Roly Poly

G C
Roly Poly, eatin' corn n' 'taters
G D7
Hungry every minute of the day
G C
Roly Poly, gnawin' on a biscuit
G D7 G
Long as he can chew it, it's okay.

C G
He can eat an apple pie, An' never even bat an eye
A7 D7
He likes everything from soup to hay
G C
Roly Poly, daddy's little fatty
G D7 G
Bet he's gonna be a man some-day.

Roly Poly, scrambled eggs for breakfast
Bread n' jelly twenty times a day
Roly Poly, eats a hardy dinner
It takes lots of strength to run and play.

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 gonna be a man someday.