

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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