

## Vic Damone

### "Pot-Bellied Buddah"

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It's kind of blasphemous  
I shouldn't be sayin' this  
But lyin' is not my particular sin  
I talk to God and all  
It seems like I only call  
When easy turns rough and hard or dangerous  
Owe more than I can carry in my fair-weather arms

(I kind of treat him like a...)

[Chorus]

Pot bellied Buddah I take down from my shelf  
When I get in a pickle  
When I can't help myself  
My pot bellied Buddah  
Rub his tummy and pray  
'Til I'm clean out of trouble  
Then I put him back on the shelf for another day

Flappin' my arms again  
"Danger, Will Robinson!"  
Something is spinnin' beyond my control  
That's when the God of all  
Shrinks to a Cupie Doll  
Not what I mean, but do I confess  
Promise whatever if he'll clean up my mess

(Like he's a...)

[Chorus]

Pot bellied Buddah I take down from my shelf  
When I get in a pickle  
When I can't help myself  
My pot bellied Buddah  
Rub his tummy and pray  
'Til I'm clean out of trouble  
Then I put him back on the shelf for another day

(You have offended a Xiaolin temple)

You're so much bigger than I can conceive

You pick me up off a shelf, I believe  
Gave me forever  
A love without end  
You'll be my King and my friend

(Not just a...)

[Chorus] [repeat]  
Pot bellied Buddah I take down from my shelf  
When I get in a pickle  
When I can't help myself  
My pot bellied Buddah  
Rub his tummy and pray  
'Til I'm clean out of trouble  
Then I put him back on the shelf for another day

Yeah yeah

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