

The Deli Song (Corned Beef On Wry)

Dean Friedman

By dean friedman Four in the morning. (what'll you have?) well, I'm in the mood for a corned beef on rye.

With a tomato and some coleslaw on the side.

I'm really glad that you tripped on the curb or we might've never met.

It was a sight, you look all perturbed, helpless and sopping wet. How do you feel?

I'm fine.

I'm not quite sure what you did.

(uh, who gets the iced tea?) over here please. what do you mean?

It's very strange. being with you makes me feel like a kid.

How did you like the movie we saw?

The plot was kind of thin.

I'm so confused. there's so much to ask. I don't know where to begin. I know we only met today. there's so much I want to

Baby, you're wrong.

What do you mean?

Baby, it's four o'clock in the morning. we met yesterday. Where are you from?

Madison, wisconsin.

How long have you lived here?

Aww, about two or three months.

You almost done?

Just one more bite.

Let's hear some more about your career. where'd that waitress disappear?

Are you prepared for cheesecake or not?

I'm feeling kind of full.

I know you probably hear it a lot, but you're very beautiful. Baby, what's wrong? what's that look in your eyes?

Nothing. I'm just real happy.

Aw, c'mon. that's no reason to cry.

(hey, honey, if you don't like cheesecake, how's about some pie?)

I don't know how you'll feel about this. maybe it's premature.

I got this peculiar feeling inside and right now I'm not really sure,

I'm either in love or it's something I ate, 'cause I never felt this way before. (hey, louis, there's a weirdo at table four in the back. he's singing.)

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