

The Beatles, Honey Pie

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 knees

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 (ooh ah)
I like this kind of
Her kind of music
Her kind of music
Play it to, play it to me
The Hollywood blues

Will the wind that blew her boat across the sea
Kindly send her sailing back to me
T-T-Tee, now honey pie
You are making me crazy
I'm in love but I'm lazy
So won't you please come home
Honey pie, come back to me
Come, come back to me, Honey pie
Ha, ha, ha
Honey pie, honey pie