

# 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

Ooooooooooh oh  
Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh  
Honey pie, honey pie