

Prospector Polka

Riders In The Sky

There's a little guy I know, who spends all day just huntin' gold
And he loves to dance the polka cowboy style
Snowy beard and turned up hat, taps his toe this way and that
Keeping time to happy music all the while
He was born in Pennsylvania but came West when just a lad
To stake a claim and mine that yella gold
With a shovel and a pick and a happy polka kick
He's the best at finding nuggets so I'm told
He's Pete, the Old Prospector, a happy little elf
And when he hears a squeezebox play he just can't help himself
With a pickax for a partner he dances o'er the plains
He pans for gold and polkas up and down the rolling range
With his bag of mining tools and the big ole long-eared mule
He's off at dawn upon his golden quest
If you see him say "Hello" Pete's a fellow you should know
He's a polka dancin' champion of the West
He's Pete, the Old Prospector, a happy little elf
And when he hears a squeezebox play he just can't help himself
With a pickax for a partner he dances o'er the plains
He pans for gold and polkas up and down the rolling range

Songwriters

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