

# Chicago Musical, Funny Honey

[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 love me so  
That sunny 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, the 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  
Slandered 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 (Spoken)]

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

[FOGARTY (Spoken)]

Of course, he has.

[AMOS (Spoken)]

Well, I came in from the garage, Officer, and I  
see him coming through the window. With my  
wife Roxanne there, sleepin'...like an angel...

[ROXIE]

He loves me so  
That funny honey of mine

[AMOS (Spoken)]

...an angel!

[AMOS (Spoken)]

I mean supposin', just supposin', he had violated  
her or somethin'...you know what I mean...  
viloated?

[FOGARTY (Spoken)]

I know what you mean...

[AMOS (Spoken)]

...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 (Spoken)]

Name of deceased... Fred Casely.

[AMOS (Spoken)]

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 (Spoken)]

She lied to me. She told me he was a burglar!  
[FOGARTY (Spoken)]  
You mean he was dead when you got home?  
[AMOS (Spoken)]  
She had him covered with a sheet and she's givin'  
me that cock and bull story about this burglar, and  
I ought to say that I did it 'cause I was sure to get off.  
Burglar, huh!  
[ROXIE]  
Now, he shot off his trap  
I can't stand that sap  
Look at him go  
Rattin' on me  
With just one more brain  
What a half-wit he'd be  
If they string me up  
I'll know who  
Brought the twine  
[AMOS (Spoken)]  
And I believed her!  
That cheap little tramp. So, she  
Was two-timing me, huh?  
Well, then, she can just  
Swing for all I care.  
Boy, I'm down at the garage,  
Working my butt off fourteen  
Hours a day and she's up mucnhin'  
on god-damn bon bons and jazzing.  
This time she pushed me too far.  
That little chiseler.  
Boy, what I sap I was!  
That scummy, crummy  
Dummy hubby of mine!