

Cheryl Wheeler "Potato"

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[To the tune of the Mexican Hat Dance]

They're red, they're white, they're brown
They get that way underground
There can't be much to do
So now they have blue ones too.

We don't care what they look like we'll eat them
Any way they can fit on our plate
Every way we can conjure to heat them
We're delighted and think they're just great.

Refrain:

Po ta to, po ta to, po ta to
Po ta to, po ta to, po ta to
Po ta to, po ta to, po ta to
Po ta to, po ta to, po ta to
Po ta to.

Sometimes we ditch the skin
To eat what it's holding in
Sometimes we'd rather please
Have just the outside with cheese.

They have eyes but they do not have faces
I don't know if their feelings get hurt
By just hanging around in dark places
Where they only can stare at the dirt.

Refrain:

Po ta to, po ta to, po ta to
Po ta to, po ta to, po ta to
Po ta to, po ta to, po ta to
Po ta to, po ta to, po ta to
Po ta to.

I guess the use is scant
For other parts of the plant
But that which grows in view
Is eating potato too

I imagine them under their acres

Out in Idaho and up in Maine
Maybe wondering if they'll be bakers
Or knishes or latkes or plain

Refrain:

Po ta to, po ta to, po ta to
Po ta to, po ta to, po ta to
Po ta to, po ta to, po ta to
Po ta to, po ta to, po ta to
Po ta to.

Po ta to, po ta to, po ta to
Po ta to, po ta to...

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