

# Sherman Allan, Kiss Of Myer

+Kiss of Myer

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The girls go crazy when they get a kiss from Myer.

A kiss from Myer is the acme of desire.

The kiss of Myer makes their temperature get higher.

The kiss of Myer lit the Great Chicago Fire.

He has a way that makes the ladies feel exalted.

He'll take you out and treat you to a chocolate malted.

And some pistachio nuts, a nickel's worth, unsalted.

And after that, little girl, you're through.

He'll try to lure you, one night when stars are twinkly,

He'll call and say, "Come over, we'll watch TV."

But I assure you, you'll see no Huntley-Brinkley,

'Cause Myer hasn't got a TV set.

What does he need it?

He'd never use it.

To him, the Late Late Show is you!

The kiss of Myer is so sweet that none is sweeter.

The girls can't wait for him to come and read their meter.

He's known all over as the Bronx La Dolce Vita.

The Cary Grant of the Grand Concourse.

Whatever Myer wants, Myer gets.

And that's his name.

His name is Myer Goetz!