

Tenor Saxophone

On Top of Spaghetti

ON TOP OF SPAGHETTI LYRICS:

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

ON TOP OF OLD SMOKEY LYRICS:

On top of old smokey all covered with snow
I lost my true lover for courting too slow

For courting's a pleasure and parting's a grief
And a false hearted lover is worse than a thief

For a thief will just rob you and take all you save
But a false hearted lover will lead you to the grave

And the grave will decay you and turn you to dust
Not one girl in a hundred a poor boy can trust

They'll hug you and kiss you and tell you more lies
Than cross lines on a railroad or stars in the skies

So come all your maidens and listen to me
Never place your affections on a green willow tree

For the leaves they will wither and the roots they
will die
You'll all be forsaken and never know why.

