

Allan Sherman, The Bronx Bird Watcher

On a branch of a tree sat a little tomtit
Singing willow, tit willow, tit willow
An uncomfortable place for a boidie to sit
Singing willow, tit willow, tit willow
So I said to him, "Boidie, why don't you go way?"
He said, "Thanks very much, but I'm planning to stay
I'm gung sit on that branch for the rest of the day
Singing willow, tit willow, tit willow"
So I said to him, "Boidie, you look so distraught
Singing willow, tit willow, tit willow
You gonna be glad when you'll see what I brought
A pillow, a pillow, a pillow"
I said, "Boidie, your pardon I humbly would beg
Put this comfortable pillow right under your leg"
He said, "Leave me alone while I'm laying an egg
Uh willow, tit willow, tit willow"
That night by the light of a matzoh ball moon
Singing willow, tit willow, tit willow
That boidie was singing the same catchy tune
Willow, tit willow, tit willow
And I came, and I took him right down from his branch
And I brought him back home to mine split level ranch
And I said to my wife, "Here's a gift for you, Blanche
He sings 'willow, tit willow, tit willow"
Next morning I got up and went to the shop
Singing willow, tit willow, tit willow
That tune was so catchy, it just wouldn't stop
Willow willow willow titty willow willow willow
Titty willow willow willow willow
That night I said, "Blanche, how's the bird?" She said, "Well
The boid was delicious, it tasted just swell
But as I fricaseed him, he gave out a yell
'Oi willow, tit willow, tit willow