

Everyone Loves *Shabbes* But the Chickens

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Everyone loves *shabbes* but the chickens
They don't think the holiday is fair
They know they're always asked to *shabbes* dinner
But they realize it's all downhill from there
Chickens as a rule stick close together
And they don't like to stray far from the coop
So *shabbes* makes them insecure
'Cause one by one, they're *plat du jour*
As *shmaltz*, chopped liver, main course, and the soup.

Everyone loves *shabbes* but the chickens
Who fear that *shabbes* fare might make us bored
In fact, they worry lest their fellow creatures
Might think that *shabbes*-wise they've been ignored—
They wonder if we might prefer some brisket
Roast turkey, *flanken*, ribs, or New York strips
Pastrami, *kishke*, *matza brei*
Salami or corned beef on rye
Or *takeh*, how about some fish and chips?

Everyone loves *shabbes* but the chickens
But they appreciate how much it means
To Jews wherever they may be residing—
Toronto, Paris, or the Philippines
And so they wish us all a *guten shabbes*
(That is, of course, if they could really speak)
They'd thank us for a pleasant year
And say, "*Im yirtza shem, ba dir!*"—
Then hope that they could say the same next week.