

# 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, &quot;Boidie, why don't you go way?&quot;  
He said, &quot;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&quot;  
So I said to him, &quot;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&quot;  
I said, &quot;Boidie, your pardon I humbly would beg  
Put this comfortable pillow right under your leg&quot;  
He said, &quot;Leave me alone while I'm laying an egg  
Uh willow, tit willow, tit willow&quot;  
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, &quot;Here's a gift for you, Blanche  
He sings 'willow, tit willow, tit willow&quot;  
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, &quot;Blanche, how's the bird?&quot; She said, &quot;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