

Chicago (Movie) "Funny Honey"

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[ROXIE]

Sometime's I'm right
Sometime's I'm wrong
But he doesn't care
He'll String along
He loves me so
That funny honey of mine

Sometime's I'm down
Sometime's I'm up
But he follows 'round
Like some droopy-eyed pup
He love me so
That sunny honey of mine

He ain't no sheik
That's no great physique
Lord knows, he ain't got the smarts

Oh, but look at that soul
I tell you, the whole
Is a whole lot greater than
The sum of his parts

And if you knew him like me
I know you'd agree
What if the world
Slandered my name?
Why, he'd be right there
Taking the blame

He loves me so
And it all suits me fine
That funny, sunny, honey
Hubby of mine

[AMOS (Spoken)]

A man's got a right to protect his home
and his loved ones, right?

[FOGARTY (Spoken)]

Of course, he has.

[AMOS (Spoken)]

Well, I came in from the garage, Officer, and I see him coming through the window. With my wife Roxanne there, sleepin'...like an angel...

[ROXIE]

He loves me so
That funny honey of mine

[AMOS (Spoken)]

...an angel!

[AMOS (Spoken)]

I mean supposin', just supposin', he had violated her or somethin'...you know what I mean...
viloated?

[FOGARTY (Spoken)]

I know what you mean...

[AMOS (Spoken)]

...or somethin'. Think how terrible that would have been. It's a good thing I came home from work on time, I'm tellin' ya that! I say I'm tellin' ya that!

[ROXIE]

He loves me so
That funny honey of mine

[FOGARTY (Spoken)]

Name of deceased... Fred Casely.

[AMOS (Spoken)]

Fred Casely. How could he be a burglar?
My wife knows him! He sold us our furniture!

[ROXIE]

Lord knows he ain't got the smarts

[AMOS (Spoken)]

She lied to me. She told me he was a burglar!

[FOGARTY (Spoken)]

You mean he was dead when you got home?

[AMOS (Spoken)]

She had him covered with a sheet and she's givin' me that cock and bull story about this burglar, and I ought to say that I did it 'cause I was sure to get off. Burglar, huh!

[ROXIE]
Now, he shot off his trap

I can't stand that sap

Look at him go
Rattin' on me
With just one more brain
What a half-wit he'd be

If they string me up
I'll know who
Brought the twine

[AMOS (Spoken)]
And I believed her!
That cheap little tramp. So, she
Was two-timing me, huh?
Well, then, she can just
Swing for all I care.
Boy, I'm down at the garage,
Working my butt off fourteen
Hours a day and she's up muchin'
on god-damn bon bons and jazzing.
This time she pushed me too far.
That little chiseler.
Boy, what I sap I was!

That scummy, crummy
Dummy hubby of mine!

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