

On Top of Spaghetti

On top of spaghetti all covered with cheese.
I lost my poor meatball when somebody sneezed.

It rolled off the table, it rolled on the floor,
And then my poor meatball rolled out of the door.

It rolled in the garden and under a bush,
And then my poor meatball was nothing but mush.

The mush was as tasty as tasty could be,
And early next summer it grew to a tree.

The tree was all covered with beautiful moss.
It grew great big meatballs and tomato sauce.

So if you eat spaghetti all covered with cheese,
Hold on to your meatball and don't ever sneeze.

Version 2:

On top of Old Smokey, all covered with sand,
I shot my school teacher, with an red rubber band.

I shot her with pleasure; I shot her with pride,
I could not have missed her, 'cause she's forty feet wide.

She run out to catch me, throwed me 'cross her knee,
But in the seat of my britches, I had my old Geography.

She reached for her ruler, and took a swipe at me,
She missed old Kentucky, but she hit Tennessee.