On top of spaghetti, all covered with cheese

I lost my poor meatball when somebody sneezed.

It rolled off the table and on to 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 then the next summer it grew into a tree

The tree was all covered, all covered with moss

And on it grew meatballs and tomato sauce

So if you eat spaghetti, all covered with cheese

Hold on to your meatball whenever you sneeze.