I'm spending Hanukkah in Santa Monica, wearing sandals, lighting candles by the sea.

I spent Sha-vuos in East Saint Louis, a charming spot, but clearly not the spot for me.

Those eastern winters, I can't endure 'em, so every year I pack my gear and come out here for Purim.

Rosh Ha-shana I spend in Ari-zana, and Yom Kippur way down in Missis-sippur.

But in De-cember there's just one place for me.

Amid the California flora I'll be lighting my menorah.

Like a baby in its cradle I'll be playing with my dreidel,

Here's to Judas Maccabeus, boy if he could only see us,

Spending Hanukkah, in Santa Monica, by the Sea!
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