

Little Pea, Little Hoot, and Little Oink Song Lyrics



Little Pea

Little Pea was a happy little guy,
Rolling down the hills,
Hanging out with his pea pals,
His life was such a thrill.
But there was one thing that he didn't like.
One thing less than dandy.
When you are a vegetable,
Your meals are made of candy.

Everyday dinner was a different kind of candy,
And he could not wait to finish,
For when he did dessert was waiting for him—
A bowl of spinach in the fridge—

The one thing that he really liked,
Of this he was quite certain.
He wished he could skip out on his candy meals
And eat his vegetable dessert.

Papa Pea tried to set him straight,
Said "If you want to be big and strong,
You need to finish off your plate
Until all of your candy is gone."

One piece, 4 to go,
2nd down, just 3 more,
Shovel down the 3rd and 4th,
Put the fifth piece in your mouth.
Now there, that was fine, don't look now, it's spinach time!

After dessert the peas all sat down and shared a moment of
laughter.
This is where I get to insert that they all lived ha-pea-ly after!



Little Hoot

Once upon a branch was a happy little owl.
Everybody called him Little Hoot.
He liked to play hide and seek,
Liked his lessons at school, (who, whom, whose).
But there was one thing he didn't like—
That was his bedtime.
Owls have to stay up all night,
Owls have to stay up all night.
Little Hoot whined that his friends all had early bedtimes.
Papa Owl didn't give a hoot.
"If you want to grow up to be a wise old owl,
You must heed the rules of the roost."

Yes, if you want to be a wise old owl,
You have stay up all night.
Owls have to stay up all night,
Owls have to stay up all night.
Little Hoot plead, "I'm all ready for bed,—"
Mama said, "One more hour!"
So he played on the jungle gym and flew through the forest,
Then back home jumpin' on the bed.

Finally an hour had passed, and he was ready for bed.
Little Hoot got to sleep for the rest of the night,
Little Hoot got to sleep that night.



Little Oink

Little Oink was a tidy little pig
Meticulous, precise – in the garden he would dig.
I think he just found a truffle,
I think he's using a shovel.
In the mess hall, lunch at school,
Eating sloppy joes with a side of greasy gruel,
And maybe a mud pie.
When you're a little pig
You've got to make a mighty mighty mess,
That's just what you've got to do.
You've got to listen to your Momma Pig and Papa Pig,
That's just what you've got to do.
Little Oink didn't want to make a mess,
He would rather tend to his bonsai tree
Or make a card castle.
Makin' messes was a hassle.
When it was mess up time, he would whine,
"All my friends get to clean their rooms, Oh why can't I?"
The monkey and the mouse and the kitty and the raccoon.

REFRAIN

Before he was allowed to go out and play,
He had to make a mess in the proper piggy way.
So he unmade his bed, dragged in some mud,
Unfolded his clothes, but it wasn't enough.
He could have whined and he could have cried,
Instead he turned his room into a total pigsty,
And his parents were so proud,
They said, "Now you can go out."
And now that Little Oink had finally made a mighty mighty mess,
He got to play with his friends.
They tidied up his room and put his toys back in their bins,
And that's where this story ends.
They all lived hap-pig-ly after.

Music and lyrics by Nick Gage.



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