

Sweet Potato Pie

Al Jarreau

Now it was a hot sticky morning
 'Round the Fourth of July
The breeze was standing still
 I'm hanging out by myself
And I'm having a good time
With the folk inside my head
 And you know, Lord,
 How you did a lovely thing
See, times my head is lighter
 Than it's ever been
And anyone who's ever had
 Sweet potato pie
Don't want pumpkin again,
No, they don't want 'Cause it don't taste right, no
Look-a-here city boy with your
 Silks and braided hair
Don't you let nobody fool you
 With no imitation nothing
Tell 'em, say, unh, unh, buddy,
 I been there
Listen mama, when you
 Finally walk on in
Don't forget to bring along
 Your sweet potato tin
'Cause when you serve him
A slice of your sweet potato
Sin, girl, he won't want pumpkin again,
 No, he won't want
Now I took a trip down to Sissy's
 She's a friend of mine
She smiled and asked me in
Well, she drew a box and a big,
 Fancy question mark
Said, "Brother, which one is you in?"
I told her, "Sister, don't worry
 'bout the mule going blind
You just sit in the wagon and
 Hold on to the line
'Cause anyone who's ever had
 Sweet potato pie

Don't want pumpkin again,
Really don't want" Now I saw the gates
Gold and pearl
And I sat right down
In a dream of you, old friend
I'm thinking some milk and
Honey and a pot of stew
Might fill that gap again
You know, I'm a thankful
Witness to the things I've seen And times my head is lighter
Than it's ever been
And anyone who's ever had
Sweet potato pie
Really don't want pumpkin again,
No they won't want Would you give me some
Sweet potato y'all

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