

THE POPSICLE SONG

words & music by Scot Cannon

All I really want to be is a Popsicle, a Popsicle.
All I really want to be is a Popsicle, a Popsicle.
If I were to be a tree, what would it mean?
It wouldn't be me.
Even if my leaves were green,
I'd rather be a nectarine.

I don't mind,
if I'm lemon or lime.
I'm just fine,
if you keep me from the sunshine.

If you see me start to drip,
catch my juices with your lip.

All I really want to be is a Popsicle, a Popsicle.
All I really want to be is a Popsicle, a Popsicle.
Where am I going to go?
I really don't have to know.
Long as I'm here with you, drippings fine.
That's what I do.

I don't mind,
if I'm lemon or lime.
I'm just fine,
if you keep me from the sunshine.

I'm not ice cream, chocolate dip.
Please don't run with me or trip.

All I really want to be is a Popsicle, a Popsicle.
All I really want to be is a Popsicle, a Popsicle.
All I really want to be, all I really want to be,
is just a Popsicle, not a Fudgesicle, not an ice cream sandwich.
I don't want to be grape, don't want to be cherry.
How about root beer?
I know what I want. I want blueberry.
Oh come on, Blueberry!
Yeah!

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