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John Pizzarelli "Honey Pie"

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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, Oohh, 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.

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