

## **Ella Fitzgerald "Petootie Pie"**

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Petootie Pie, Petootie Pie  
You're my Petootie, sugar fruity, dreamy pie  
I crave and cram your special jam  
You underrated, solidated superman

And every gal who passes  
Just looks and hollers 'ooh'  
Like flies caught in molasses  
They all get stuck on you

Petootie Pie, Petootie Pie  
You're such a tasty hunk of pastry, me oh my  
Gotta light the oven, gonna cook a dish of lovin'  
So kiss me, oh my Petootie Pie

You're my, my, my Petootie Pie

We'll count to seven  
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven  
Then steal away to Heaven  
Come on darling, let's go

So kiss me, ah, and kiss me  
What, again?  
So kiss me, oh my Petootie Pie  
You're my Petootie Pie

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