

Sherman Allan, Shine On Harvey Bloom

+Shine On, Harvey Bloom

My name is Mr. Bloom, and I'm from New Rochelle,
And I sing this happy tune,
Because my son, the astronaut, young Harvey Bloom,
Has landed on the moon.

My wife and I, we miss our little Harvey so,
Back here in New Rochelle,
That every single night,
In the pale moonlight,

We walk out on the patio and yell:

Shine on, shine on, Harvey Bloom-- up in the sky.

You have been in orbit since January, February, June and July.

Don't come back too soon, we rented out your room.

So shine on, shine on, Harvey Bloom-- up there on the moon.

We'll miss you on the holidays, this year they're coming later.

We hope you have a very lovely seder in your crater.

Your mama sent the astronauts some chicken soup at school.

They're using it instead of rocket fuel.

If you like outer space, you oughta see your sister Janet.

She came in with a hairdo that is from another planet.

Your girl friend Shirley misses you, the Air Force says she had

A temper tantrum on the launching pad.

Shine on, shine on, Harvey Bloom-- up in the sky.

Under separate cover, I'm sending you some pickles and a corned beef on rye.

You brought Bromo Seltzer with you, I presume.

So shine on, shine on, Harvey Bloom.

Harvey Bloom is on the moon, oh yeah!