

# Nem Que a Vaca Tussa - Iôdel Êidel Ídol Áidol U (Tiroleio)

tom:  
F

Intro: C A A7 Dm G Gm Bb

Now listen up

There are crooks in this here West

Who have claimed to be the best

And they think they wrote the book on how to rustle

Well, as good as they may be

Not a one's as good as me

An' I barely have to move a single muscle

They call me mean, boys

Depraved and nasty too

And they ain't seen, boys

The cruelest thing I do

You see, I yodel-adle-eeidle-idle-odle

The sweetest way of rustlin' yet devised

'Cause when I yodel-adle-eeidle-idle-odle

Why, looky how them cows git hypnotized

He don't prod, he don't yell

Still he drives them dogies well

Which ain't easy when your chaps are labeled XXXXL

Yes, if yer lookin' from a bovine point of view

I sure can yodel-adle-eeidle-idle

Yodel-adle-eeidle-idle  
F C F C  
Yodel-adle-eeidle-idle-oo  
C  
Here we go, boys  
C  
Five thousand cattle in the side pocket  
F C F  
(William Tell Overture Yodel)  
Db Gb Db  
(Yankee Doodle yodel)  
E B E B E B E  
(Ode To Joy yodel)  
G C D G C  
(Western Style Yodel)  
C C G  
Yes, I can yodel-adle-eeidle-odle  
C G  
A sound them cattle truly take to heart  
G C G  
Yeah, I can yodel-adle-eeidle-idle-odle  
Em Am D  
An' smack my big ol' rump if that ain't art  
C  
He don't rope  
G  
Not a chance  
Em Am  
He just puts 'em in a trance  
A7 D7  
He's a pioneer Pied Piper in ten-gallon underpants  
G C  
Yep! I'm the real rip-roarin' deal to those who moo  
G D  
Thanks to my yodel-adle-eeidle-idle  
G C  
Dodle-adle-eeidle-idle  
G D Em Am  
I got the cattle out the ol' wazoo  
G D G  
'Cause I can yodel-adle-eeidle-idle-oo  
G  
Yodel-adle-eeidle-idle-oo

## Acordes

