

1. Write a song where books play a large part of the song.

The Story of Passover

Emily Rose Simons

The story of Passover is told in wine stains.
The story of Passover is told in matzo crumbs,
And tiny rips,
And grape juice drips,
From way back when.

The story of Passover is told in contradiction,
And lots of books with contrasting translations.
And confusion over pages,
And arguments over sages,
Made again and again.

It passes on.
It passes on.
Through all the generations,
Through books and variations,
It passes on.
And that's the story of Passover
To me.

The story of Exodus probably never happened.
And the reading round the table feels like it never ends.
It's erroneous and outdated,
Odd and antiquated
And awkward with Egyptian friends.
The story of Passover is told with family
Or cousins you don't know, or their friends from some bar,
If raced through in an hour
If still won't lose it's power
Even if home is far.

It passes on.
It passes on.
Through all the generations,
Through books and variations,
It passes on.
And that's the story of Passover
To me.

1. Write a song where books play a large part of the song.

The story of Passover is told in oranges
And creating traditions because your parents aren't there.

And picking and chosing,
Gaining more than you are losing,
And practicing Hebrew.

The story of Passover is told in memories,
And tears that tears that flow at inconvenient times.

And Elal planes
Or New Jersey trains
To seder plates shiny and new.

It passes on.

It passes on.

Through all the generations,
Through books and variations,

It passes on.

And that's the story of Passover
To me.

My story of Passover began in the East End,
Then spread over the world as our family grew

To beside our grandma's bed
Then zoom calls instead

And a cacophony of Dayenu

It passes on.

It passes on.

Through all the generations,
Through books and variations,

It passes on.

And that's the story of Passover
To me.