

Sherman Allan, The Bronx Bird Watcher

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On a branch of a tree sat a little tomtit,
Singing willow, tit willow, tit willow.
An uncomfortable place for a boidie to sit,
Singing willow, tit willow, tit willow.
So I said to him, "Boidie, why don't you go way?"
He said, "Thenks very much, but I'm planning to stay.
I'm gung sit on that branch for the rest of the day,
Singing willow, tit willow, tit willow."
So I said to him, "Boidie, you look so distraught.
Singing willow, tit willow, tit willow.
You gonna be glad when you'll see what I brought.
A pillow, a pillow, a pillow."
I said, "Boidie, your pardon I humbly would beg.
Put this comfortable pillow right under your leg."
He said, "Leave me alone while I'm laying an egg.
Uh willow, tit willow, tit willow."
That night by the light of a matzoh ball moon,
Singing willow, tit willow, tit willow.
That boidie was singing the same catchy tune.
Willow, tit willow, tit willow.
And I came, and I took him right down from his branch,
And I brought him back home to mine split-level ranch,
And I said to my wife, "Here's a gift for you, Blanche.
He sings 'willow, tit willow, tit willow.'"
Next morning I got up and went to the shop,
Singing willow, tit willow, tit willow.
That tune was so catchy, it just wouldn't stop.
Willow willow willow titty willow willow willow
titty willow willow willow willow.
That night I said, "Blanche, how's the bird?" She said, "Well,
The boid was delicious, it tasted just swell.
But as I fricaseed him, he gave out a yell:
'Oi willow, tit willow, tit willow.'"