

Shticks Of One Kind And Half A Dozen Of The Other

Allan Sherman

+Shticks Of One Kind And Half A Dozen Of The Other
She wheels her wheelbarrow
Through streets that are narrow,
Her barrow is narrow, her hips are too wide.
So wherever she wheels it,
The neighborhood feels it,
Her girdle keeps scraping the homes on each side.
In Dublin's fair city,
Where girls are so pretty,
My Molly stands out 'cause she weighs 18 stone.
(That's 256 pounds.)
I don't mind her fat--but,
It's not only that--but,
She's cockeyed and muscle-bound, Molly Malone.
I know a man, his name is Lang,
And he has a neon sign.
And Mister Lang is very old,
So they call it Old Lang's Sign.
Oh what have you done, Billy Sol, Billy Sol.
Oh what have you done, charming Billy.
You took almost every cent
From the U.S. Government,
Which you spent on fertilizer, which is silly.
All day, all night, Cary Grant.
That's all I hear from my wife, is Cary Grant.
What can he do that I can't?
Big deal, big star, Cary Grant.
Oh the moon is bright tonight upon the car wash.
So I'm having my Volkswagen washed again.
But the way things go with me, the way my luck is,
Just as soon as they're finished, it will rain.
On top of Old Smoky,
All covered with hair,
Of course I'm referring
To Smoky The Bear.
Every time you take vaccine,
Take it orally.
As you know the other way
Is more painfully.
My grandfather's clock was the best ever made
By the Timex company.
Just like the clock John Cameron Swayze displayed
Last night on the old TV.
Oh it works under water so perfectly,
And still makes a ticking sound.
Which my grandfather tried only this afternoon,
And that's how the old man drowned.
Do not make a stingy sandwich.
Pile the cold cuts high.
Customers should see salami
Coming through the rye.
Oh I diet all day and I diet all night,
It's enough to drive me bats.
Got no gravy or potatoes,
'Cause the whole refrigerator's
Fulla polyunsaturated fats.
Fare thee well, Metrecal,

And the others of that ilk.
Let the diet start tomorrow,
'Cause today I'll drown my sorrow
In a double malted milk.
When you go to the delicatessen store,
Don't buy the liverwurst.
Don't buy the liverwurst.
Don't buy the liverwurst.
I repeat what I just said before,
Don't buy the liverwurst.
Don't buy the liverwurst.
Oh buy the corned beef if you must,
The pickled herring you can trust,
And the lox puts you in orbit AOK.
But that big hunk of liverwurst
Has been there since October First,
And today is the Twenty-Third of May.
So when you go to the delicatessen store,
Don't buy the liverwurst.
Don't buy the liverwurst.
Don't buy the liverwurst.
It'll make your insides awful sore.
Don't buy the liverwurst.
Don't buy the liverwurst.