# Pumpkinville

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There is a house in Pumpkinville
Fourteen stories high
Every room within that house
was filled with pumpkin pie.

Run along home, run along home
And don't forget the way
Run along home with the two bright eyes
And don't forget the way

Big white house and nobody living in it
We'll move in and take it over
And fetch some clover
Then we will be living in it

Florence E. Lusk - collected 7/10/78
by her daughter Margie Honeck.  She learned it as a child in
Franklin, Illinois.
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