

# Eric Schwartz, Moishe The Kid

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  
"cause just one punch and his wheels were misaligned

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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

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