

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Shake Hands With Your Uncle Max

Shake Hands With Your Uncle Max
(Alan Sherman)

I sell a line of plastics
And I travel on the road
And I have a case of samples
Which believe me is a load

Every night a strange cafe
A strange hotel and then
Early in the morning
I am on the road again

When the season's over
And my lonesome journey ends
That's the only time I see
My family and my friends

I drive up Ocean Parkway
And before I stop the car
My ma leans out the window
And she hollers, "Here we are!"

Shake hands with your Uncle Max, my boy
And here is your sister Shirl
And here is your cousin Isabel
That's Irving's oldest girl
And you remember the Tishman twins
Gerald and Jerome
We all came out to greet you
And to wish you welcome home

Meet..
Merowitz, Berowitz, Handelman, Schandelman
Sperber and Gerber and Steiner and Stone
Boskowitz, Lubowitz, Aaronson, Baronson,
Kleinman and Feinman and Freidman and Cohen

Smallowitz, Wallowitz, Tidelbaum, Mandelbaum
Levin, Levinsky, Levine and Levi
Brumburger, Schlumburger, Minkus and Pinkus
And Stein with an "e-i" and Styne with a "y"

Shake hands with your Uncle Sol mein boy

And here is your brother Sid
And here is your cousin Yetta
Who expects another kid

Whenever you're on the road my boy
Wherever you may roam
We'll all be here when you come back
To wish you welcome home

from My Son, The Folksinger---Sherman
AS
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