

The duck boy

As sung by Bill Lacroix

1 I'm an (G) old duck wrangler
from (C) out in Montana
(G) I round up them quackers
and I drive them a(D)long
to a (G) feathered corral
where we (C) bulldog and brand 'em
and (G) as we go ridin'
we're (D) singing this (G) song

Chorus

And it's (G) quack quack yipyyey
and (C) quack quack yipyyo
get a(G)long, little quackers
get along real (D) slow
It's (G) dirty and it's smelly
and it (C) don't really pay
but (G) I'll be a duck boy
'til the (D) end of my (G) day

2 On (G) saturday night
I (C) ride into town
on my (G) short legged pony
with my hat pulled way (D) down
But the (G) girls don't like duck boys
and I (C) can't figger why
no (G) cowboy can be more
ro(D)mantic than (G) I

Chorus

3 There's (G) danger, adventure
and (C) romance I know
from a (G) waddlin' stampede
to a duck rode(D)o
but there's (G) loneliness too
and it (C) cuts to the bone
when you (G) smell like duck feathers
you're (D) always a(G)lone

Chorus