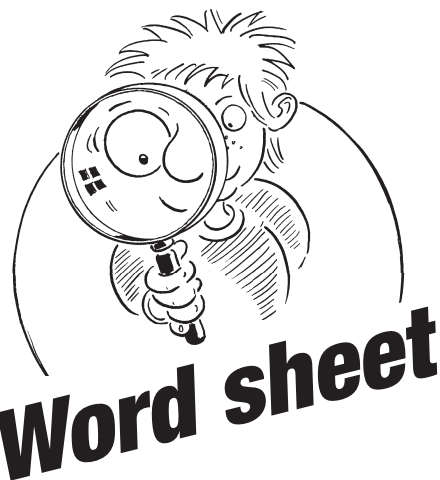


# Singing BOOK 4 Sherlock



## Spuds

### Verse 1

Spuds! Spuds!  
Oh oh so good!  
Eat 'em for your breakfast, your dinner and  
your pud.  
Sautéed, mashed, boiled or chips,  
There's nothing like 'tatoes a passing your lips.

### Verse 2

Spuds! Spuds!  
My favourite dish.  
They're yummy and scrummy and oh so delish.  
I'd eat 'em forever if only I could,  
There's nothing! Nothing!  
As good as a spud!

### Verse 3

Spuds! Spuds!  
Just what I seek.  
Spuds eyes help to see you for meals  
throughout the week.  
Duchess, fried, backed or diced,  
Potato's much better than pasta or rice.

### Verse 4

Spuds! Spuds!  
My favourite dish.  
They're yummy and scrummy and oh so delish,  
I'd eat 'em forever if only I could.  
There's nothing! Nothing!  
As good as a spud!

### Verse 5

Spuds! Spuds!  
Out of the ground.  
Spuds are really friendly, they're good to have a  
round.  
Famished? Yes!  
Don't take risks,  
Make sure you're armed with a packet of crips.

### Verse 6

Spuds! Spuds!  
My favourite dish.  
They're yummy and scrummy and oh so delish.  
We hope that our feelings aren't misunderstood,  
There's nothing! Nothing!  
There really is nothing as good as spud!

*Chris Hazell*

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