

Yener Welt

At Cohen's Shady Grove a guest came to the boss one day
To make requests for breakfast he'd like served a different way.
Dear Cohen, I pay you good for room and board, more than you rate
I'm tired of herring every day; some sturgeon would taste great.
Dear Mendel, said the boss, I know you come here every year
But sturgeon costs too much, and even nova lox is dear.
So try the herring salad, maybe pickled lox or prunes
There's plenty else to grace your forks and satisfy your spoons.

You want sturgeon, ich hab nisht gelt
You'll get sturgeon in yener welt
Yener welt, yener welt
You'll get sturgeon in yener welt

Mister Cohen, I'd like a window station where the tips are grand
My college fees and books and things have gotten out of hand.
I'll serve the guests with friendly smiles, a Yiddish phrase or two.
So give me this, dear Mister Cohen, I kindly ask of you.
You want a window station, but you're slow to serve the mains
Your shoes have drops of schav and your pants are full of stains.
You've got to have more class, you've got to have more style
So keep your station by the kitchen door a little while.

Shine your shoes, fix your belt
You'll get a window station in yener welt.
Yener welt, yener welt
You'll get a window station in yener welt.

Late August came, the guests were sparse, and Cohen let out a shriek.
My mortgage never stops for sluggish end-of-season weeks.
The meat will spoil, the fish will smell, potatoes will grow eyes
How can they go to Bernstein's Lodge or Schwartz's Paradise?
The busboys and the waiters thought how all that season long
Cohen had served them week-old flanken, fed them for a song
They didn't care if Shady Grove went bankrupt, broke, and dead
The dining staff stared right at Cohen and this is what they said:

Hold your horses, tighten your belt
You'll get more guests in yener welt.
Yener welt, yener welt
You'll get more guests in yener welt.

Now Cohen was not the only owner in the Catskill Mounts
And Shady Grove was not the only shlock house that we count.
Some were better, some were worse, and most were in between
But sad to say, the Mountains died, we lost the whole damned scene.
So join us as we recollect the golden years we spent
And shed a tear and give a laugh at how they paid the rent
When people ask about the Catskills, tell them it was tops
And lift your glass to make a toast with Mister Cohen's schnapps.

A song you'll sing, a tale you'll tell
We'll have another hotel in yener welt.
Yener welt, yener welt
We'll have another hotel in yener welt.
(repeat last chorus)