

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Barnyard Dance

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Late last night in the pale moonlight
All the vegetables give a spree
They put out a sign saying dancing at nine
And all the admissions was free.
There were peas and beans, and cabbages and greens.
It was the biggest crowd you ever seen
And when old man cucumber struck up his number,
You shoulda heard them vegetables scream.

Well the little turnip top was doin' the backwoods flop.
The carrot shook the shimmy and she would not stop.
The little red beet kicked off his feet
And the watermelon died in a cockeyed heap.
Red tomata, agitator, shook up the shimmy
With the sweet potata.
And old man garlic dropped dead of the colic
Down at the Barnyard Dance.

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