

Al Jarreau "Sweet Potato Pie"

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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

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