



## Jack Schwartz

Rabbi Shalom Levine-Vocal; Yaron Gershovsky-Piano; Gershon Veroba-Keyboards; Rabbi Gavriel Sanders-Guitar; Gal Gershovsky-Drums; Tony Montalbo-Upright Bass

He stood five-foot-ten in his double-knit slacks  
Checking all the merchandise on his racks  
With an alligator sewn to his golfing shirt,  
Everybody knows you don't give no dirt to Jack Schwartz.

Every morning at dawn you can see him arise In suburbia from a bed king size  
Everybody knows that you don't tee off Jack Schwartz  
When Yom Kippur arrived he just wasn't seen  
He was out puttin' round on the 13th green  
He knew how to swing, he know how to slice  
He was golfing away his good Jewish life...Jack Schwartz.

Well, were all gonna' miss his beloved soul,  
But lightning struck on the 14th hole.  
His life was just a big sand trap,  
Because he never overcame his handicap...Jack Schwartz.

And the gates of heaven, they're closed to sin  
And ol' Jack Schwartz was not let in.  
He banged on them gates with all his force,  
But a voice said, "sorry... par for the course, Jack Schwartz!"

There's a tombstone now by the 18th hole  
Where they buried his dearly departed soul  
And I guess it had to happen sooner or later,  
He was buried in a tallis with an alligator...Jack Schwartz.