

Sunday Blue

(sung to the tune of "say it over (and over again)")

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Sunday blue

Walking along with my lover true

And no one can wander the way we do

One SoHo day in the rain

Stop at a store display

Linger a moment, then walk away

Sharing a shower with shades of grey

One SoHo day in the rain

All the taxicabs dressed up in raincoats

Stop to offer us a ride

Many times they've tried but don't they see

What's the use in rushing

Whither would we go

As sweet as strolling slow just you and me

No matter where we land

Don't care what comes of the things we've planned

I'll always recall how you held my hand

One SoHo day in the rain

Tell-tale Kitchen

©2003 Eric Schwartz

The banana's lookin' brown except for where I left that sticker

And the spice rack is empty 'cept for cinnamon, salt and pepper

The tea in the jar is ten years old, Lemon Lint and Chamomold

And the coffeepot is stickin' to the maker,

Which is stickin' to the counter

Soup-can sentinels guard the pre-colonial cupboard

With hibernating honey, tins of tuna and cardboard crackers

And now the brand new honey with the angel face

Wants to come over and see my place

And chewin' on a grape slash raisin I mull it over

But I know it would kill the deal
If she saw my Achilles' heel

Telltale Kitchen
If you want her to stay you best keep her away
Telltale kitchen
Telltale kitchen
The microwave is broken
The smoke detector's smokin'
Telltale kitchen

Over in the fridge the mustard, catsup, mayonnaise and butter
Have formed an uncanny resemblance to each other
And the prehistoric bagels in the bag in the back
Are hiding from the dairy on the death row rack
As the fish flavored iceberg spawns upstream in the freezer

You would think that the sink wouldn't stink
'Cuz it looks like it's hardly been used
But who knows what grows in the disposal
After years of beers half drunk get dumped
And no-one's fixin' the water pump

Telltale Kitchen
If you want her to stay you best keep her away
Telltale Kitchen
Telltale Kitchen
If you are what you eat
I'm maggoty meat
Telltale Kitchen

The blender's on a bender fermenting the remainder
Of a porridge of origin too ancient to remember
But mercifully the rubber cap is permanently stuck there
So the substrate self-perpetuates ad-nauseainfinitum
My ego is an ego sequestered in the freezer
Like an Eskimo they leggo for bein' a grumpy geezer
And the trough-full of drosophila assaulting the falafel
Make the Amityville horde look like a hospital ward

Telltale kitchen
If you want her to stay you best keep her away
Telltale kitchen
Telltale kitchen
The garbage had grown
A bouquet of its own
Telltale kitchen

Moishe the Kid

©1993 Eric Schwartz

Not long ago on one fine day in Flushing, Queens
The month was May
A day with more than normal count of smog
The word went out to stay inside, from Tel Aviv to Telluride
'Cause Moishe the Kid was leashin' up his dog

Well he's a quiet man who loves his mutts
He loves 'em so he drives 'em nuts
He's caring and he's giving to a fault
But just watch out where you park your car,
You just might end up at the bar
And laying down a lawsuit for assault

Well oy vey and a yippie tiay and you might say his hair is grey but I'm telling
you he's got shtetl dust in his blood
Well baruch-hu and a yippie tiyou I'm telling you he's an ornery Jew who knocks
'em flat and chugs himself a bud

Well on that day he hit the drive, you saw his eyes just come alive, His jaw 'bout
nearly almost hit the floor
'Cause he could tell just by the tread, sides of green, top of red
This stagecoach was the Chevy from next door
He sidled over to the guy and let out with a pitied sigh
And punched him 'til the joik was walking blind
And as Fido fertilized the flowers, mechanics had to work for hours
'Cuz just one punch and his wheels were misaligned

Well oy vey and a yippie tiay and you might say his hair is grey but I'm telling
you he's got shtetl dust in his blood
Well baruch-hu and a yippie tiyou I'm telling you he's an ornery Jew Who knocks
'em flat and chugs himself a bud

Well, Moishe the Kid just tarried there
With his neighbor in intensive care
As a seven forty-seven crossed the moon
He stopped to savor the midnight smog
And whistled out to his trusty dog
And stepped back into his very own saloon
Now if you want to try you hand, and be the baddest in the land
Don't say I didn't warn you, 'cause I did
And remember, please that fateful day
When the sorry soul got towed away
For parkin' in the path of Moishe the Kid

Well oy vey and a yippie tiay and you might say his hair is grey but I'm telling
you he's got shtetl dust in his blood
Well baruch-hu and a yippie tiyou I'm telling you he's an ornery Jew Who knocks
'em flat and chugs himself a bud

Great Big World

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Sun comes into my room I jump out a bed
Go straight to the kitchen put some coffee on and toast some bread
Brand new morning, gotta get going,
Turn on the shower make it in before the water's flowing
Shave brush scrape flush rinse comb mints pluck
Gel squirt smell shirt pants socks shoes clock's
Tellin' me eight thirty-five, hey it's great to be alive
Pour the coffee, drink the juice, inhale the toast and turn me loose

On this great big world you just watch me go
I am super man catch me if you can
Mister great big world you have met your match
I will call your bluff you will see how tough I am

My footsteps on the sidewalk make a rhythm like a train
As I'm getting near the bus stop it pulls up to let the people in

I take a breath, my footsteps slow
I stop and smile wave good-bye, smack the side, watch it go
Cross the street to the deli, six-pack and a dozen jelly
Donuts and a lotto ticket say a prayer and let them pick it
Pay the tab, grab the bag, step out side take a drag
Marlboro hard pack everybody step back

It's a great big word and it's mine all mine
I will get things done I will make it shine
It's a great big world you have met your match
Watch the way I thrive as I kick it into overdrive

Then I remember today's episode of Jerry Springer
It's gonna be a doozie it's a floozy with a quadriplegic daughter
Who's a swinger
So I better not linger

I run back home and I put the groceries on the table
Turn on the tube, thousand channels of pirate cable
Strip down to my underwear, scratch myself, crack a beer
Sit back, have a laugh at all the stupid white trash
On the Jerry Springer show, dozen donuts in a row
Take my laptop to the john, boot up sign on
Check my email spank my monkey
Check my email spank my monkey
Smoke a doobie smoke another spank my monkey call my mother

It's a great big world and I'm proud of me
For being just what I wanna be, wanna be
It's a great big world and it's mine all mine
And I'll be this way 'til the end of time
Great Big World

Children's Songs

©2002 Eric Schwartz

There's a monster in the toilet and he wants to eat your poo
So you better hurry up because he'd just as soon eat you
He's coming, he's coming, here he comes!!!

There's a bomb in the bed

And it goes off when it gets wet
Pleasant dreams, little girl, pleasant dreams

It hurts your food when you chew it
It hurts your food when you chew it
So next time you eat, think twice, don't do it
'Cuz it hurts your food when you chew it

When women get pregnant, Strange tricks the lord plays
Each of them change in their own special ways
Some will crave pickles
Some will knit socks
Mommy stored lipids like gold at Fort Knox
If there's one thing I have found to be true
Mommy is fat because mommy had you

Mommy Drinks because you cry

Who Da Bitch Now?

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Well, you found you a coon
Tied him to a truck
He was looking at your girl
Yeah, he was looking for a ride
But you showed that bitch, dintcha?
Now tell your story while the others pinch ya
'Cuz now you're bunkmates with Bubba
Who won't use no rubba
For the maximum sentence the law would allow
So tell me boys...
Who Da Bitch Now?

Well, you found you a queer
You promised him some head
Drove him out, tied him up, beat him down and left him for dead
"That's what you get bitch"
Well that's what you said
You didn't see it was wrong, no you were only seeing red...
But now you'll see pinstripes
Bunched around your ankles every night

You'll get used to it much quicker
If you give up the fight and just allow...
And Who Da Bitch Now?

The irony is plain to see
If you know the definition
You try to be B.M.O.C.
And end up in this position...

You found you a Haitian
Brought him down to the station
You boinked him with a broomstick
As a standard operation
You thought you'd hide your violence
Behind that big blue wall of silence
But now you're roomin'
With some of the bitches you've been broomin'
I applaud the situation, but I wouldn't take a bow
Just tell me, officer, Who Da Bitch Now?

Well this morning's communion went off without a hitch
So you said a benediction and made the alter boy your bitch
The most accursed criminal to hide behind a hymnal
But they hung you like a jury with a tube sock for a rope
The paparazzi waited
For a comment from the pope who just said 'ciao'
And "who da beetch now!"

Is It Wrong (To Want To Be Loved By Someone As Lovely As You?)

©1999 Eric Schwartz

I saw her sittin' 'cross the smoky room
She appeared to be alone
She had a face to make the angels swoon
She had a figure make a dead man moan

Ordered one of what she was drinkin'
Sent it over with a paper napkin
On the other side I had written
Nothin' fancy, just a simple question....

Is it wrong to want to be loved by someone as lovely as you?

She asked waiter where the drink had come from
He pointed over in my direction
She looked at me and she nodded thank you
Then he told her 'bout my inscription

She turned it over and she read it slowly
It was subtle but I think she smiled
She got up and started walking towards me...
I tried to hide it as my heart went wild when she said:

Is it wrong to want to be loved by someone as lovely as you?

She took my by the hand, led me out to the floor
She got real close and we started dancin'
I said I can't believe this, you're so amazing,
I didn't even think I stood a chance 'n'
Here we are, romancin'...

A bottle broke and it woke me from the daydream
I looked over there and she was gone
So I went over and I found that napkin
With a circle where she put her drink on
Fold it up, and I put it in my pocket
Paid the tab and hit the pavement
Started humming as I walked along
Didn't get the girl but I got this song....

Is it wrong to want to be loved by someone as lovely as you?

Don't Ask Me What I'm Doing

©2001 Eric Schwartz

Maybe some day I'll decide to stop thinking
Get a job and achieve the approval of my neighbors
Buy myself a beemer and a condo out in Vail
Send my boys off to college if I can keep them out of jail

Maybe then I'll winter down Florida
Make myself a melanoma yarmulke, take lots of short walks
Eat prunes fear salt wear plaid drive slow
And take herbal tea with my early bird special
Pray that my memory lasts as long as me
And sit around the sauna counting varicose vessels

Don't ask me what I'm doing don't ask me why I'm doing it
I'll do what I wanna do
Don't ask me what I'm doing don't ask me why I'm doing it
I'll do what I wanna do
Don't ask me what I'm doing don't ask me why I'm doing it
I'll do what I wanna do
Don't ask me what I'm doing don't ask me why I'm doing it
I'll do what I wanna do

Maybe some day I should learn about god,
Buy the book rent the flick hell anything tell me why
The first thing they did was put an izmeil* to my dick
Snippy snip mazel tov hey really makes me want to pray
Build me an ashram up in Waltham,
Decorate a warehouse and meditate on toe-jam
Dow Zen Krishna Buddha anything at all to help me
Ease the woulda coulda shoulda blues
Pardon my expression but it's kinda hard not to laugh
At anybody wearing those shoes

Don't ask me what I'm doing don't ask me why I'm doing it
I'll do what I wanna do
Don't ask me what I'm doing don't ask me why I'm doing it
I'll do what I wanna do
Don't ask me what I'm doing don't ask me why I'm doing it
I'll do what I wanna do
Don't ask me what I'm doing don't ask me why I'm doing it
I'll do what I wanna do

Maybe someday I could find myself a girl
With a really long fuse and a forgiving sense of humor
She wouldn't have to clean unless
She couldn't stand the normal mess
That piles up around me inexplicably

Find ourselves a preacher rent ourselves a hall
Tie the knot go home put the pre-nup on the wall
Get down to the task of putting up with each other
'Til the war becomes worse than the prospect of divorce
If this interests anyone, see me when the show's done
With this caveat...I tend to sweat a lot

Don't ask me what I'm doing don't ask me why I'm doing it
I'll do what I wanna do
Don't ask me what I'm doing don't ask me why I'm doing it
I'll do what I wanna do
Don't ask me what I'm doing don't ask me why I'm doing it
I'll do what I wanna do
Don't ask me what I'm doing don't ask me why I'm doing it
I'll do what I wanna do

Only Be

© 1995, Eric Schwartz

The traveler is tired, the sun will soon set
I once was inspired, but why, I forget
I've seen thru the city and all that it's not
Though really, I don't need a lot

Just build me a cabin, surround me with snow
'Cause I'd love to go where there's nowhere to go
With someone beside me sippin' on tea
And under the afghan we'll be, only be

The rats have all scurried, the streets are all bare
But tomorrow the hurried and worried and scared
Will be scratching the sidewalk for a last piece of cheese
And all I can ask you is "Please..."

Just build me a cabin surround me with snow
'Cause I'd love to go where there's nowhere to go
With someone beside me sippin' on tea
And under the afghan we'll be, Only Be

The kettle is calling from over the stove

Never a fire was so lovingly felt
Under drifts that the winter winds drove
In a world where the snows never melt

Hour after hour, I sit and I stare
Watching the faces emerge from the glare
They rise and descend into dust
I don't want to leave but I know that I must

Thus armed with an image, I'll walk with the blind
My road is a rough one, to this I'm resigned
But when searching for solace, it's not very far
'Cause whenever I grab by guitar

I'm stuck in a cabin, surrounded with snow
And happy to be where there's nowhere to go
With someone beside me, sippin' on tea
And under the afghan with me

So build me a cabin surround me with snow
'Cause I'd love to go where there's nowhere to go
With someone beside me sippin' on tea
And under the afghan we'll be, Only Be

Houston, We Have a Problem

©2000, 2001 Eric Schwartz

Your birthday is coming
Don't worry, I'm aware
I've been trying to find you something
Just to show how much I care
But I just couldn't tell
'Til I bought that Mademoiselle
Now I know just what I'm gonna do
Now I'm shavin' off my muff for you

'Cuz lately when you love me
You've seemed a little cross
And then after, when you're brushing
You refuse the dental floss

Even when it was mint
But I can take a hint
Now the only question's one blade or two
When I'm shavin' off my muff for you

My friends keep axin' "girl, haven't you tried waxin'?"
"Or that depilatory cream"
My ex-friend Katie lent me her Epilady
And I found out how loud I could screeeeeeeeemmmm

Now there's gonna be stubble
But darlin', duty calls
So get down there on the double
If you want to keep your balls
'Cuz I scraped and I scratched
Even had to pluck a patch
Cuz even my Mach Three wouldn't do
When I'm shavin' off my muff
Shavin' off my muff
Shavin off my muff for you

No other woman is gonna shave as close
Now my little box of funk
Looks like a Buddhist Monk
And not like no Chasidic Jew

Now that I'm shavin off my muff
Shavin' off my muff
Shavin off my muff for you

I'm Gonna Piss On A Hornet's Nest (4W)

©2003 Eric Schwartz

I'm gonna piss on a hornet's nest
I'm gonna piss on a hornet's nest
I'm gonna piss on a hornet's nest
I hope I don't get stung

Everybody's tellin' me I shouldn't oughta do it
Everybody's tellin' me I shouldn't oughta do it

Everybody's tellin' me I shouldn't oughta do it
But Daddy said it's ok

So I'm gonna piss on a hornet's nest
I'm gonna piss on a hornet's nest
I'm gonna piss on a hornet's nest
I hope I don't get stung

Should I do it with the school bus going by
Should I do it with the school bus going by
Should I do it with the school bus going by
I'll just tell 'em to duct tape their windows

I'm gonna piss on a hornet's nest
I'm gonna piss on a hornet's nest
I'm gonna piss on a hornet's nest
I hope I don't get stung

Now I'm lyin' on a gurney with some stingers in my thing
Now I'm lyin' on a gurney with some stingers in my thing
Now I'm lyin' on a gurney with some stingers in my thing
What am I gonna do?

I'm gonna piss on a hornet's nest
I'm gonna piss on a hornet's nest
I'm gonna piss on a hornet's nest
I hope I don't get stung

Jesus Envy

©2003 Eric Schwartz

Snow is falling in the city
Past the windows which cast a glow
Through the curtains, friends and flirtin'
Christmas trees and mistletoe
Snow keeps fallin' in the city
Powdered sugar on the hats of passersby
And all I can do is eat Moo Shu

And cry, cry, cry

Cuz I've got Jesus Envy
Jesus Envy

I remember each December
As the preparations reached a fevered peak
And the Tabors, my next-door neighbors
Would jump into high gear each Christmas week
And all their tree lights and other delights
Made my menorah look like someone's cruel hoax
'Til my shrink, Dr. Charoses made the diagnosis
And named the feeling that each Christmastime evokes

He called it Jesus Envy
Jesus Envy

Don't get me wrong. I'm proud to be a member of the tribe
But I abhor Manischewitz all the more
With every glass of eggnog I imbibe
And I always give a dollar to the sidewalk Santas
As they ring their little bells outside the stores
Cuz they say that Christmas isn't Christmas without the Salvation Army
And herpes isn't herpes without the sores

Old Ebenezer was a grumpy grouchy geezer
Who would rather lose a leg than spend a pound
One day I asked him why, and his answer was surprising
He said he couldn't find a tzedakah box around
You see, old Ebenezer was really Eleazer
And he didn't say "Bah Humbug
Just the baruch-hu
Maybe Ebenezer just had Jesus envy too

He had Jesus Envy
Jesus Envy

Aisle B

©2002 Eric Schwartz

My girlfriend got sick
And she needed a few things
But she couldn't get out of her bed
So she wrote me a list
She sent me to the drugstore
I went up to the sales girl and said

"Tell me...where are the tampons and
Tell me, how to heal canker sores
Sell me what you take with a cramp on
Cuz if she don't stop whining
She won't need no tampons no more..."

She said
"Aisle b
That's where you'll find them
Aisle b
Near the feminine sprays"
Aisle b
Where they'd carefully aligned them
To make damn well sure
I'd be shopping for tampons for days...

So I picked up a basket, and went down and found her
Anything she could squirt or insert or inject
And when I was done
I brought them up to the counter
Where each item I bought was price-checked

Hair pluckers, zit suckers, unstuckers for stomach unease
Inner incense for a scent like a warm country breeze...

I later discovered the whole thing was a setup
They taped me from beginning to end
I shoulda known better,
This chick hasn't let up since she found out I did her best friend

I packed up my things
With my ego eroded
I went back to live with my mom
If you don't believe me

The mpeg's uploaded at "guysbuyingtampons.com"

Aisle b the dreams aren't stopping

Aisle b, never again

Aisle b, girls, do your own shopping

Unless you are trying to make a mess of your men....

* In the recording, the word "Zimmel" is used...this mistake demonstrates the pitfalls of using "Porky's Two" as source material.