

Lit**"Mushnik And Son"**

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How would you like to be my son?
How would you like to be my own adopted boy?
(I never liked him much before,
But count the cash that's in the drawer
I've got no choice - I'm much too poor -)
Say yes (what for?) Seymour I want to
Be your dad

I'll gladly treat you
Like my blood and my own flesh
(Like Ozzie Nelson, Dave and Rick?)
Like Honey Fitz and take your pick
(Then kiss me quick, I'll be your son)
Don't make me sick just be my son

Muchnik and Son sounds great
Three words with the ring of fate
So say you'll incorporate with me
A florist's dream come true
Mushnik and his boychik, you-
What business we'll do for F.T.D.

Like Andy Hardy and the Judge
Like Zeus and Mercury
Like Dumas Fils and Pere
(In trouble sickness and in health)
We'll share the plant and share the wealth
I'll call my lawyer (call me son)

Mushnik and Son, that's that
(Officially I'm your brat)
Consider the matter closed and done
Now to the world let's stick
Our senior and junior shtick
(Through thin and through thick)
Through sloppy and slick
Through kiss and through kick
Mushnik and Son!

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