Honey You Are All Right

By John T. Wurzer

I like the way you fidget when you’re ill at ease

You have very pretty digits down below your knees

There’s nothing wrong with you, from head to toe all night

I can’t find anything askew, yeah honey you’re alright

Honey you’re all right; but honey I’m all wrong

I’ve been trying all night to learn your favorite song

But all I’ve got is this; and though the stage is set

Honey you’re all right, but me I’m not there yet.

So many years ago, when I first saw your eyes

Mine would wander so, especially towards your thighs

I said my love was yellow, you said it’s black or white

And after all these years I’m still your fellow, it looks like you were right

Things are wrong with me that can’t be repaired

Instead of getting free I become ensnared

In trappings all around, they get me locked in tight

While you are home safe and sound, thank God that you’re alright

I called the experts in to consult my case

Their heads begin to spin when they first see my face

Scholars, scientists, and those who dissect minds

The all agree that you’re alright, and me I’m way behind

Sometimes I feel as though my time is growing short

And before I go I need to publish a report

Just to summarize what I’ve tried so hard to write

Me I’m not so wise, but honey you’re all right