Allan Sherman, 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