



My Zaidy

Shlomo Katz–Vocal; Gershon Veroba–Vocals, Piano; Mark Levine–Guitars; Gal Gershovsky–Drums;
Tony Montalbo–Bass; Levana Chajes–Violin

My Zaidy lived with us in my parent's home.
He used to laugh, he put me on his knee
And he spoke about his life in Poland
He spoke, but with a bitter memory
And he spoke about the soldiers who would beat him
They laughed at him, they tore his long black coat
And he spoke about a synagogue that they burnt down
And the crying that was heard beneath the smoke

But Zaidy made us laugh, Zaidy made us sing
And Zaidy made a kiddush Friday night
And Zaidy, oh my Zaidy, how I love him so.
And Zaidy used to teach me wrong from right.

His eyes lit up when he would teach me Torah.
He taught me every line so carefully
He spoke about our slavery in Egypt
And how G-d took us out to make us free.

But winter went by, summer came along
I went to camp to run and play
And when I came back home, they said "Zaidy's gone.
And all his books were packed and stored away."

I don't know how or why it came to be
It happened slowly over many years
We just stopped being Jewish like my Zaidy was
And no one cared enough to shed a tear.

But Zaidy made us laugh, Zaidy made us sing
And Zaidy made a seder Pesach night...

Many winters went by, many summers came along
And now my children sit in front of me
And who will be the Zaidy of my children? Who will be their Zaidy, if not me?
Who will be the Zaidys of our children? Who will be their Zaidys, if not we?

But Zaidy made us laugh, Zaidy made us sing
And Zaidy made a kiddush Friday night...