

The Woody Woodpecker Song

Danny Kaye

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 long

He 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 head

Ho-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 swoon

Though 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 song

Ho-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 parade

Though 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 bird

Ho-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 say

For 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