

Es Gezunt

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*I used to feel so guilty when sitting down to dine
About how much I like to eat and where my tastes incline
But lately I have realized, as I pile my plate with food
That given where I'm coming from, I'm eating as I should, for—*

If the Good Lord had meant Jews to eat healthy food, He would never have given us *kishka*
He'd have given us tofu, like they eat in Japan
He'd have made rusks and dulce part of our diet plan
He'd have never allowed us salami, chopped liver, corned beef, or pastrami.

If God had meant Jews to have healthy insides, He would never have made us eat *matza*
On Passover we'd eat granola instead
Or, you know, come to that, He'd just let us eat bread
As it is, we go all out of kilter by dining on fish that's "*gefilter.*"

If the *K'dosh Borukh Hu* had meant Jews to eat right, we'd have never found out about *flanken*
We'd have had chicken soup and a noodle or two
But *knishes*? Forget it—they'd be strictly taboo
And we'd never have grown to adults if as children our tongues had touched *shmaltz*.

If Jews had been meant to be athletes and jocks, we'd have never been tempted by *kugel*
We'd have just eaten yoghurt and crispy rice cakes
And for breakfast some fruit with dry toast or bran flakes
And we'd all spend the night in de-tox just for eating cream cheese with our lox.

Now none of these arguments works on my Dad, who eternally *hucks* me a *tchainik*
Saying, "Son, you are digging your grave with your teeth
And we'll have to sit *shiva* when you're underneath—
This is not just an old *kukker* fibbin'; that's what happens to those who *fress gribn!*"