This is Little Snail. He is sad today.

On Sunday Snail crawls back into his old paint pail. Into the pail without a peep, Little Snail is fast asleep.

Slippery—slow, slippery—slop. Follow the slimy trail—don’t stop. Up the trail without a peep, to Little Snail’s house to go to sleep.
On Monday Little Snail crawls out of his old paint pail.

Slippery-slow, slippery-slop. Follow the slimy trail—don’t stop. Over the tracks without a peep, to Little Snail’s house to go to sleep.

His best friend Jay has moved away.

On Saturday Little Snail crawls up the dusty trail.
On Tuesday Little Snail crawls down a dusty trail.

Slippery--slow, slippery--slop. Making a slimy trail—don’t stop. Over the fields so far away, to Jay’s new house to sing and play.

On Friday Little Snail heads back, past the train.

Let’s slip and slide. Let’s flip and fly. Let’s play in the hay. Let’s paint some clay.
On Wednesday Little Snail crawls by a train.

Slippery-slow, slippery-slop.
Making a slimy trail—don’t stop.
Over the fields so far away, to Jay’s new house to sing and play.

On Thursday Little Snail plays all day with Jay.

Slippery-slow, slippery-slop.
Making a slimy trail—don’t stop.
Over the fields so far away, to Jay’s new house to sing and play.