

## Little Butterball

Allan Sherman

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!