

Chicago Musical Revue

"Funny Honey"

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ANNOUNCER:

For her first number, Miss Roxie Hart would like to sing
a song
of love and devotion dedicated to her dear husband
Amos.

Roxie:

Sometimes I'm right
Sometimes I'm wrong
But he doesn't care
He'll string along
He loves me so
That funny honey of mine!

Sometimes I'm down
Sometimes I'm up
But he follows 'round
Like some droopy-eyed pup
He loves me so
That funny 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, that 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
Slander 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:

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

Fogarty:

Of course, he has!

Amos:

Well, I come in from the garage, Officer, and I see him coming

through the window. With my wife Roxanne there, sleepin'...

Like an angel...

Roxie: Amos:

He loves me so ...an angel!

That funny honey of mine!

Amos:

I mean supposin', just supposin', he had violated her or somethin'...you

know what I mean...violated?

Fogarty:

I know what you mean...

Amos:

...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:

Name of deceased...Fred Casely.

Amos:

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:

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

Fogarty:

You mean he was dead when you got home?

Amos:

She had him covered with a sheet and she's givin' me

that cock
and a bull story about this burglar, and I ought to say I
did
it 'cause I was sure to get off. Burglar, huh!

Roxie: Amos:
Now, he shot off his trap And I believed her!
That cheap little tramp. So, she
I can't stand that sap was two-timing me, huh?
Well, then, she can just
swing for all I care.
Look at him go Boy, I'm down at the garage,
Rattin' on me working my butt off fourteen
With just one more brain hours a day and she's up
there
What half-wit he'd be munchin' on God-damn bon-bons
and jazzing. This time she
If they string me up pushed me too far.
I'll know who That little chiseler.
Brought the twine Boy, what a sap I was!

That scummy, crummy
Dummy hubby of mine

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