

# Sherman Allan, Little Butterball

+Little Butterball

I'm called Little Butterball,

Dear Little Butterball,

'Though I could never tell why.

My calories mount.

My cholesterol count

Is as high as an elephant's eye.

They told me to diet.

I promised I'd try it,

Yet somehow my weight would not budge.

Each Metrecal cookie

To me tasted ookie,

So I covered it with hot fudge.

I ate watercresses,

And other such messes,

And pushed all my favorites aside.

I said to the caterers,

'No more mashed potaterers,

Just baked, and hash browned, and french fried."

I sing this sad song

'Cause my diet went wrong,

'Though I honestly tried to pay heed.

I don't care how high

Is an elephant's eye,

But an elephant's rear I don't need!