

Shirley Temple "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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