

I Have A Wiggly, Jiggly, Tooth

Words and Music by Kim Mitzo Thompson, Karen Mitzo Hilderbrand, Hal Wright.
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I have a wiggly, jiggly wiggly, jiggly, wiggly, jiggly tooth.
I need to twist it, turn it, twist it, turn it, for it's really loose.
It doesn't want to come out and I want to go to bed
But my wiggly, jiggly tooth just keeps hanging by a thread.

I have a wiggly, jiggly, wiggly, jiggly, wiggly, jiggly tooth.
I need to twist it, turn it, twist it, turn it, for it's really loose.
My mom asks, "Does it hurt?" My dad just gives a sigh.
Now my wiggly, jiggly tooth is making me want to cry.

So, I'll take my wiggly tooth and pull with all my might.
That tooth just popped right out.
Wow, what a lovely sight.
And now I have a hole, a beauty, I might add.
I'm smiling and I'm happy. I'm no longer sad.

I'll save my wiggly, jiggly, wiggly, jiggly, wiggly, jiggly tooth.
Yes, I'll save it, save it, save it, for much money it is worth.
Under my pillow it goes. I'm happy from my head to my toe.
For my wiggly, jiggly tooth is worth millions, I suppose.