

# Sweet Potato Pie

Al Jarreau

Now it was a hot sticky morning  
'Round the Fourth of July  
The breeze was standing still  
I'm hanging out by myself  
And I'm having a good time  
With the folk inside my head  
And you know, Lord,  
how you did a lovely thing  
See, times my head is lighter  
than it's ever been  
And anyone who's ever had  
sweet potato pie  
Don't want pumpkin again,  
no, they don't want

'Cause it don't taste right, no  
Look-a-here city boy with your  
silks and braided hair  
Don't you let nobody fool you  
with no imitation nothing  
Tell 'em, say, unh, unh, buddy,  
I been there  
Listen mama, when you  
finally walk on in  
Don't forget to bring along  
your sweet potato tin  
'Cause when you serve him  
a slice of your sweet potato

Sin, girl, he won't want pumpkin again,  
no, he won't want  
Now I took a trip down to Sissy's  
She's a friend of mine  
She smiled and asked me in  
Well, she drew a box and a big,  
fancy question mark  
Said, "Brother, which one is you in?"  
I told her, "Sister, don't worry  
'bout the mule going blind  
You just sit in the wagon and  
hold on to the line  
'Cause anyone who's ever had  
sweet potato pie  
Don't want pumpkin again,  
really don't want"

Now I saw the gates  
gold and pearl  
And I sat right down  
in a dream of you, old friend  
I'm thinking some milk and  
honey and a pot of stew  
Might fill that gap again  
You know, I'm a thankful  
witness to the things I've seen

And times my head is lighter

than it's ever been  
And anyone who's ever had  
sweet potato pie  
Really don't want pumpkin again,  
no they won't want

Would you give me some  
sweet potato y'all