

Potato

(to the tune of "Mexican Hat Dance")

New Words:
Cheryl Wheeler

You can find this on the "Songs For Teaching" site. The fabulous Dan Siebel alerted me to this nifty tune.

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!

CHORUS:

Poh-tay-toe, Poh-tay-toe, Poh-tay-toe, Poh--
Tay-toe-poh, Tay-toe-poh, Tay-toe-poh, Tay--
Toe-poh-tay, Toe-poh-tay, Toe-poh-tay, Toe--
Poh-tay-toe, Poh-tay-toe, Poh-tay-toe!

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 that only can stare at the dirt.

CHORUS:

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.

CHORUS: