

Allan Sherman, Grow, Mrs. Goldfarb

Grow, Mrs Goldfarb, fatter, fatter
Pile the potatoes on your platter
Listen to me, 'cause I'm your hubby
I just adore you plump and chubby
I got a letter from the state, dear
You're gonna need a license plate, dear
My little elephant joke come true
Chew, Mrs Goldfarb, chew
There is so much more of you
More to adore of you, 'cause you're not slender
In your white dress, you're a doll
Big as the Taj Mahal, in all its splendor
When you're in department stores
Don't use revolving doors, you might get stuck, dear
When you use the telephone
Go in the booth alone and lots of luck, dear
You had for breakfast, two pounds bacon
Three dozen eggs, one coffee cake
And then you had something really awful
Four kippered herrings on a waffle
Nine English muffins, one baked apple
Boston cream pie, Philadelphia scrapple
Seventeen bowls of Crispy Crunch
Then you said, "What's for lunch?"
Sweetheart, you are giant size
You are Lane Bryant size, my darling Myrtle
Last Thanksgiving I was thrilled
You ate so much, you killed, your living girdle
Have another dozen shrimp
My lovely little blimp, don't count a calorie
I have just received a stub
I owe the Diner's Club, a whole year's salary
Eat, Mrs Goldfarb, daily, nightly
Eat, though your chair is bending slightly
Love of my life, I'm glad I found you
Each day I take a walk around you
I can't forget when we got married
Over the threshold I got carried
No other bride would be so sweet
Eat, Mrs Goldfarb, eat