

Asleep At The Wheel, Roly Poly

Roly Poly eatin' corn and taters
Hungry every minute of the day
Roly Poly gnawin' on a biscuit
Long as he can chew it it's okay
He can eat an apple pie
And never even bat an eye
He likes everything from soup to hay
Woah, Roly Poly, daddy's little fatty
Bet he's going to be a man some day
Roly Poly, scrambled eggs for breakfast
Bread and jelly twenty times a day
Roly Poly, eats a hardy dinner
It takes lots of strength to run and play
He pulls up weeds and does the chores
And he runs both ways to all the stores
He works up an appetite that way
Roly Poly, daddy's little fatty
Bet he's going to be a man some day