

Shine On Harvey Bloom

Allan Sherman

My name is Mr. Bloom and I'm from New Rochelle
And I sing this happy tune
Because my son, the astronaut, young Harvey Bloom
Has landed on the moonMy wife and I, we miss our little Harvey so
Back here in New Rochelle
That every single night, in the pale moonlight
We walk out on the patio and yellShine on, shine on, Harvey Bloom, up in the sky
You have been in orbit since January, February, June and July
Don't come back too soon, we rented out your room
So shine on, shine on, Harvey Bloom, up there on the moonWe'll miss you on the holidays, this year they're
coming later
We hope you have a very lovely seder in your crater
Your mama sent the astronauts some chicken soup at school
They're using it instead of rocket fuelIf you like outer space, you oughta see your sister Janet
She came in with a hairdo that is from another planet
Your girl friend Shirley misses you, the Air Force says she had
A temper tantrum on the launching padShine on, shine on, Harvey Bloom, up in the sky, under separate cover
I'm sending you some pickles and a corned beef on rye
You brought Bromo Seltzer with you, I presume
So shine on, shine on, Harvey BloomHarvey Bloom is on the moon, oh yeah

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