



Miser of The Town

Sam Glaser-Vocal; Gershon Veroba-Guitars, Keyboards; Gal Gershovsky-Drums; Tony Montalbo-Bass

No one had a friendly word to say,
When he came by they all just looked away.
The mention of his name just brought a frown.
He was known as the miser of the town

In synagogue they never called his name.
People wondered why he even came.
Little children cursed him up and down,
They were told he was the miser of the town.

Well the years they came and went,
No one saw a penny spent
And he spent his final hour all alone.
And when they heard he died,
Not a single person cried
And they buried him somewhere without a stone.

The rabbi heard a knockin' on his door,
A cripple lady stood there old and poor.
She asked him for a little food to eat
And could she come inside a while just to speak.

“You see, till last week we were okay,
For years somebody's brought us food each day.
We never saw him come and or heard him go
And who this person is we just don't know.”

Every single day that week,
someone new came by to speak,
The orphan girl, the blind man with his cane.
And rumors sorta' grew
about a philanthropic Jew
who gave a lot but never gave his name.

I guess you all can figure out the rest,
In charity the miser was the best.
He was buried properly
With the towns apology,
In a place of honor he was laid to rest

In a Jewish graveyard somewhere there's a stone
For a man who kept his charity unknown
And on this stone these simple words are found

“We are wiser about the miser of our town.”
“We are wiser about the miser of our town.”