

Honey Pie

John Pizzarelli

She was a working girl
North of England way
Now she's hit the big time
In the U.S.A.
And if she could only hear me
This is what I'd say

Honey pie you are making me crazy
I'm in love but I'm lazy
So won't you please come home

Oh honey pie my position is tragic
Come and show me the magic
Of your Hollywood song

You became a legend of the silver screen
And now the thought of meeting you
Makes me weak in the knee

Oh honey pie you are driving me frantic
Sail across the Atlantic
To be where you belong

Honey pie, come back to me

I like it like that
Oh, I like this kinda, hot kind of music
Hot kind of music, play it to me
Play it to me Hollywood blues

Will the wind that blew her boat
Across the sea
Kindly send her sailing back to me

Honey pie you are making me crazy
I'm in love but I'm lazy
So won't you please come home