

# 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