

Billy Gilman, Roley Poley

Roley Poley, gnawin' on a bisquit,
Hungry every minute of the day.
Well now, Roley Poley eatin' corn 'n' 'taters,
Long 's he can chew it it's okay.

He can eat an apple pie,
never even bat an eye.
Likes everything from soup to hay.
Roley Poley, daddy's little fatty,
bet he's gonna be a man someday.

Roley Poley, scrambled eggs for breakfast,
Bread and jelly twenty times a day.
Woah Roley Poley, eats a hardy dinner,
It takes lotsa strenght to run and play.

Pulls up weeds and does the chores,
Runs both ways to all the stores.
He works up an appetite that way,
Roley Poley, daddy's little fatty,
Bet he's gonna be a man someday.