

THE GRASSHOPPERS



On the Cover of the “ISKRA”

Loosely adapted from Dr. Hook’s “Cover of the Rolling Stone”

We are pesnee singers, with zalatiye fingers
And we’re loved everywhere we go
We sing about peace and we sing about truth
For zero dollars a show
We make all kinds of dills that give us all kinds of thrills
But the thrill we’ve never known
Is the thrill that will get ya, when you get your picture
On the cover of the “ISKRA”

ISKRA...wanna see my picture on the cover
ISKRA...wanna buy five copies for my baba
ISKRA...wanna see my smiling face
On the cover of the “ISKRA”

We’ve got a talented lady named Tyota Katie
Who embroiders all our shawls
We’ve got our dear old grey haired deda
Driving us to the halls
Now it is all designed to GROW our minds
But our minds won’t really be GROWN
Like the GROW that will get ya when you get your picture
On the cover of the “ISKRA”

Chorus and chatter

There are a lot of happy, from Brilliant Iyoodee
Who love anything we say
We’ve got genuine Doukhobor stryapoohee
Teaching us traditional ways
We make all the borscht blends that you can try
So we never have to eat alone
And we keep getting bigger so they can’t FIT our picture
On the cover of the “ISKRA”