

Pesah Man (Sing to tune of Piano Man)

Contributed by [Eli Garfinkel](#)

Source: Rabbi Eli Garfinkel

It's eight o'clock on a festive eve
The Haggadah sons shuffle past
They are wise, and wicked, and simpleton
And one who doesn't know how to ask

The wise son says "Dad, wontcha call on me."
I know the Torah and the codes
They're good and they're sweet
And I know 'em complete

The others might as well take a doze.
La-di-die-diddy-die. . .

Sing us a song you're the Pesah man
Sing us a song tonight
Well we're all in the mood for a macaroon
And you've got us feeling alright.

The wicked son curses: "bleep bleep bleep"
If he'd been there he'd have died
And he's quick with a poke or to tell a bad joke
And if his lips are moving it's a lie

He says, "Dad I believe this is killing me."
As a smile grew big on his face
"Well I'm sure that I could be a movie star
If I could get out of this place.

Low the third of the sons is a simple guy
Neither a dolt nor Einstein
He's simply gonna ask
So we'll answer, no task

And I think that's really just fine.

And the fourth of the sons really has no clue
He can't even get the words out
So we'll tell him the story
We won't make it real boring

I don't see us needing to shout.
La-di-die-diddy-die. . .

Sing us a song you're the Pesah man
Sing us a song tonight
Well we're all in the mood for a macaroon
And you've got us feeling alright.