

Temple Shirley

"The World Owes Me A Living"

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Oh the world owes me a living

Deedle dardle doodle deedle dum

Oh the world owes me a living

Deedle dardle doodle deedle dum

If I worked hard all day I might

Sleep badder when in bed at night

I sleep all day so that's alright

Deedle dardle doodle deedle dum

There once was an old grasshopper

Who could only think of fun

He looked on work as something too

Unpleasant to be done

He loved to sit in the summer sun

And fiddle all day long

While dozing there he played this air

And singed this little song

The north wind blew the leaves away

When winter came one stormy day

The snow fell fast upon the ground

No food nor shelter could be found

This old grasshopper sad and weak

Could hardly hop or view his feet
He slipped, He fell
Poor Chap, Farewell
Some ants stayed in their hilly home
Looked out and saw him sneezing
They soaked his feet in mustard sauce
He grew better soon
Now every day they hear him play
And sing this little tune
Oh I owe the world a living
Deedle dardle doodle deedle dum, ah-choo!
Oh I owe the world a living
Deedle dardle doodle deedle dum, ah-choo!
I got a bad cold in my head
You ants were right the time you said
You've got to work for all you get
Deedle dardle doodle deedle dum, ah-choo

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