

**BANANA CREAM PIE**  
(Tune: American Pie)  
Revised lyrics © Paul Finkleman

Long, long time ago, I can still remember how  
the thought of food could make me smile.  
And every time I had the chance, I would make my tastebuds dance  
as if food were going out of style.

But then one day last February,  
found my breathing gettin' scary.  
Puffing on my doorstep,  
I couldn't take one more step!

I can't remember if I cried, when the doctor at my side  
said it's time to say goodbye to all...those steaks...and pies.

So now I'm singing:

Bye, bye, I'll miss banana cream pie.  
I'm as heavy as a Chevy, and my waist is too wide.  
The good ol' Doc says my blood pressure's high.  
He says this'll be the way that I die...  
this'll be the way that I die.

Do you believe in dieting, or do you down those chicken wings?  
You diet if the doctor tells you so.  
I can't believe the way I ate, and never cared about my weight.  
I used to chew those cream-filled doughnuts real slow.

Oh! I ate onion rings and fries,  
knowing they meant thicker thighs.  
Still I loved those big steaks.  
I washed them down with milkshakes!

Through my lonely teen-age lips, I passed a lot of fish 'n chips,  
but those chips just enlarged my hips, and really...hurt...my pride.

So now I'm singing:

Bye, bye, I'll miss banana cream pie.  
I'm as heavy as a Chevy, and my waist is too wide.  
The good ol' Doc says my blood pressure's high.  
He says this'll be the way that I die...  
this'll be the way that I die.

Helter Skelter, I took shelter in Pepto-Bismol and Alka Seltzer.  
I ate enough for ten big men.  
I once was nimble, fast and quick, now I can't jump over a candlestick,  
'cause Devil's Food was too good a friend.

But as I piled food on my plate,  
I grew plumper, gained more weight.  
No pants on this good earth,  
could fit around my huge girth!

And the three foods I admired most:  
sausages, a big rump roast,  
and piles of fresh-made garlic toast,  
must now... be pushed... aside.

And so I'm singing:

Bye, bye, I'll miss banana cream pie.  
I'm as heavy as a Chevy, and my waist is too wide.  
The good ol' Doc says my blood pressure's high.  
He says this'll be the way that I die...  
this'll be the way that I die.

Bye, bye, I'll miss banana cream pie.  
I'm as heavy as a Chevy, and my waist is too wide.  
The good ol' Doc says my blood pressure's high.  
He says this will be the way that I die.