Verse 1:
Am F7 C C6 F7 E7
Romeo didn’t know, The way to handle women long ago
A7 D7 C G+
Here’s a tip, on a pip of a lover
Am F7
Henry Brown, Memphis town,
C C6 F7 E7
Has got a sweetie that he hangs a round
A7 D7 G7 G+
It’s a yell when he tells of his love,

Chorus:
G+ C C7 F7
I like pie, I like cake, Anything that they bake
I like Ma, I like Pa, Like our old mule’s hee-haw
C A7 D7 G7
And I like crackers too, broken up in a stew
Like it down on the farm, like the wheat and the corn
C C7 F7
When I see jelly roll I lose all my control
Like the pigs in the sty, If I don’t hope to die
C A7 D7 G7 C
But of all those things, I like you best of all
But of all those things, I like you best of all

Verse 2:
Am F7 C C6 F7 E7
Juliet never met, A man like Henry who could love and pet
A7 D7 C G+
What a hot hotsy tot of a lover
Am F7
Still one gal, Henry’s pal,
C C6 F7 E7
Has only got to call and say, “It’s Sal”
A7 D7 G7 G+
Watch him run to his honey and say-