

Polka Dots and Moonbeams

Nat King Cole

And when God gave out rhythm
He sure was good to you
You could add, subtract, multiply and divide by two
I know today's your birthday
And I did not buy no rose
But I'll sing this song instead
'An I call it Popsicle Toes

Popsicle Toes
Popsicle Toes are always froze
Popsicle Toes
Oh you're so brave to expose all those Popsicle Toes

You must've been Miss Pennsylvania
With your bedroom attitude
How come you always load your Pentax when I'm in the nude
We ought to have a birthday party
And you can wear your birthday clothes
We can hit the floor and go explore
Those Popsicle Toes

Popsicle Toes (ooh)
Popsicle Toes are always froze (ooh ooh)
Popsicle Toes (wah ooh)
Oh you're so brave to expose all those Popsicle Toes (ooh)

Don't 'cha know you got the nicest North America
This sailor ever saw
I'd like to feel your warm Brazil, touch your Panama
Well your Tierra del Fuegos are nearly always froze
We got to see-saw until we unthaw
Those Popsicle Toes

Popsicle Toes (wah ooh)
Popsicle Toes are always froze (wah ooh)
Popsicle Toes (ooh)
Oh you're so brave to expose all those Popsicle Toes
Popsicle Toes (wah ooh)
Popsicle Toes are always froze (wah ooh)
Popsicle Toes (ooh)
Oh you're so brave to expose all those Popsicle Toes