Sherman Allan, Grow Mrs Goldfarb Grow

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 threshhold I got carried.
No other bride would be so sweet.
Eat, Mrs. Goldfarb, Eat!