

Twice In A Purim September 5, 2025 by David Mitchell Jacobs Schwartz

With apologies to The Talking Heads for parodying their song, "Once In A Lifetime."

And you may find yourself living in a Shushan shul
And you may find yourself dressed as Esther.
And you may find yourself under the wheel of a compact car.
And you may find yourself in front of a large challah wielding a steak knife
And you may ask yourself, "Did someone slip me mushrooms?"

Letting the chag go by, let the food drag me down
Letting the chag go by, wine flowing under the table
I'm so hungover and my money's gone.
Twice in a Purim in a walled city.

And you may ask yourself, "Why are the children all dressed as cowboys?"
And you may ask yourself, "How can I possibly walk home?"
And you may tell yourself, "This challah isn't gluten free."
And you may tell yourself, "I might as well use a pocket knife."

Letting the chag go by, let the food drag me down
Letting the chag go by, wine flowing under the table
I'm so hungover and my money's gone.
Twice in a Purim in a walled city.

I've had too many hamantaschen, I've had too many hamantaschen.
I've had too many hamantaschen, I've had too many hamantaschen.
I've had too many hamantaschen, I've had too many hamantaschen (Aren't you tired of that already?).
I don't look the same. I should take the rest of the week off.

Wine in cups and wine in bottles
There is wine in the bottom of my shoes.
Under the wine, carry the wine.
Shake the wine from the bottom of my shoes
A bottle of red, a bottle of white...Where's Billy Joel when you need him?

Letting the chag go by, let the food drag me down
Letting the chag go by, wine flowing under the table
I'm so disheveled stuck under a table
My head feels like a rock, wine poured all over me.

Letting the chag go by, let the food drag me down
Letting the chag go by, I'm an expert at whining.
I'm so hungover and my money's gone
Twice in a Purim, in a walled city.

You may ask yourself, "Am I a member of this shul?"
You may ask yourself, "Where is the next party?"
And you may ask yourself, "Am I Haman, am I Mordechai?"
And you may say to yourself, "My car is on my lawn?"

Letting the chag go by, let the food drag me down
Letting the chag go by, wine flowing under the table
I'm so hungover and my money's gone but I don't even drink alcohol.
Twice in a Purim, in a walled city.

Letting Purim go by, who will do the Pesach cleaning?
Are there 3 Adars or is my head stuck underground?
Another parody that's gone all wrong
Twice in a Purim, thrice when Shabbat follows in Jerusalem.

I ate too many hamantaschen, I ate too many hamantaschen
I ate too many hamantaschen, look at my 3 year old Shaloch Manot
I ate too many hamantaschen, please, someone an intervention
My thoughts escape me, where did the time go?
I ate too many hamantaschen, I ate too many hamantaschen
I ate too many hamantaschen, I ate too many hamantaschen
I ate too many hamantaschen, I ate too many hamantaschen (Will this ever end?)
All the hamantaschen look the same, hey your face is twisted too
Let's all pretend our faces are Purim masks!

Letting the chag go by (did we even read the Megillah?)
Letting the chag go by (why is someone blowing the shofar?)
Letting the days go by (same as it ever was, same as it ever was)
Once in the evening, let me get out of this clown suit
Letting the chag go by, singing this repeatedly