**NO ONE EVER ASKED ABOUT IT**

Pierce says he carried the idea for this song and his memories of Mr. Zeidman around for many years before he finally wrote it. The newspaper article that you can find here: [open\_the\_article](http://www.houstonfolkmusic.org/audio_files/jma11-029.pdf) tells the story better than I could. He uses a very original chord progression in the song, but just about all the chords are quite accessible. For the **A9** chord in line 2, just fret the third and fourth strings both at the second fret, and that will work fine in this song. This song is on Pierce’s new CD, ***Father’s Son***, just released in January of this year, or you can listen to it on the HFMS Audio Archive page at <http://www.houstonfolkmusic.org/HFS_Audio_Archive.html>. To play along with the recording, capo at the first fret.

**MR. ZEIDMAN**

*By Pierce Pettis*

**Em Bm Am G B7**

Well, Mr. Zeidman wore long sleeves, to keep an ugly thing from view.

**Em A9 D B**

Not a birthmark on his arm, or a circus tattoo.

**C B Em B Em A Am**

No one ever asked about it, no one ever knew

**B Em**

The terrible secrets of our one and only Jew.

A tailor shop in a small town – that’s where he lived and worked.

Used to go there with my mother, and I hid behind her skirt.

But he had a smile for every child, and a piece of candy too.

**B E(major)**

There was kindness in the hand of our one and only Jew.

**E C#m**

It was a beautiful world, it was a beautiful time.

**B B7 E**

For a boy and a girl in the prime of their lives.

**E C#m**

David, look, the baby smiles – he looks so much like you.

**B B7 Em**

In the spring of ’thirty-nine – how the apple blossoms bloomed.

Well, Mr. Zeidman sold his store, when his work was finally done.

For a condo in Miami, to enjoy the setting sun.

Then came rumors of a fatal jump – I prayed they’re not true.

The memories I carry are the memories I choose.

And tonight I’ll light a candle for our one and only Jew.

It was a beautiful world, it was a beautiful time.

For a boy and a girl in the prime of their lives.

David, look, the baby smile – he looks so much like you.

In the spring of ’39 – how the apple blossoms bloomed.

*Transcribed with the Author’s permission*