

DOROTHY'S PIE

standard tuning

Vern said "hey Dorothy, what are you baking?
It smells awfully good, I bet you must be making
My favorite apple pie, honey, please tell me it's true."
Dorothy said "yes Vern, but it's not for you, dear
I made it for the bake sale this Sunday at church, you hear
So don't go stealing a piece, now, Vernon, don't you!

He sulked over supper and settled for cookies
But there at that pie on the stove he kept looking
With the thought that some stranger would have it, which he could not stand
He sat in his sad resignation all evening
Moped off to bed, stared at the ceiling
Then he started to smile, because Vern was devising a plan

Now most folks who have met him insist that he seems like a reasonable guy
So before I describe what he did, let me explain to you why...you see...

CHORUS:

After forty some years of her rhubarb and apple
Still nothing on earth could make Vernon more happy
Than the thought of a slice with a scoop of ice cream on the side
And that's why Vern had to buy Dorothy's pie

That Sunday Morning, quite coolly and calmly
Vern shaved and buttoned his shirt nonchalantly
Drove them to church, said his glory be's and amens
Afterwards Dorothy fetched her creation
Went to the church hall to make her donation
And Vern followed closely behind with his secret intent

Passing by tables of brownies with walnuts
Poppy seed pastries and cheese cakes and cream puffs
He was unwavering, keeping his eye on the prize
And when she arrived at the back where you check-in
Vern stepped in with a deft interception
Slapped down a five on the table, and said "that pie is mine!"

Maybe you've heard of the old aphorism, "Love made a fool out of me"
Well, Love made Vern one in just 40 minutes at 425 degrees

CHORUS:

And actually he says the ice cream isn't needed
Because every piece of Dorothy's pie by itself is complete
She bakes all kinds of sweetness inside