up...

A'ridin' we will go. A'ridin' we will go.  
Let's all go to rodeo. A'ridin' we will go.

Bronc bustin' we will go. Bronc bustin' we will go.  
Let's all go to rodeo. Bronc bustin' we will go.

(Spoken) Are you there? C'mon....

Calf ropin' we will go. Calf ropin' we will go.  
Let's all go to rodeo. Calf ropin' we will go.

Steer wrasslin' we will go. Steer wrasslin' we will go.  
Let's all go to rodeo. Steer wrasslin' we will go.

Barr'l racin' we will go. Barr'l racin' we will go.  
Let's all go to rodeo. Barr'l racin' we will go.

Bull ridin' we will go. Bull ridin' we will go.  
Let's all go to rodeo. Bull ridin' we will go.

(Spoken) I don't know about you but I'm getting' pretty tired.

And now we're headed home. And now we're headed home.  
The rodeo is over now and so is this song.

(Spoken) See you later!!

## **The Counting Song – Marshall Mitchell**

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One little, two little, three little ponies...four little, five little, six little ponies...  
Seven little, eight little, nine little ponies...ten little ponies running.

(Spoken) Alright...they ran out, let's have them run back.

Ten little, nine little, eight little ponies...seven little, six little, five little ponies...  
Four little, three little, two little ponies...one little pony running.

(Spoken) How about we do this for our cowboy-girls out there.

One little, two little, three little cowgirls...four little, five little, six little cowgirls...  
Seven little, eight little, nine little cowgirls...ten little cowgirls riding.

(Spoken) Alright, they rode out, let's have them ride back now.

Ten little, nine little, eight little cowgirls...seven little, six little, five little cowgirls...  
Four little, three little, two little cowgirls...one little cowgirl riding.

(Spoken) Alright now, let's do this for our cowboys.

One little, two little, three little cowboys...four little, five little, six little cowboys...  
Seven little, eight little, nine little cowboys...ten little cowboys roping.

(Spoken) Alright...they're roping out, let's have them rope back.

Ten little, nine little, eight little cowboys...seven little, six little, five little cowboys...  
Four little, three little, two little cowboys...one little cowboy roping.

(Spoken) Mighty fine...now, let's do this;

One, two...buckle my shoe. Three, four...shut the door. Five, six...pick up sticks.  
Seven, eight clean your plate. Nine, ten...do it, again.

## **The Train Song – Marshall Mitchell**

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There's a train out on the railroad track, and its wheels are going "Clickity-Clack."  
You can hear those drivers chug as they roll on by. See the smoke and cinders rise up in the sky.

(Chorus) Ride the train! Ride the train! On the steel rails roll along.  
Ride the train! Ride the train! You can help me sing this song.  
Clickity-Clack! Clickity-Clack! Toot! Toot! Chug! Chug! Roll on by!!

There was a time in the United States, when canals and wagons hauled all the freight.  
You could hear mule skinnners yell as they rode the trail. But by 1830 steam would roll on rail.

(Spoken) Sing it with me... Clickity-Clack! Clickity-Clack! Toot! Toot! Chug! Chug! Roll on by!!

On the valleys, across the plain, 'round the mountainside and down again,  
Through the tunnel all the way to the other side. Hear the whistle roll "Toot! Toot!" as they roll on by.

(Spoken) C'mon now... (Chorus)

Join the East and the Western line; Coast to coast in 1869.  
Promontory, Utah, crowds all gathered 'round. Just to hear that very last spike driving sound.

(Chorus) Ride the train! Ride the train! On the steel rails roll along.  
Ride the train! Ride the train! You can help me sing this song!!  
Clickity-Clack! Clickity-Clack! Toot! Toot! Chug! Chug! Roll on by!!  
Clickity-Clack! Clickity-Clack! Toot! Toot! Chug! Chug! Roll on by!!  
Clickity-Clack! Clickity-Clack! Toot! Toot! Chug! Chug! Roll on by!!

## **I've Got A Hoss – Marshall Mitchell**

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(Spoken) Hey cowboys and cowboy-girls out there, grab your stick hosses and let's take a ride with me and Ol' Dobyn. 'Cause the other day we were riding the range, we ran into this fellow and he said "Hey would you like to buy a hoss?" And I said "Hey, I got Dobyn" and he said....

"Do you have a hoss that'll run, run, run? Run, run, run? Run, run, run?  
Do you have a hoss that'll run, run, run? Out there on the trail?"

(Spoken) You know what I said to him?

"I've got a hoss that'll run, run, run. Run, run, run. Run, run, run.  
I've got a hoss that'll run, run, run. Out there on the trail!"

(Spoken) Well, he looked at me and said...

"Do you have a hoss that can hop, hop, hop? Hop, hop, hop? Hop, hop, hop?  
Do you have a hoss that can hop, hop, hop? Out there on the trail?"

(Spoken) And I looked at him and I said...

"I got a hoss that'll hop, hop, hop. Hop, hop, hop. Hop, hop, hop.  
I've got a hoss that'll hop, hop, hop. Out there on the trail!"

(Spoken) Well, he scratched his head and he said...

"Do you have a hoss that can skip, skip, skip? Skip, skip, skip, skip? Skip, skip, skip?  
Do you have a hoss that can skip, skip, skip? Out there on the trail?"

(Spoken) Well, I looked back at him and I said...you know what...?

"I got a hoss that'll skip, skip, skip. Skip, skip, skip. Skip, skip, skip.  
I've got a hoss that'll skip, skip, skip. Out there on the trail!"

(Spoken) Well, he looked at me and he said...

"Do you have a hoss that can jump, jump, jump? Jump, jump, jump? Jump, jump, jump?  
Do you have a hoss that can jump, jump, jump? Out there on the trail?"

(Spoken) [laughter] I said..listen Mister....

"I've got a hoss that'll jump, jump, jump. Jump, jump, jump. Jump, jump, jump.  
I've got a hoss that'll jump, jump, jump. Out there on the trail!"

(Spoken) He said...

"Do you have a hoss that can walk, walk, walk? Walk, walk, walk? Walk, walk, walk?  
Do you have a hoss that can walk, walk, walk? Out there on the trail?"

(Spoken) I said...

"I've got a hoss that'll walk, walk, walk. Walk, walk, walk. Walk, walk, walk.  
I've got a hoss that'll walk, walk, walk. Out there on the trail!"

(Spoken) He scratched his head and I said...listen....

"I've got a hoss that can tippy-toe, tippy-toe, tippy-toe.  
I've got a hoss that can tippy-toe. Out there on the trail.

(Spoken) and we just tippy-toed away.

## **Cowboy Ride – Marshall Mitchell**

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(Chorus) I'm ridin', ridin', ridin'; Ridin' on the range.  
Drivin', drivin', drivin' longhorn cattle to the trains.  
Trains will take them northward to the cities for their food.  
I'll get paid in money for the things I love to do.  
I love to ride...cowboy ride!

My face to the sun; my back to the wind; out on the trail where a friend is a friend.  
Campfire at night; we roll at daylight; back in the saddle, again.

(Chorus) I'm ridin', ridin', ridin'; Ridin' on the range.  
Drivin', drivin', drivin' longhorn cattle to the trains.  
Trains will take them northward to the cities for their food.  
I'll get paid in money for the things I love to do.  
I love to ride...cowboy ride!

Three months are over, the trails at an end; cattle delivered, all counted and penned.  
I draw my pay and I bust into a grin; I'll go back and do it again.

(Yodel)

(Chorus) I'm ridin', ridin', ridin'; Ridin' on the range.  
Drivin', drivin', drivin' longhorn cattle to the trains.  
Trains will take them northward to the cities for their food.  
I'll get paid in money for the things I love to do.  
I love to ride...cowboy ride!

## **I Like You – Marshall Mitchell**

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I like bread and butter. I like toast and jam.  
I like everything there is to eat because that's the way I am.  
I like...beans and bacon, biscuits and gravy, too.  
Well, I like chicken fried and baked and grilled through and through.  
But, most of all...I like you! (Yes, I do)

I like mayonnaise sandwiches, a ham and cheese omelet,  
Smoked oyster, cheese and salsa piled upon a Ritz.  
I like...day old doughnuts, hamburger gravy on toast.  
I even like sauerkraut and hotdogs better than I like roast.  
But, most of all...I like you! (Yes, I do)

I like watermelon. I like cantaloupe.  
Black licorice is what I like, especially twisted like a rope.  
And, I like RC Cola. Well, I like bubble gum.  
I like almost everything that has to do with having fun.  
But, most of all...I like you! (Yes, I do)

I like you!!

## **Things Like... – Marshall Mitchell**

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When the day has ended, stars are coming out.  
I'm stretched out on my bedroll to try and sleep 'til morning light.  
But, just before I drift off to a place called Sleepy Town,  
I think about some things that seem to be on my mind.

(Chorus) It's things like...  
Why a skunk is stinky? Why are turtles slow?  
Why are worms so squirmy? And who picked white for snow?  
Why are mountains so tall? And the valleys so far down?  
How can a river run but stay? And why are biscuits round?

It's a dilemma I think about.  
Everything from East and West; Things from North and South.  
Now, if you know the answer, I wish you'd tell me please.  
That way I'd quit wondering and I could get some sleep.

(Chorus) It's things like...  
Why a skunk is stinky? Why are turtles slow?  
Why are worms so squirmy? And who picked white for snow?  
Why are mountains so tall? And the valleys so far down?  
How can a river run but stay? And why are biscuits round?  
How can a river run but stay? And why are biscuits round?

## **Cowboy Lullaby – Marshall Mitchell**

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Go to sleep Little Cowboy. Now's the time to say good night.  
Close your eyes, Little Cowboy. Sandman rides the range with you.

A long day is through, put away your rope and gun.  
If you brand them all today, then tomorrow won't be fun.

Close your eyes, Little Cowboy. Sandman rides the range with you.

A long day is through, put away your rope and gun.  
If you brand them all today, then tomorrow won't be fun.

Close your eyes, Little Cowboy. Sandman rides the range with you.



*Marshall*