

# WIM WAM WADDLE

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When I was a little boy, I lived by myself

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All the bread and cheese I had I laid them on the shelf.

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The rats and the mice, they led me such a life,

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I had to go to London to get me self a wife.

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To my wim-wam-waddle, to my Jack Straw straddle,

D

G

To my Johnny's got his fiddle and he's going on home.

The ruts were so wide and the lanes were so narrow,  
I had to bring her home in an old wheelbarrow.

I swapped my wheelbarrow, got me a horse,  
And then I rode from cross to cross.

To my wim-wam-waddle...

I swapped my horse and got me a mare,  
And then I rode from fair to fair.

I swapped my mare and got me a cow,  
But in that trade I didn't know how.

To my wim-wam-waddle...

I swapped my cow and I got me a calf,  
And in that trade I just lost half.

I swapped my calf and I got me a mule.  
And then I rode like a silly old fool.

To my wim-wam-waddle...

I swapped my mule and got me a sheep  
And then I worked myself to sleep.

I swapped my sheep and got me a hen,  
And oh what a pretty thing I had then.

To my wim-wam-waddle...

I swapped my hen and got me a mole  
And the tiny thing went straight for its hole.

To my wim-wam-waddle...

Traditional English Tale of diminishing returns...

## THE DAN ZANES SONG BAG