

Beatles, Honey Pie

(Lennon/McCartney)

She was a working girl
North of England way
Now she's hit the big time
In the USA
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, oh

Yeah
I like it like that, oh ah
I like this kind of hot kind of music
Hot kind of music
Play it to me, play it to me, honey, the 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
Come, come back to me, honey pie

Oooooooooooooh oh
Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh
Honey pie, honey pie