Squaws Along The Yukon

Hank Thompson

There's a salmon colored girl who sets my heart a whirl
Who lives along the Yukon far away
Where the northern lights they shine she rubs her nose to mine
She cuddles close and I can hear her sayOoga ooga mooska, which means that I love you
If you'll be my baby, I'll ooga ooga mooska you
Then I take her hand in mine and set her on my knee
The squaws along the Yukon are good enough for meShe makes her underwear from hides of grizzly bear
And bathes in ice cold water every day
Her skin I love to touch but I just can't touch it much
Because her fur lined parka's in the wayOoga ooga mooska, which means that I love you
If you'll be my baby, I'll ooga ooga mooska you
Then I take her hand in mine and set her on my knee
The squaws along the Yukon are good enough for meShe has the air corps down the sourdoughs hang around
Chechakos try to date her night and day
With a landing gear that's fine and a fuselage divine
And a smile that you can see a mile awayOoga ooga mooska, which means that I love you
If you'll be my baby, I'll ooga ooga mooska you
Then I take her hand in mine and set her on my knee
The squaws along the Yukon are good enough for meCarry me back to old Alaska
The squaws along the Yukon are good enough for me

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