

Rick Moranis

"Mean Old Man"

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I ain't from nowhere near Kentucky.
No right to sing them southern blues.
I'm from Toronto, snowy city,
From a neighbourhood of Jews.

Don't get no high from Blue Ridge Mountains.
I get no buzz from Bowling Green.
After a long day on the golf course,
I like to take a little steam.

That mean old man, who gives the plaitzas
Hot, foamy eucalyptus leaves.
He hits so hard, my skin is burning.
Well you should see the welts he leaves.
That mean old man.

They want to play a little poker.
Promise me I won't lose my shirt.
Every mensch, a Cuban smoker.
I can't sit down, my butt still hurts.

That mean old man, who gives the plaitzas
Hot, foamy eucalyptus leaves.
He hits so hard, my skin is burning.
Well you should see the welts he leaves.
That mean old man.

That mean old man, he's here on Sundays.
And that's when all the regulars show.
Turn up the heat, these are the fun days.
Hey, it's my turn. I gotta go!

That mean old man, who gives the plaitzas
Hot, foamy eucalyptus leaves.
He hits so hard, my skin is burning.
Well you should see the welts he leaves.
That mean old man.

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