

OMNISCENCE

There's only twelve people on earth, so they say,
 Who understand Einstein; but that isn't true.
 Twelve get him, perhaps, in a "relative way,"
 But full comprehension is given but two;
 The deep inner meaning, the secret, the key,
 Is known but to Einstein, to Einstein and Me.

By Einstein's great theory all things are clear;
 The tariff, domestic and foreign relations,
 The weather we get all this time of the year,
 But, due to the average mind's limitations,
 The answers are known in their en-tir-et-ee
 To no one but Einstein—but Einstein and Me.

Such questions as, "Why don't the taxes go down?"
 And "Why do the prices stay stubbornly high?"
 And "Where is a flat to be rented in town?"
 And "When will America really go dry?"
 And "Where can I get it?" Such questions can be
 Solved only by Einstein, by Einstein and Me!

We've settled all problems, we've doped them all out,
 In seven dimensions or maybe it's eight;
 When Einstein has found himself somewhat in doubt
 He's asked my opinion and I've set him straight;
 But what our conclusions are, ever will be
 A secret 'twixt Einstein—'twixt Einstein and Me!

IF I SHOULD DIE TONIGHT

If I should die tonight
 And you should come to my cold corpse and say
 Weeping and heartsick o'er my lifeless clay——
 If I should die tonight,
 And you should come in deepest grief and woe—
 And say: "Here's that ten dollars that I owe,"
 I might arise in my large white cravat
 And say, "What's that?"

If I should die tonight
 And you should come to my cold corpse and kneel,
 Clasp my bier to show the grief you feel,
 I say, if I should die tonight
 And you should come to me, and there and then
 Just even hint 'bout payin' me that ten,
 I might arise the while
 But I'd drop dead again.