

Ten Little Indians

Larry Groce

Ten little Indian boys
The first little Indian gave squaw pretty feather
The second little Indian made her an Indian dollar
Well, the third little Indian gave her moccasin leather
The squaw didn't like 'em at all
The fourth little Indian took her riding in his big canoe
The fifth little Indian took her down the waterfall
The sixth little Indian taught the squaw how to woo-woo
But the squaw didn't like 'em at all
One little, two little, three little Indians
Four little, five little, six little Indians
Seven little, eight little, nine little Indians
Ten little Indian boys

The seventh little Indian took her over to his teepee
The eighth little Indian tried to give her a love poem
The ninth little Indian said, "You're my kemosabe"
The squaw didn't like 'em at all
The tenth little Indian said it really didn't matter
He acted like himself and he didn't look at her
The squaw didn't care if he never did a thing
'Cause she loved the tenth Indian boy
Loved the tenth Indian boy
Loved the tenth Indian boy
Loved the tenth Indian boy

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