

Woody Woodpecker Song

Kay Kyser

Ho-ho-ho ho ho, ho-ho-ho ho ho
Oh, that's the Woody Woodpecker song
Ho-ho-ho ho ho, ho-ho-ho ho ho
Yeah, he's a-peckin' it all day longHe pecks a few holes in a tree to see
If a redwood's really red
And it's nothing to him, on the tiniest whim
To peck a few holes in your headHo-ho-ho ho ho, ho-ho-ho ho ho
Oh, that's the Woody Woodpecker's tune
Ho-ho-ho ho ho, ho-ho-ho ho ho
Makes the other woodpeckers swoonThough it doesn't make sense to the dull and the dense
And the lady woodpeckers long for
Ho-ho-ho ho ho, ho-ho-ho ho ho
That's the Woody Woodpecker songHo-ho-ho ho ho, ho-ho-ho ho ho
Woody Woodpecker's serenade
Ho-ho-ho ho ho, ho-ho-ho ho ho
On the woodpecker hit paradeThough he can't sing a note, there's a frog in his throat
All his top notes come out blurred
He's the ladies' first choice, with a laugh in his voice
He gives all his rivals the birdHo-ho-ho ho ho, ho-ho-ho ho ho
He'll be settlin' down some day
Ho-ho-ho ho ho, ho-ho-ho ho ho
He'll be hearin' the preacher sayFor the rest of your life, you'll be woody and wife
And the choir will sing along with
Ho-ho-ho ho ho, ho-ho-ho ho ho
The Woody Woodpecker song

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