

# OY OY! (By Bubby Holly)

(Tune: Oh Boy!)

*Revised lyrics © Paul Finkleman*

Oy! Mine son! Mine little boy.

Word's gone out you're going with a goy!

Oy oy! (Oy Vey!) What you're doing to me!

Oy oy! (Oy Vey!) Oh! Can't you see, that you are hurting me?

All my life, I tried to fix ya

with a Jewish girl, now you're goin' with a shikse!

Oy oy! (Oy Vey!) What you're doing to me

Oy oy! (Oy Vey!) Oh! Can't you see that you are killing me?

I can't go to the meeting at Hadassah.

Everyone will know, the place will be a-buzz. Aw...

I'm so embarrassed, don't you think that it's a

fine way to thank us for doin' your Bar-Mitzvah?

Why can't you be like your cousin Lenny?

Date Jewish girls. Why not? There are so many!

Oy oy! (Oy Vey!) What you're doing to me

Oy oy! (Oy Vey!) Oh! Can't you see that you are killing me?

Oy! Mine son! Mine little boyim.

You tell me you're going mit the goyim

Oy oy! (Oy Vey!) What you're doing to me

Oy oy! (Oy Vey!) Oh! Can't you see that you are hurting me?

You can't imagine the pain you're inflictin'.

This won't help your father's heart condition.

You say she's an angel and a cherub,

but her mother is a Catholic, her father is an Arab!

All my life, I made knishes, and she doesn't even know what gefilte fish is!

Oy oy! (Oy Vey!) What you're doing to me

Oy oy! (Oy Vey!) Oh! Can't you see . . .

that you are killing me? ... And your father!