

# The Woody Woodpecker

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