

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!